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COBBETT'S RURAL RIDES

VOL. I

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Cobbett's Rural Rides. Two Volumes.

The Early Journal of Charles Wesley. Edited by JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

ROBERT CULLEY 25-35 City Road, and 26 Paternoster Row **LONDON, E.C.**

RURAL RIDES

IN THE COUNTIES OF

SURREY, KENT, SUSSEX, HANTS, BERKS, OXFORD, BUCKS, WILTS, SOMERSET, GLOUCESTER, HEREFORD, SALOP, WORCESTER, STAFFORD, HUNTINGDON, HERTFORD, ESSEX, SUFFOLK, AND NORFOLK

DURING THE YEARS 1821 TO 1826

BY

WILLIAM COBBETT

VOL. I

London

ROBERT CULLEY

25–35 CITY ROAD, AND 26 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C

WILLIAM COBBETT was born at Farnham in 1762, where his father was a small farmer. The boy ran away from home at the age of fourteen, and got work in the King's Gardens at Kew. In 1783 he enlisted as a soldier, and served from 1785 to 1791 in Nova Scotia. In 1792 he was a journalist and teacher near Philadelphia. He settled in London in 1800, and two years later began his *Weekly Political Register*, which gained an enormous circulation, but involved him in constant trouble and expense by its caustic and violent assaults on men and things. He had to give up his farm at Botley, in Hampshire, and afterwards established a seed-farm in Kensington. Subsequently he took land at Normandy, in Surrey. He was member for Oldham in the first reformed Parliament of 1832, and died in 1835.

PREFACE

COBBETT published his *Rural Rides* in 1830, when he lived on his seed-farm at Kensington. The papers had appeared in his *Weekly Political Register*, and took book form in the same year as his famous *Advice to Young Men*. His *English Grammar*, 'intended for the use of schools and young people in general, but more especially for soldiers, sailors, apprentices, and plough-boys,' with 'six lessons intended to prevent statesmen from using false grammar and from writing in an awkward manner,' appeared in 1817. Ten thousand copies were sold in a few weeks. The *Rural Rides* give an attractive picture of the man who played so prominent a part in the life of his time. Hazlitt describes him as easy of access, affable, clear-headed, simple and mild in manner, deliberate and unruffled in his speech, though some of his expressions were not very qualified. 'His figure is tall and portly; he has a good sensible face—rather full, with little grey eyes, a hard, square forehead, and ruddy complexion, with hair grey or powdered.' When Hazlitt saw him, Cobbett wore a scarlet broadcloth waistcoat, with the flaps of its pockets hanging down, as was the custom among gentlemen farmers of the day.

He loved farming and country life. Miss Mitford, who visited him in Hampshire, says: 'His hospitality was of the heartiest. His gardens were charming, rich in flowers and fruit.' Everything went pleasantly until 'some explosion of prejudice caused a little social tempest, without which Cobbett could hardly be complete.'

The *Rural Rides* still bear witness to his ardour as an agriculturist, his delight in homely working folk, his pleasure in beautiful scenery, and not least to his ingrained prejudices against bank-notes and gunpowder, and his violent dislikes. He is a good hater, and is often absurdly unjust in his criticisms; but we can see that he is honest and courageous, a man of tireless resolution and industry. He is at his best when describing country sights, and some of his pictures of English scenery are unrivalled.

The *Rural Rides* are worthy of a place in every Englishman's library, and it is hoped that this cheap edition, from which most of the political diatribes are omitted, may make the work known to a large circle of new readers. No other cheap edition seems to be available, though a charming little selection has recently been issued by the Cambridge University Press.

JOHN TELFORD.

December, 1909.

Rural Rides

VOL. I

JOURNAL: FROM LONDON, THROUGH NEWBURY TO BURGHCLERE, HURSTBOURN TARRANT, MARLBOROUGH, AND CIRENCESTER, TO GLOUCESTER

BURGHCLERE, NEAR NEWBURY, HANTS,
Tuesday (*Evening*), *October* 30, 1821.

FOG that you might cut with a knife all the way from London to Newbury. This fog does not wet things. It is rather a smoke than a fog. There are no two things in this world—and, were it not for fear of Six Acts (the 'wholesome restraint' of which I continually feel), I might be tempted to carry my comparison further—but certainly there are no two things in this world so dissimilar as an English and a Long Island autumn. These fogs are certainly the white clouds that we sometimes see aloft. I was once upon the Hampshire hills, going from Soberton Down to Petersfield, where the hills are high and steep, not very wide at their base, very irregular in their form and direction, and have, of course, deep and narrow valleys winding about between them. In one place that I had

to pass, two of these valleys were cut asunder by a piece of hill that went across them and formed a sort of bridge from one long hill to another. A little before I came to this sort of bridge I saw a smoke flying across it; and, not knowing the way by experience, I said to the person who was with me, 'There is the turnpike road (which we were expecting to come to); for don't you see the dust?' The day was very fine, the sun clear, and the weather dry. When we came to the pass, however, we found ourselves, not in dust, but in a fog. After getting over the pass, we looked down into the valleys, and there we saw the fog going along the valleys to the north, in detached parcels—that is to say, in clouds—and, as they came to the pass, they rose, went over it, then descended again, keeping constantly along just above the ground. And, to-day, the fog came by spells. It was sometimes thinner than at other times; and these changes were very sudden too. So that I am convinced that these fogs are dry clouds, such as those that I saw on the Hampshire Downs. Those did not wet me at all; nor do these fogs wet anything; and I do not think that they are by any means injurious to health. It is the fogs that rise out of swamps, and other places full of putrid vegetable matter, that kill people. These are the fogs that sweep off the new settlers in the American woods. I remember a valley in Pennsylvania, in a part called Wysihicken. In looking from a hill, over this valley, early in the morning, in November, it presented one of the most beautiful sights that my eyes ever beheld.

It was a sea bordered with beautifully formed trees of endless variety of colours. As the hills formed the outsides of the sea, some of the trees showed only their tops; and, every now and then, a lofty tree growing in the sea itself raised its head above the apparent waters. Except the setting sun sending his horizontal beams through all the variety of reds and yellows of the branches of the trees in Long Island, and giving, at the same time, a sort of silver cast to the verdure beneath them, I have never seen anything so beautiful as the foggy valley of the Wysihicken. But I was told that it was very fatal to the people, and that whole families were frequently swept off by the 'fall-fever.' Thus the smell has a great deal to do with health. There can be no doubt that butchers and their wives fatten upon the smell of meat. And this accounts for the precept of my grandmother, who used to tell me to bite my bread and smell to my cheese—talk much more wise than that of certain old grannies, who go about England crying up 'the blessings' of paper-money, taxes, and national debts.

The fog prevented me from seeing much of the fields as I came along yesterday; but the fields of Swedish turnips that I did see were good—pretty good—though not clean and neat like those in Norfolk. The farmers here, as everywhere else, complain most bitterly; but they hang on, like sailors to the masts or hull of a wreck. They read, you will observe, nothing but the country newspapers; they, of course, know nothing of the cause of their 'bad times.' They hope 'the times will mend.' If they quit

business, they must sell their stock ; and, having thought this worth so much money, they cannot endure the thought of selling for a third of the sum. Thus they hang on ; thus the landlords will first turn the farmers' pockets inside out ; and then their turn comes. To finish the present farmers will not take long. There has been a stout fight going on all this morning (it is now nine o'clock) between the sun and the fog. I have backed the former, and he appears to have gained the day, for he is now shining most delightfully.

Came through a place called a 'park,' belonging to Mr. Montague, who is now abroad ; for the purpose, I suppose, of generously assisting to compensate the French people for what they lost by the entrance of the Holy Alliance armies into their country. Of all the ridiculous things I ever saw in my life, this place is the most ridiculous. The house looks like a sort of church, in somewhat of a gothic style of building, with crosses on the tops of different parts of the pile. There is a sort of swamp, at the foot of a wood, at no great distance from the front of the house. This swamp has been dug out in the middle to show the water to the eye ; so that there is a sort of river, or chain of diminutive lakes, going down a little valley, about five hundred yards long, the water proceeding from the soak of the higher ground on both sides. By the sides of these lakes there are little flower-gardens, laid out in the Dutch manner—that is to say, cut out into all manner of superficial geometrical figures. Here is the *grand en petit*, or mock magnificence, more complete than I

ever beheld it before. Here is a fountain, the basin of which is not four feet over, and the water-spout not exceeding the pour from a tea-pot. Here is a bridge over a river of which a child four years old would clear the banks at a jump. I could not have trusted myself on the bridge for fear of the consequences to Mr. Montague; but I very conveniently stepped over the river, an imitation of the Colossus. In another part there was a lion's mouth spouting out water into the lake, which was so much like the vomiting of a dog, that I could almost have pitied the poor lion. In short, such fooleries I never before beheld; but what I disliked most was the apparent impiety of a part of these works of refined taste. I did not like the crosses on the dwelling-house; but in one of the gravel walks, we had to pass under a gothic arch, with a cross on the top of it, and, in the point of the arch, a niche for a saint or a virgin, the figure being gone through the lapse of centuries, and the pedestal only remaining, as we so frequently see on the outsides of cathedrals and of old churches and chapels. But the good of it was, this gothic arch, disfigured by the hand of old Father Time, was composed of Scotch fir-wood, as rotten as a pear, nailed together in such a way as to make the thing appear from a distance like the remnant of a ruin! I wonder how long this sickly, this childish, taste is to remain. I do not know who this gentleman is. I suppose he is some honest person from the 'Change or its neighbourhood, and that these gothic arches are to denote the antiquity of his origin! Not a

bad plan ; and, indeed, it is one that I once took the liberty to recommend to those Fundlords who retire to be country squires. But I never recommended the crucifixes ! To be sure, the Roman Catholic religion may, in England, be considered as a gentleman's religion, it being the most ancient in the country ; and, therefore, it is fortunate for a Fundlord when he happens (if he ever do happen) to be of that faith.

This gentleman may, for anything that I know, be a Catholic ; in which case I applaud his piety and pity his taste. At the end of this scene of mock grandeur and mock antiquity I found something more rational—namely, some hare-hounds ; and, in half an hour after, we found, and I had, the first hare-hunt that I had had since I wore a smock-frock ! We killed our hare after good sport, and got to Burghclere in the evening to a nice farm-house in a dell, sheltered from every wind, and with plenty of good living ; though with no gothic arches made of Scotch fir !

Wednesday, October 31.

A fine day. Too many hares here ; but our hunting was not bad—or, at least, it was a great treat to me, who used, when a boy, to have my legs and thighs so often filled with thorns in running after the hounds, anticipating with pretty great certainty, a ' waling ' of the back at night. We had grey-hounds a part of the day ; but the ground on the hills is so flinty, that I do not like the country for coursing. The dogs' legs are presently cut to pieces.

Thursday, November 1.

Mr. Budd has Swedish turnips, mangel-wurzel, and cabbages of various kinds, transplanted. All are very fine indeed. It is impossible to make more satisfactory experiments in transplanting than have been made here. But this is not a proper place to give a particular account of them. I went to see the best cultivated parts round Newbury; but I saw no spot with half the 'feed' that I see here, upon a spot of similar extent.

HURSTBOURN TARRANT, HANTS,
Friday, November 2.

This place is commonly called Uphusband: which is, I think, as decent a corruption of names as one would wish to meet with. However, Uphusband the people will have it, and Uphusband it shall be for me. I came from Burghclere this morning, and through the park of Lord Carnarvon, at Highclere. It is a fine season to look at woods. The oaks are still covered, the beeches in their best dress, the elms yet pretty green, and the beautiful ashes only buginning to turn off. This is, according to my fancy, the prettiest park that I have ever seen. A great variety of hill and dell. A good deal of water, and this, in one part, only wants the colours of American trees to make it look like a 'creek'; for the water runs along at the foot of a steepish hill, thickly covered with trees, and the branches of the lowermost trees hang down into the water and hide the bank completely. I like this place better than Fonthill, Blenheim, Stowe, or any other gentleman's grounds that I

have seen. The house I did not care about, though it appears to be large enough to hold half a village. The trees are very good, and the woods would be handsomer if the larches and firs were burnt, for which only they are fit. The great beauty of the place is the lofty downs—as steep, in some places, as the roof of a house—which form a sort of boundary, in the form of a part of a crescent, to about a third part of the park, and then slope off and get more distant, for about half another third part. A part of these downs is covered with trees, chiefly beech, the colour of which, at this season, forms a most beautiful contrast with that of the down itself, which is so green and so smooth. From the vale in the park, along which we rode, we looked apparently almost perpendicularly up at the downs, where the trees have extended themselves by seed more in some places than others, and thereby formed numerous salient parts of various forms, and, of course, as many and as variously formed glades. These, which are always so beautiful in forests and parks, are peculiarly beautiful in this lofty situation, and with verdure so smooth as that of these chalky downs. Our horses beat up a score or two of hares as we crossed the park; and, though we met with no gothic arches made of Scotch fir, we saw something a great deal better—namely, about forty cows, the most beautiful that I ever saw, as to colour at least. They appear to be of the Galway breed. They are called, in this country, Lord Carnarvon's breed. They have no horns, and their colour is a ground of white,

with black or red spots, these spots being from the size of a plate to that of a crown piece ; and some of them have no small spots. These cattle were lying down together in the space of about an acre of ground ; they were in excellent condition, and so fine a sight of the kind I never saw. Upon leaving the park, and coming over the hills to this pretty vale of Uphusband, I could not help calculating how long it might be before some Jew would begin to fix his eye upon Highclere, and talk of putting out the present owner, who, though a Whig, is one of the best of that set of politicians, and who acted a manly part in the case of our deeply injured and deeply lamented Queen. Perhaps his lordship thinks that there is no fear of the Jews as to him. But does he think that his tenants can sell fat hogs at 7*s.* 6*d.* a score, and pay him more than a third of the rent that they have paid him while the debt was contracting ? I know that such a man does not lose his estate at once ; but, without rents, what is the estate ? And that the Jews will receive the far greater part of his rents is certain, unless the interest of the debt be reduced.

Saturday, November 3.

Fat hogs have lately sold, in this village, at 7*s.* 6*d.* a score (but would hardly bring that now) —that is to say, at 4½*d.* a pound. The hog is weighed whole, when killed and dressed. The head and feet are included ; but so is the lard. Hogs fatted on peas or barley-meal may be called the very best meat that England contains. At Salisbury (only about 20 miles off) fat hogs sell

for 5*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* a score. But, then, observe, these are dairy hogs, which are not nearly so good in quality as the corn-fed hogs. But I shall probably hear more about these prices as I get further towards the west. Some wheat has been sold at Newbury market for £6 a load (40 bushels)—that is, at 3*s.* a bushel. A considerable part of the crop is wholly unfit for bread flour, and is not equal in value to good barley. In not a few instances the wheat has been carried into the gate, or yard, and thrown down to be made dung of. So that, if we were to take the average, it would not exceed, I am convinced, 5*s.* a bushel in this part of the country; and the average of all England would not, perhaps, exceed 4*s.* or 3*s.* 6*d.* a bushel. However, Lord Liverpool has got a bad harvest at last! That remedy has been applied!

Sunday, November 4.

This, to my fancy, is a very nice country. It is continual hill and dell. Now and then a chain of hills higher than the rest, and these are downs, or woods. To stand upon any of the hills and look around you, you almost think you see the ups and downs of sea in a heavy swell (as the sailors call it) after what they call a gale of wind. The undulations are endless, and the great variety in the height, breadth, length, and form of the little hills has a very delightful effect.—The soil, which, to look on it, appears to be more than half flint stones, is very good in quality, and, in general, better on the tops of the lesser hills than in the valleys. It has great tenacity; does

not wash away like sand, or light loam. It is a stiff, tenacious loam, mixed with flint stones. Bears saintfoin well, and all sorts of grass, which make the fields on the hills as green as meadows, even at this season; and the grass does not burn up in summer. In a country so full of hills one would expect endless runs of water and springs. There are none—absolutely none. No water-furrow is ever made in the land; no ditches round the fields. And, even in the deep valleys, such as that in which this village is situated, though it winds round for ten or fifteen miles, there is no run of water even now. There is the bed of a brook, which will run before spring; and it continues running with more or less water for about half the year, though, some years, it never runs at all. It rained all Friday night, pretty nearly all day yesterday; and to-day the ground is as dry as a bone, except just along the street of the village, which has been kept in a sort of stabble by the flocks of sheep passing along to and from Appleshaw fair. In the deep and long and narrow valleys, such as this, there are meadows with very fine herbage, and very productive. The grass very fine and excellent in its quality. It is very curious that the soil is much shallower in the vales than on the hills. In the vales it is a sort of hazel-mould on a bed of something approaching to gravel; but on the hills it is stiff loam, with apparently half-flints, on a bed of something like clay first (reddish, not yellow), and then comes the chalk, which they often take up by digging a sort of wells; and then they spread it on the surface, as they do the clay in

some countries, where they sometimes fetch it many miles and at an immense expense. It was very common, near Botley, to chalk land at an expense of £16 an acre.—The land here is excellent in quality generally, unless you get upon the highest chains of hills. They have frequently 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. Their barley is very fine; and their saintfoin abundant. The turnips are, in general, very good at this time; and the land appears as capable of carrying fine crops of them as any land that I have seen. A fine country for sheep—always dry: they never injure the land when feeding off turnips in wet weather, and they can lie down on the dry; for the ground is, in fact, never wet except while the rain is actually falling. Sometimes, in spring thaws and thunder-showers, the rain runs down the hills in torrents, but is gone directly. The flocks of sheep, some in fold and some at large, feeding on the sides of the hills, give great additional beauty to the scenery.—The woods, which consist chiefly of oak thinly intermixed with ash, and well set with underwood of ash and hazel, but mostly the latter, are very beautiful. They sometimes stretch along the top and sides of hills for miles together; and, as their edges, or outsides, joining the fields and the downs, go winding and twisting about, and as the fields and downs are naked of trees, the sight altogether is very pretty.—The trees in the deep and long valleys, especially the elm and the ash, are very fine and very lofty; and, from distance to distance, the rooks have made them their habitation.—This sort of country, which,

in irregular shape, is of great extent, has many and great advantages. Dry under foot. Good roads, winter as well as summer, and little, very little, expense. Saintfoin flourishes. Fences cost little. Wood, hurdles, and hedging-stuff cheap. No shade in wet harvests. The water in the wells excellent. Good sporting country, except for coursing, and too many flints for that.—What becomes of all the water ? There is a spring in one of the cross valleys that runs into this, having a basin about thirty feet over, and about eight feet deep, which they say sends up water once in about thirty or forty years, and boils up so as to make a large current of water.—Not far from Uphusband the Wansdike (I think it is called) crosses the country. Sir Richard Colt Hoare has written a great deal about this ancient boundary, which is, indeed, something very curious. In the ploughed fields the traces of it are quite gone ; but they remain in the woods, as well as on the downs.

Monday, November 5.

A white frost this morning. The hills round about beautiful at sunrise, the rooks making that noise which they always make in winter mornings. The starlings are come in large flocks ; and—which is deemed a sign of a hard winter—the fieldfares are come at an early season. The haws are very abundant, which, they say, is another sign of a hard winter. The wheat is high enough here, in some fields, ' to hide a hare,' which is, indeed, not saying much for it, as a hare knows how to hide herself upon the bare ground.

But it is, in some fields, four inches high, and is green and gay, the colour being finer than that of any grass.—The fuel here is wood. Little coal is brought from Andover. A load of faggots does not cost above 10*s*. So that, in this respect, the labourers are pretty well off. The wages here and in Berkshire, about 8*s*. a week; but the farmers talk of lowering them.—The poor-rates heavy, and heavy they must be, till taxes and rents come down greatly.—Saturday and to-day Appleshaw sheep-fair. The sheep, which had taken a rise at Weyhill fair, have fallen again even below the Norfolk and Sussex mark. Some Southdown lambs were sold at Appleshaw so low as 8*s*. and some even lower. Some Dorsetshire ewes brought no more than 20*s*.; and, perhaps, the average did not exceed 28*s*. I have seen a farmer here who can get (or could a few days ago) 28*s*. round for a lot of fat Southdown wethers, which cost him just that money, when they were lambs, two years ago! It is impossible that they can have cost him less than 24*s*. each during the two years, having to be fed on turnips or hay in winter, and to be fatted on good grass. Here (upon one hundred sheep) is a loss of £120 and £14 in addition at five per cent. interest on the sum expended in the purchase; even suppose not a sheep has been lost by death or otherwise.—I mentioned before, I believe, that fat hogs are sold at Salisbury at from 5*s*. to 4*s*. 6*d*. the score pounds, dead weight.—Cheese has come down in the same proportion. A correspondent informs me that one hundred and fifty Welsh sheep were, on October 18, offered for 4*s*. 6*d*. a

head, and that they went away unsold! The skin was worth a shilling of the money! The following I take from the *Tyne Mercury* of October 30: 'Last week, at Northawton fair, Mr. Thomas Cooper, of Bow, purchased three milch cows and forty sheep for £18 16*s*. 6*d*.!' The skins, four years ago, would have sold for more than the money. The *Hampshire Journal* says that, on November 1 (Thursday), at Newbury market, wheat sold from 88*s*. to 24*s*. the quarter. This would make an average of 56*s*. But very little indeed was sold at 88*s*., only the prime of the old wheat. The best of the new for about 48*s*.; and, then, if we take into view the great proportion that cannot go to market at all, we shall not find the average, even in this rather dear part of England, to exceed 32*s*., or 4*s*. a bushel. And, if we take all England through, it does not come up to that, nor anything like it. A farmer very sensibly observed to me yesterday, that, 'if we had had such a crop and such a harvest a few years ago, good wheat would have been £50 a load'—that is to say, 25*s*. a bushel! Nothing can be truer than this. And nothing can be clearer than that the present race of farmers, generally speaking, must be swept away by bankruptcy, if they do not, in time, make their bow, and retire. There are two descriptions of farmers, very distinct, as to the effects which this change must naturally have on them. The word farmer comes from the French, *fermier*, and signifies *renter*. Those only who rent, therefore, are, properly speaking, farmers, Those who till their own land are yeomen; and,

when I was a boy, it was the common practice to call the former farmers and the latter yeomen-farmers. These yeomen have, for the greater part, been swallowed up by the paper-system, which has drawn such masses of money together. They have, by degrees, been bought out. Still there are some few left; and these, if not in debt, will stand their ground. But all the present race of mere renters must give away, in one manner or another. They must break, or drop their style greatly; even in the latter case, their rent must, very shortly, be diminished, more than two-thirds. Then comes the landlord's turn; and, the sooner the better.—In the *Maidstone Gazette* I find the following: 'Prime beef was sold in Salisbury market, on Tuesday last, at 4*d.* per lb., and good joints of mutton at $3\frac{1}{2}d.$; butter 11*d.* and 12*d.* per lb.—In the West of Cornwall, during the summer, pork has often been sold at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb.'—This is very true; and what can be better? How can Peel's Bill work in a more delightful manner? What nice 'general working of events'! The country rag-merchants have now very little to do. They have no discounts. What they have out, they owe; it is so much debt: and, of course, they become poorer, and poorer, because they must, like a mortgagor, have more and more to pay as prices fall. This is very good, for it will make them disgorge a part, at least, of what they have swallowed during the years of high prices and depreciation. They are worked in this sort of way: the tax-collectors, the excise-fellows, for instance, hold their sittings, every six weeks, in

certain towns about the country. They will receive the country rags, if the rag-man can find, and will give security for, the due payment of his rags, when they arrive in London. For want of such security, or of some formality of the kind, there was a great bustle in a town in this county, not many days ago. The excise-fellow demanded sovereigns, or Bank of England notes. Precisely how the matter was finally settled, I know not; but the reader will see that the exciseman was only taking a proper precaution; for, if the rags were not paid in London, the loss was his.

MARLBOROUGH, *Tuesday (Noon), November* 6.

I left Uphusband this morning at nine, and came across to this place (20 miles) in a post-chaise. Came up the valley of Uphusband, which ends at about six miles from the village, and puts one out upon the Wiltshire Downs, which stretch away towards the west and south-west towards Devizes and towards Salisbury. After about half a mile of down, we came down into a level country; the flints cease, and the chalk comes nearer the top of the ground. The labourers along here seem very poor indeed. Farm-houses, with twenty ricks round each, besides those standing in the fields; pieces of wheat 50, 60, or 100 acres in a piece; but a group of women labourers, who were attending the measurers, to measure their reaping work, presented such an assemblage of rags as I never before saw, even amongst the hoppers at Farnham, many of whom are common beggars. I never before saw country people—and reapers too, observe—so miserable in

appearance as these. There were some very pretty girls, but ragged as colts, and as pale as ashes. The day was cold too, and frost hardly off the ground; and their blue arms and lips would have made any heart ache but that of a seat-seller or a loan-jobber. A little after passing by these poor things, whom I left cursing, as I went, those who had brought them to this state, I came to a group of shabby houses upon a hill. While the boy was watering his horses, I asked the ostler the name of the place; and, as the old women say, 'you might have knocked me down with a feather' when he said 'Great Bedwin.' The whole of the houses are not intrinsically worth a thousand pounds. There stood a thing, out in the middle of the place, about 25 feet long and 15 wide, being a room stuck up on unhewed stone pillars about 10 feet high. It was the town hall, where the ceremony of choosing the two Members is performed. 'This place sends Members to Parliament, don't it?' said I to the ostler. 'Yes, sir.' 'Who are Members now?' 'I don't know, indeed, sir.'—I have not read the *Henriade* of Voltaire for these thirty years; but, in ruminating upon the ostler's answer, and in thinking how the world—yes, the whole world—has been deceived as to this matter, two lines of that poem came across my memory:

> Représentans du peuple, les Grands et le Roi:
> Spectacle magnifique! Source sacrée des lois!

The Frenchman, for want of understanding the Thing as well as I do, left the eulogium incomplete. I therefore here add four lines, which I request

those who publish future editions of the *Henriade* to insert in continuation of the above eulogium of Voltaire :

> Représentans du peuple, que celui-ci ignore,
> Sont fait à miracle pour garder son Or !
> Peuple trop heureux, que le bonheur inonde !
> L'envie de vos voisins, admiré du monde !

The first line was suggested by the ostler ; the last by the words which we so very often hear from the bar, the bench, the seats, the pulpit, and the throne. Doubtless my poetry is not equal to that of Voltaire ; but my rhyme is as good as his, and my reason is a great deal better.—In quitting this villanous place we see the extensive and uncommonly ugly park and domain of Lord Aylesbury, who seems to have tacked park on to park, like so many outworks of a fortified city. I suppose here are 50 or 100 farms of former days, swallowed up. They have been bought, I dare say, from time to time ; and it would be a labour very well worthy of reward by the public, to trace to its source the money by which these immense domains, in different parts of the country, have been formed !—Marlborough, which is an ill-looking place enough, is succeeded, on my road to Swindon, by an extensive and very beautiful down about four miles over. Here nature has flung the earth about in a great variety of shapes. The fine short smooth grass has about nine inches of mould under it, and then comes the chalk. The water that runs down the narrow side-hill valleys is caught, in different parts of the down, in basins made on purpose, and lined with clay apparently. This is for watering the sheep in summer—sure

sign of a really dry soil ; and yet the grass never parches upon these downs. The chalk holds the moisture, and the grass is fed by the dews in hot and dry weather.—At the end of this down the high country ends. The hill is high and steep, and from it you look immediately down into a level farming country ; a little farther on, into the dairy country, whence the North Wilts cheese comes ; and, beyond that, into the vale of Berkshire, and even to Oxford, which lies away to the north-east from this hill.—The land continues good, flat, and rather wet, to Swindon, which is a plain country town, built of the stone which is found at about six feet under ground about here.—I come on now towards Cirencester through the dairy country of North Wilts.

CIRENCESTER, *Wednesday* (*Noon*), *November* 7.

I slept at a dairy farm-house at Hannington, about eight miles from Swindon, and five on one side of my road. I passed through that villanous hole, Cricklade, about two hours ago ; and certainly a more rascally looking place I never set my eyes on. I wished to avoid it, but could get along no other way. All along here the land is a whitish stiff loam upon a bed of soft stone, which is found at various distances from the surface, sometimes two feet and sometimes ten. Here and there a field is fenced with this stone, laid together in walls without mortar, or earth. All the houses and outhouses are made of it, and even covered with the thinnest of it formed into tiles. The stiles in the fields are made of large flags of this stone, and the gaps in the hedges are

stopped with them.—There is very little wood all along here. The labourers seem miserably poor. Their dwellings are little better than pig-beds, and their looks indicate that their food is not nearly equal to that of a pig. Their wretched hovels are stuck upon little bits of ground on the roadside, where the space has been wider than the road demanded. In many places they have not two rods to a hovel. It seems as if they had been swept off the fields by a hurricane, and had dropped and found shelter under the banks on the roadside! Yesterday morning was a sharp frost; and this had set the poor creatures to digging up their little plats of potatoes. In my whole life I never saw human wretchedness equal to this: no, not even amongst the free negroes in America, who, on an average, do not work one day out of four. And this is 'prosperity,' is it? These, O Pitt! are the fruits of thy hellish system! However, this Wiltshire is a horrible county. This is the county that the gallon-loaf man belongs to. The land all along here is good. Fine fields and pastures all around; and yet the cultivators of those fields so miserable! This is particularly the case on both sides of Cricklade, and in it too, where everything had the air of the most deplorable want.—They are sowing wheat all the way from the Wiltshire Downs to Cirencester; though there is some wheat up. Winter-vetches are up in some places, and look very well.—The turnips of both kinds are good all along here.—I met a farmer going with porkers to Highworth market. They would weigh, he said, four score and a half, and he expected to get 7*s*. 6*d*. a score. I expect

he will not. He said they had been fed on barley-meal; but I did not believe him. I put it to his honour, whether whey and beans had not been their food. He looked surly, and pushed on.—On this stiff ground they grow a good many beans, and give them to the pigs with whey, which makes excellent pork for the Londoners; but which must meet with a pretty hungry stomach to swallow it in Hampshire. The hogs, all the way that I have come from Buckinghamshire, are, without a single exception that I have seen, the old-fashioned black-spotted hogs. Mr. Blount at Uphusband has one, which now weighs about thirty score, and will possibly weigh forty, for she moves about very easily yet. This is the weight of a good ox; and yet, what a little thing it is compared to an ox! Between Cricklade and this place (Cirencester) I met, in separate droves, about two thousand Welsh cattle, on their way from Pembrokeshire to the fairs in Sussex. The greater part of them were heifers in calf. They were purchased in Wales at from £3 to £4 10*s*. each! None of them, the drovers told me, reached £5. These heifers used to fetch, at home, from £6 to £8, and sometimes more. Many of the things that I saw in these droves did not fetch, in Wales, 25*s*. And they go to no rising market! Now, is there a man in his senses who believes that this Thing can go on in the present way? However, a fine thing, indeed, is this fall of prices! My 'cottager' will easily get his cow, and a young cow too, for less than the £5 that I talked of. These Welsh heifers will calve about May; and they are just the very thing for a cottager.

GLOUCESTER, *Thursday* (*Morning*), *November* 8.

In leaving Cirencester, which is a pretty large town, a pretty, nice town, and which the people call Cititer, I came up hill into a country apparently formerly a down or common, but now divided into large fields by stone walls. Anything so ugly I have never seen before. The stone, which, on the other side of Cirencester, lay a good way under ground, here lies very near to the surface. The plough is continually bringing it up, and thus, in general, come the means of making the walls that serve as fences. Anything quite so cheerless as this I do not recollect to have seen; for the Bagshot country, and the commons between Farnham and Haslemere, have heath at any rate; but these stones are quite abominable. The turnips are not a fiftieth of a crop like those of Mr. Clarke at Bergh-Apton in Norfolk, or Mr. Pym at Reigate in Surrey, or of Mr. Brazier at Worth in Sussex. I see thirty acres here that have less food upon them than I saw the other day upon half an acre at Mr. Budd's at Burghclere. Can it be good farming to plough and sow and hoe thirty acres, to get what may be got upon half an acre? Can that half-acre cost more than a tenth part as much as the thirty acres? But, if I were to go to this thirty-acre farmer, and tell him what to do to the half-acre, would he not exclaim with the farmer at Botley: 'What! drow away all that 'ere ground between the lains! Jod's Blood!'— With the exception of a little dell about eight miles from Cititer, this miserable country continued, to the distance of ten miles, when, all of

a sudden, I looked down from the top of a high hill into the vale of Gloucester! Never was there, surely, such a contrast in this world! This hill is called Burlip Hill; it is much about a mile down it, and the descent so steep as to require the wheel of the chaise to be locked, and, even with that precaution, I did not think it over and above safe to sit in the chaise; so, upon Sir Robert Wilson's principle of taking care of Number One, I got out and walked down. From this hill you see the Morvan Hills in Wales. You look down into a sort of dish with a flat bottom; the hills are the sides of the dish, and the city of Gloucester, which you plainly see, at seven miles' distance from Burlip Hill, appears to be not far from the centre of the dish. All here is fine—fine farms, fine pastures, all enclosed fields, all divided by hedges, orchards a plenty; and I had scarcely seen one apple since I left Berkshire.—Gloucester is a fine, clean, beautiful place; and, which is of a vast deal more importance, the labourers' dwellings, as I came along, looked good, and the labourers themselves pretty well as to dress and healthiness. The girls at work in the fields (always my standard) are not in rags, with bits of shoes tied on their feet and rags tied round their ankles, as they had in Wiltshire.

JOURNAL: FROM GLOUCESTER, TO BOLLITREE IN HEREFORDSHIRE, ROSS, HEREFORD, ABINGDON, OXFORD, CHELTENHAM, BRUGHCLERE, WHITCHURCH, UPHURSTBOURN, AND THENCE TO KENSINGTON

BOLLITREE CASTLE, HEREFORDSHIRE,
Friday, November 9, 1821.

I GOT to this beautiful place (Mr. William Palmer's) yesterday, from Gloucester. This is in the parish of Weston, two miles on the Gloucester side of Ross, and, if not the first, nearly the first, parish in Herefordshire upon leaving Gloucester to go on through Ross to Hereford.—On quitting Gloucester I crossed the Severn, which had overflowed its banks and covered the meadows with water.—The soil good but stiff. The coppices and woods very much like those upon the clays in the south of Hampshire and in Sussex; but the land better for corn and grass. The goodness of the land is shown by the apple-trees, and by the sort of sheep and cattle fed here. The sheep are a cross between the Ryland and Leicester, and the cattle of the Herefordshire kind. These would starve in the pastures of any part of Hampshire or Sussex that I have ever seen.—At about seven miles from Gloucester I came to hills, and the land changed from the whitish soil which I had hitherto seen, to a red brown, with layers of flat stone of a reddish cast under it. Thus it continued to Bollitree. The trees of all kinds are very fine on the hills as well as in the bottoms.—The spot where I now am is peculiarly well situated in all respects. The land very rich, the pastures the

finest I ever saw, the trees of all kinds, surpassing upon an average any that I have before seen in England. From the house, you see, in front and winding round to the left, a lofty hill called Penyard Hill, at about a mile and a half's distance, covered with oaks of the finest growth; along at the foot of this wood are fields and orchards continuing the slope of the hill down for a considerable distance, and, as the ground lies in a sort of ridges from the wood to the foot of the slope, the hill-and-dell is very beautiful. One of these dells, with the two adjoining sides of hills, is an orchard belonging to Mr. Palmer, and the trees, the ground, and everything belonging to it, put me in mind of the most beautiful of the spots in the north of Long Island. Sheltered by a lofty wood, the grass fine beneath the fruit-trees, the soil dry under foot, though the rain had scarcely ceased to fall, no moss on the trees, the leaves of many of them yet green—everything brought my mind to the beautiful orchards near Bayside, Little Neck, Mosquito Cove, and Oyster Bay, in Long Island. No wonder that this is a country of cider and perry; but what a shame it is that here, at any rate, the owners and cultivators of the soil, not content with these, should, for mere fashion's sake, waste their substance on wine and spirits! They really deserve the contempt of mankind and the curses of their children.—The woody hill mentioned before winds away to the left, and carries the eye on to the Forest of Dean, from which it is divided by a narrow and very deep valley. Away to the right of Penyard Hill lies, in the bottom, at two miles' distance, and on the

banks of the river Wye, the town of Ross, over which we look down the vale to Monmouth, and see the Welsh hills beyond it. Beneath Penyard Hill, and on one of the ridges before mentioned, is the parish church of Weston, with some pretty white cottages near it peeping through the orchard and other trees; and, coming to the paddock before the house, are some of the largest and loftiest trees in the country, standing singly here and there, amongst which is the very largest and loftiest walnut-tree that I believe I ever saw, either in America or in England. In short, there wants nothing but the autumnal colours of the American trees to make this the most beautiful spot I ever beheld.—I was much amused for an hour after daylight this morning in looking at the clouds, rising, at intervals, from the dells on the side of Penyard Hill, and flying to the top, and then over the hill. Some of the clouds went up in a roundish and compact form. Others rose in a sort of string or stream, the tops of them going over the hill before the bottoms were clear of the place whence they had arisen. Sometimes the clouds gathered themselves together, along the top of the hill, and seemed to connect the topmost trees with the sky.—I have been to-day to look at Mr. Palmer's fine crops of Swedish turnips, which are, in general, called 'swedes.' These crops having been raised according to my plan, I feel, of course, great interest in the matter. The swedes occupy two fields: one of thirteen, and one of seventeen acres. The main part of the seventeen-acre field was drilled, on ridges, four feet apart, a single row on a ridge, at different

times between April 16 and May 29. An acre and a half of this piece was transplanted on four-feet ridges July 30. About half an acre across the middle of the field was sown broadcast April 14.—In the thirteen-acre field there is about half an acre sown broadcast on June 1; the rest of the field was transplanted—part in the first week of June, part in the last week of June, part from July 12 to 18, and the rest (about three acres) from July 21 to 23. The drilled swedes in the seventeen-acre field contain full 23 tons to the acre; the transplanted ones in that field, 15 tons; and the broadcast not exceeding 10 tons. Those in the thirteen-acre field which were transplanted before July 21 contain 27 if not 30 tons; and the rest of that field about 17 tons to the acre. The broadcast piece here (half an acre) may contain 7 tons. The shortness of my time will prevent us from ascertaining the weight by actual weighings; but, such is the crop, according to the best of my judgement, after a very minute survey of it in every part of each field.—Now, here is a little short of 800 tons of food, about a fifth part of which consists of tops; and, of course, there is about 640 tons of bulk. As to the value and uses of this prodigious crop I need say nothing; and, as to the time and manner of sowing and raising the plants for transplanting, the act of transplanting, and the after cultivation, Mr. Palmer has followed the directions contained in my *Year's Residence in America*; and, indeed, he is forward to acknowledge that he had never thought of this mode of culture, which he has followed now for three years, and which he has

found so advantageous, until he read that work, —a work which the *Farmer's Journal* thought proper to treat as a romance.—Mr. Palmer has had some cabbages of the large, drum-head kind. He had about three acres, in rows at four feet apart, and at little less than three feet apart in the rows, making ten thousand cabbages on the three acres. He kept ninety-five wethers and ninety-six ewes (large fattening sheep) upon them for five weeks all but two days, ending in the first week in November. The sheep, which are now feeding off yellow turnips in an adjoining part of the same field, come back over the cabbage-ground and scoop out the stumps, almost to the ground in many cases. This ground is going to be ploughed for wheat immediately. Cabbages are a very fine autumn crop; but it is the swedes on which they must rely for the spring, and on housed or stacked swedes too; for they will rot in many of our winters, if left in the ground. I have had them rot myself, and I saw, in March, 1820, hundreds of acres rotten in Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. Mr. Palmer greatly prefers the transplanting to the drilling. It has numerous advantages over the drilling—greater regularity of crop, greater certainty, the only sure way of avoiding the fly, greater crop, admitting of two months' later preparation of land, can come after vetches cut up for horses (as, indeed, a part of Mr. Palmer's transplanted swedes did), and requiring less labour and expense. I asserted this in my *Year's Residence*; and Mr. Palmer, who has been very particular in ascertaining the fact, states positively that the expense of trans-

planting is not so great as the hoeing and setting out of the drilled crops, and not so great as the common hoeings of broadcast. This, I think, settles the question. But the advantages of the wide-row culture by no means confine themselves to the green and root crop; for Mr. Palmer drills his wheat upon the same ridges, without ploughing, after he has taken off the swedes. He drills it at eight inches, and puts in from eight to ten gallons to the acre. His crop of 1820, drilled in this way, averaged 40 bushels to the acre; part drilled in November, and part so late as February. It was the common Lammas wheat. His last crop of wheat is not yet ascertained; but it was better after the swedes than in any other of his land. His manner of taking off the crop is excellent. He first cuts off and carries away the tops. Then he has an implement, drawn by two oxen walking on each side of the ridge, with which he cuts off the tap root of the swedes without disturbing the land of the ridge. Any child can then pull up the bulb. Thus the ground, clean as a garden, and in that compact state which the wheat is well known to like, is ready at once for drilling with wheat. As to the uses to which he applies the crop, tops as well as bulbs, I must speak of these hereafter, and in a work of a description different from this. I have been thus particular here because the *Farmer's Journal* treated my book as a pack of lies. I know that my (for it is *mine*) system of cattle-food husbandry will finally be that of all England, as it already is that of America; but what I am doing here is merely in self-defence against the slanders, the

malignant slanders, of the *Farmer's Journal*. Where is a Whig lord, who, some years ago, wrote to a gentleman that 'he would have nothing to do with any reform that Cobbett was engaged in'? But, in spite of the brutal *Journal*, farmers are not such fools as this lord was: they will not reject a good crop because they can have it only by acting upon my plan; and this lord will, I imagine, yet see the day when he will be less averse from having to do with a reform in which 'Cobbett' shall be engaged.

OLD HALL, *Saturday* (*Night*), *November* 10.

Went to Hereford this morning. It was market-day. My arrival became known, and I am sure I cannot tell how. A sort of buzz got about. I could perceive here, as I always have elsewhere, very ardent friends and very bitter enemies; but all full of curiosity. One thing could not fail to please me exceedingly—my friends were gay and my enemies gloomy; the former smiled, and the latter, in endeavouring to screw their features into a sneer, could get them no farther than the half sour and half sad.—I went into the market-place, amongst the farmers, with whom, in general, I was very much pleased. If I were to live in the county two months, I should be acquainted with every man of them. The country is very fine, all the way from Ross to Hereford. The soil is always a red loam upon a bed of stone. The trees are very fine, and certainly winter comes later here than in Middlesex. Some of the oak-trees are still perfectly green, and many of the ashes as green as in September.—In coming from Hereford

to this place, which is the residence of Mrs. Palmer and that of her two younger sons, Messrs. Philip and Walter Palmer, who, with their brother, had accompanied me to Hereford—in coming to this place, which lies at about two miles' distance from the great road, and at about an equal distance from Hereford and from Ross, we met with something, the sight of which pleased me exceedingly; it was that of a very pretty pleasant-looking lady (and young too) with two beautiful children, riding in a little sort of chaise-cart, drawn by an ass, which she was driving in reins. She appeared to be well known to my friends, who drew up and spoke to her, calling her Mrs. Lock, or Locky (I hope it was not Lockhart), or some such name. Her husband, who is, I suppose, some young farmer of the neighbourhood, may well call himself Mr. Lucky; for, to have such a wife, and for such a wife to have the good sense to put up with an ass-cart, in order to avoid, as much as possible, feeding those cormorants who gorge on the taxes, is a blessing that falls, I am afraid, to the lot of very few rich farmers. Mrs. Lock (if that be her name) is a real practical radical. Others of us resort to radical coffee and radical tea; and she has a radical carriage. This is a very effectual way of assailing the Thing, and peculiarly well suited for the practice of the female sex. But the self-denial ought not to be imposed on the wife only; the husband ought to set the example; and let us hope that Mr. Lock does not indulge in the use of wine and spirits, while Mrs. Lock and her children ride in a jack-ass gig; for, if he do, he wastes, in this

way, the means of keeping her a chariot and pair. If there be to be any expense not absolutely necessary, if there be to be anything bordering on extravagance, surely it ought to be for the pleasure of that part of the family who have the least number of objects of enjoyment; and, for a husband to indulge himself in the guzzling of expensive, unnecessary, and really injurious drink, to the tune, perhaps, of £50 or £100 a year, while he preaches economy to his wife, and, with a face as long as my arm, talks of the low price of corn, and wheedles her out of a curricle into a jack-ass cart, is not only unjust, but unmanly.

OLD HALL, *Sunday* (*Night*), *November* 11.

We have ridden to-day, though in the rain for a great part of the time, over the fine farm of Mr. Philip Palmer at this place, and that of Mr. Walter Palmer in the adjoining parish of Pencoyd. Everything here is good, arable land, pastures, orchards, coppices, and timber-trees, especially the elms, many scores of which approach nearly to a hundred feet in height. Mr. Philip Palmer has four acres of swedes on four-feet ridges, drilled on May 11 and 14. The plants were very much injured by the fly; so much, that it was a question whether the whole piece ought not to be ploughed up. However, the gaps in the rows were filled up by transplanting; and the ground was twice ploughed between the ridges. The crop here is very fine; and I should think that its weight could not be less than seventeen tons to the acre.—Of Mr. Walter Palmer's swedes, five acres were

drilled, on ridges nearly four feet apart, on June 3; four acres on June 15; and an acre and a half transplanted (after vetches) on August 15. The weight of the first is about twenty tons to the acre; that of the second not much less; and that of the last even five or six tons. The first two pieces were mauled to pieces by the fly; but the gaps were filled up by transplanting, the ground being digged on the tops of the ridges to receive the plants. So that, perhaps, a third part, or more, of the crop is due to the transplanting. As to the last piece, that transplanted on August 15, after vetches, it is clear that there could have been no crop without transplanting; and, after all, the crop is by no means a bad one. It is clear enough to me that this system will finally prevail all over England. The 'loyal,' indeed, may be afraid to adopt it, lest it should contain something of 'radicalism.' Sap-headed fools! They will find something to do, I believe, soon, besides railing against radicals. We will din 'radical' and 'national faith' in their ears, till they shall dread the din as much as a dog does the sound of the bell that is tied to the whip.

BOLLITREE, *Monday, November* 12.

Returned this morning and rode about the farm, and also about that of Mr. Winnal, where I saw, for the first time, a plough going without being held. The man drove the three horses that drew the plough, and carried the plough round at the ends; but left it to itself the rest of the time. There was a skim coulter that turned the sward in under

the furrow ; and the work was done very neatly. This gentleman has six acres of cabbages, on ridges four feet apart, with a distance of thirty inches between the plants on the ridge. He has weighed one of what he deemed an average weight, and found it to weigh fifteen pounds without the stump. Now, as there are 4,320 upon an acre, the weight of the acre is thirty tons all but 400 pounds ! This is a prodigious crop, and it is peculiarly well suited for food for sheep at this season of the year. Indeed it is good for any farm-stock, oxen, cows, pigs : all like these loaved cabbages. For hogs in yard, after the stubbles are gone, and before the tops of the swedes come in. What masses of manure may be created by this means ! But, above all things, for sheep to feed off upon the ground. Common turnips have not half the substance in them, weight for weight. Then, they are in the ground ; they are dirty, and, in wet weather, the sheep must starve, or eat a great deal of dirt. This very day, for instance, what a sorry sight is a flock of fatting sheep upon turnips ; what a mess of dirt and stubble ! The cabbage stands boldly up above the ground, and the sheep eats it all up without treading a morsel in the dirt. Mr. Winnal has a large flock of sheep feeding on his cabbages, which they will have finished, perhaps, by January. This gentleman also has some ' radical swedes,' as they call them in Norfolk. A part of his crop is on ridges five feet apart, with two rows on the ridge, a part on four-feet ridges with one row on the ridge. I cannot see that anything is gained in weight by the double rows. I think that there may be

nearly twenty tons to the acre. Another piece Mr. Winnal transplanted after vetches. They are very fine; and, altogether, he has a crop that any one but a 'loyal' farmer might envy him. This is really the radical system of husbandry. Radical means belonging to the root—going to the root. And the main principle of this system (first taught by Tull) is that the root of the plant is to be fed by deep tillage, while it is growing; and to do this we must have our wide distances. Our system of husbandry is happily illustrative of our system of politics. Our lines of movement are fair and straightforward. We destroy all weeds, which, like tax-eaters, do nothing but devour the sustenance that ought to feed the valuable plants. Our plants are all well fed; and our nations of swedes and of cabbages present a happy uniformity of enjoyments and of bulk, and not, as in the broadcast system of corruption, here and there one of enormous size, surrounded by thousands of poor little starveling things, scarcely distinguishable by the keenest eye, or, if seen, seen only to inspire a contempt of the husbandman. The Norfolk boys are, therefore, right in calling their swedes radical swedes.

BOLLITREE, *Tuesday, November* 13.

Rode to-day to see a grove belonging to Mrs. Westphalin, which contains the very finest trees, oaks, chestnuts, and ashes, that I ever saw in England. This grove is worth going from London to Weston to see. The lady, who is very much beloved in her neighbourhood, is apparently of

the old school; and her house and gardens, situated in a beautiful dell, form, I think, the most comfortable-looking thing of the kind that I ever saw. If she had known that I was in her grove, I dare say she would have expected it to blaze up in flames; or, at least, that I was come to view the premises previous to confiscation! I can forgive persons like her; but I cannot forgive the parsons and others who have misled them! Mrs. Westphalin, if she live many years, will find that the best friends of the owners of the land are those who have endeavoured to produce such a reform of the Parliament as would have prevented the ruin of tenants.—This parish of Weston is remarkable for having a rector who has constantly resided for twenty years! I do not believe that there is an instance to match this in the whole kingdom. However, the 'reverend' gentlemen may be assured that, before many years have passed over their heads, they will be glad to reside in their parsonage-houses.

BOLLITREE, *Wednesday, November* 14.

Rode to the Forest of Dean, up a very steep hill. The lanes here are between high banks, and on the sides of the hills the road is a rock, the water having, long ago, washed all the earth away. Pretty works are, I find, carried on here, as is the case in all the other public forests! Are these things always to be carried on in this way? Here is a domain of thirty thousand acres of the finest timber-land in the world, and with coal-mines endless! Is this worth nothing? Cannot each acre yield ten trees a year? Are

not these trees worth a pound apiece? Is not the estate worth three or four hundred thousand pounds a year? And does it yield anything to the public, to whom it belongs? But it is useless to waste one's breath in this way. We must have a reform of the Parliament: without it the whole thing will fall to pieces. The only good purpose that these forests answer is that of furnishing a place of being to labourers' families on their skirts; and here their cottages are very neat, and the people look hearty and well, just as they do round the forests in Hampshire. Every cottage has a pig or two. These graze in the forest, and, in the fall, eat acorns and beechnuts and the seed of the ash; for these last, as well as the others, are very full of oil, and a pig that is put to his shifts will pick the seed very nicely out from the husks. Some of these foresters keep cows, and all of them have bits of ground, cribbed, of course, at different times from the forest: and to what better use can the ground be put? I saw several wheat stubbles from 40 rods to 10 rods. I asked one man how much wheat he had from about 10 rods. He said more than two bushels. Here is bread for three weeks or more, perhaps; and a winter's straw for the pig besides. Are these things nothing? The dead limbs and old roots of the forest give fuel; and how happy are these people, compared with the poor creatures about Great Bedwin and Cricklade, where they have neither land nor shelter, and where I saw the girls carrying home bean and wheat stubble for fuel! Those countries, always badly furnished

with fuel, the desolating and damnable system of paper-money, by sweeping away small homesteads, and laying ten farms into one, has literally stripped of all shelter for the labourer. A farmer, in such cases, has a whole domain in his hands, and this, not only to the manifest injury of the public at large, but in open violation of positive law. The poor forger is hanged; but where is the prosecutor of the monopolizing farmer, though the law is as clear in the one case as in the other? But it required this infernal system to render every wholesome regulation nugatory, and to reduce to such abject misery a people famed in all ages for the goodness of their food and their dress. There is one farmer, in the north of Hampshire, who has nearly eight thousand acres of land in his hands; who grows fourteen hundred acres of wheat and two thousand acres of barley! He occupies what was formerly forty farms! Is it any wonder that paupers increase? And is there not here cause enough for the increase of poor, without resorting to the doctrines of the barbarous and impious Malthus and his assistants, the *feelosofers* of the *Edinburgh Review*, those eulogists and understrappers of the Whig-Oligarchy? 'This farmer has done nothing unlawful,' some one will say. I say he has; for there is a law to forbid him thus to monopolize land. But, no matter; the laws, the management of the affairs of a nation, ought to be such as to prevent the existence of the temptation to such monopoly. And, even now, the evil ought to be remedied, and could be remedied, in the space of half a dozen years.

The disappearance of the paper-money would do the thing in time ; but this might be assisted by legislative measures.—In returning from the forest we were overtaken by my son, whom I had begged to come from London to see this beautiful country. On the roadside we saw two lazy-looking fellows, in long great-coats and bundles in their hands, going into a cottage. 'What do you deal in ?' said I, to one of them, who had not yet entered the house. 'In the medical way,' said he. And I find that vagabonds of this description are seen all over the country with tea-licences in their pockets. They vend tea, drugs, and religious tracts. The first to bring the body into a debilitated state ; the second to finish the corporeal part of the business ; and the third to prepare the spirit for its separation from the clay ! Never was a system so well calculated as the present to degrade, debase, and enslave a people ! Law, and, as if that were not sufficient, enormous subscriptions are made ; everything that can be done is done to favour these perambulatory impostors in their depredations on the ignorant. While everything that can be done is done to prevent them from reading, or from hearing of, anything that has a tendency to give them rational notions, or to better their lot. However, all is not buried in ignorance. Down the deep and beautiful valley between Penyard Hill and the hills on the side of the Forest of Dean, there runs a stream of water. On that stream of water there is a paper-mill. In that paper-mill there is a set of workmen. That set of workmen do, I am told, take

the *Register*, and have taken it for years! It was to these good and sensible men, it is supposed, that the ringing of the bells of Weston church, upon my arrival, was to be ascribed; for nobody that I visited had any knowledge of the cause. What a subject for lamentation with corrupt hypocrites! That, even in this secluded spot, there should be a leaven of common sense! No: *all* is not enveloped in brute ignorance yet, in spite of every artifice that hellish Corruption has been able to employ; in spite of all her menaces and all her brutalities and cruelties.

OLD HALL, *Thursday, November* 15.

We came this morning from Bollitree to Ross market, and thence to this place. Ross is an old-fashioned town; but it is very beautifully situated, and, if there is little of finery in the appearance of the inhabitants, there is also little of misery. It is a good, plain country town, or settlement of tradesmen, whose business is that of supplying the wants of the cultivators of the soil. It presents to us nothing of rascality and roguishness of look, which you see on almost every visage in the borough towns, not excepting the visages of the women. I can tell a borough town from another upon my entrance into it, by the nasty, cunning, leering, designing look of the people—a look between that of a bad (for *some* are good) Methodist parson, and that of a pickpocket. I remember, and I never shall forget, the horrid looks of the villains in Devonshire and Cornwall. Some people say, 'Oh, poor fellows! It is not their fault.' No? Whose

fault is it, then? The miscreants who bribe them? True that these deserve the halter (and some of them may have it yet); but are not the takers of the bribes equally guilty? If we be so very lenient here, pray let us ascribe to the Devil all the acts of thieves and robbers: so we do; but we hang the thieves and robbers, nevertheless. It is no very unprovoking reflection that from these sinks of atrocious villany come a very considerable part of the men to fill places of emolument and trust. What a clog upon a Minister to have people, bred in such scenes, forced upon him! And why does this curse continue? However, its natural consequences are before us, and are coming on pretty fast upon each other's heels. There are the landlords and farmers in a state of absolute ruin: there is the Debt, pulling the nation down like as a stone pulls a dog under water. The system seems to have fairly wound itself up; to have tied itself hand and foot with cords of its own spinning!—This is the town to which Pope has given an interest in our minds by his eulogium on the 'Man of Ross,' a portrait of whom is hanging up in the house in which I now am.—The market at Ross was very dull. No wheat in demand. No buyers. It must come down. Lord Liverpool's remedy, a bad harvest, has assuredly failed. Fowls 2*s*. a couple; a goose from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*.; a turkey from 3*s*. to 3*s*. 6*d*. Let a turkey come down to a shilling, as in France, and then we shall soon be to rights.

Friday, November 16.

A whole day most delightfully passed a-hare-hunting, with a pretty pack of hounds kept here by Messrs. Palmer. They put me upon a horse that seemed to have been made on purpose for me, strong, tall, gentle, and bold, and that carried me either over or through everything. I, who am just the weight of a four-bushel sack of good wheat, actually sat on his back from daylight in the morning to dusk (about nine hours) without once setting my foot on the ground. Our ground was at Orcop, a place about four miles' distance from this place. We found a hare in a few minutes after throwing off; and, in the course of the day, we had to find four, and were never more than ten minutes in finding. A steep and naked ridge, lying between two flat valleys, having a mixture of pretty large fields and small woods, formed our ground. The hares crossed the ridge forward and backward, and gave us numerous views and very fine sport. I never rode on such steep ground before; and, really, in going up and down some of the craggy places, where the rains had washed the earth from the rocks, I did think once or twice of my neck, and how Sidmouth would like to see me.—As to the cruelty, as some pretend, of this sport, that point I have, I think, settled in one of the chapters of my *Year's Residence in America*. As to the expense, a pack, even a full pack of harriers like this, costs less than two bottles of wine a day with their inseparable concomitants. And, as to the time thus spent, hunting is inseparable

from early rising; and, with habits of early rising, who ever wanted time for any business?

OXFORD, *Saturday, November* 17.

We left Old Hall (where we always breakfasted by candle-light) this morning after breakfast; returned to Bollitree; took the Hereford coach as it passed about noon; and came in it through Gloucester, Cheltenham, Northleach, Burford, Whitney, and on to this city, where we arrived about ten o'clock. I could not leave Herefordshire without bringing with me the most pleasing impressions. It is not for one to descend to particulars in characterizing one's personal friends; and therefore I will content myself with saying that the treatment I met with in this beautiful county, where I saw not one single face that I had, to my knowledge, ever seen before, was much more than sufficient to compensate me, personally, for all the atrocious calumnies which, for twenty years, I have had to endure. But where is my country! a great part of the present hideous sufferings of which will, by every reflecting mind, be easily traced to these calumnies, which have been made the ground, or pretext, for rejecting that counsel by listening to which those sufferings would have been prevented—where is my country to find a compensation!—At Gloucester (as there were no meals on the road) we furnished ourselves with nuts and apples, which, first a handful of nuts and then an apple, are, I can assure the reader, excellent and most wholesome fare. They say that nuts of all sorts are unwholesome; if they had been,

I should never have written *Registers*, and, if they were now, I should have ceased to write ere this ; for, upon an average, I have eaten a pint a day since I left home. In short, I could be very well content to live on nuts, milk, and home-baked bread.—From Gloucester to Cheltenham the country is level, and the land rich and good. The fields along here are ploughed in ridges about 20 feet wide, and the angle of this species of roof is pretty nearly as sharp as that of some slated roofs of houses. There is no wet under ; it is the top wet only that they aim at keeping from doing mischief.—Cheltenham is a nasty, ill-looking place, half clown and half cockney. The town is one street about a mile long ; but then, at some distance from this street, there are rows of white tenements, with green balconies, like those inhabited by the tax-eaters round London. Indeed, this place appears to be the residence of an assemblage of tax-eaters. These vermin shift about between London, Cheltenham, Bath, Bognor, Brighton, Tunbridge, Ramsgate, Margate, Worthing, and other spots in England, while some of them get over to France and Italy : just like those body-vermin of different sorts that are found in different parts of the tormented carcass at different hours of the day and night, and in different degrees of heat and cold.

Cheltenham is at the foot of a part of that chain of hills which form the sides of that dish which I described as resembling the vale of Gloucester. Soon after quitting this resort of the lame and the lazy, the gormandizing and

guzzling, the bilious and the nervous, we proceeded on, between stone walls, over a country little better than that from Cirencester to Burlip Hill.—A very poor, dull and uninteresting country all the way to Oxford.

BURGHCLERE, HANTS,
Sunday, November 18.

We left Oxford early, and went on through Abingdon (Berks.) to Market Ilsley. It is a saying hereabouts that at Oxford they make the living pay for the dead, which is precisely according to the Pitt system. Having smarted on this account, we were afraid to eat again at an inn; so we pushed on through Ilsley towards Newbury, breakfasting upon the residue of the nuts, aided by a new supply of apples bought from a poor man, who exhibited them in his window. Inspired, like Don Quixote, by the sight of the nuts, and recollecting the last night's bill, I exclaimed: 'Happy, thrice happy and blessed that golden age, when men lived on the simple fruits of the earth and slaked their thirst at the pure and limpid brook! when the trees shed their leaves to form a couch for their repose, and cast their bark to furnish them with a canopy! Happy age, when no Oxford landlord charged two men, who had dropped into a common coach-passenger room, and who had swallowed three-pennyworths of food, "four shillings for teas," and "eighteen pence for *cold meat*," "two shillings for moulds and fire" in this common coach-room, and "five shillings for beds!"' This was a sort of grace before meat to the nuts

and apples; and it had much more merit than the harangue of Don Quixote; for he, before he began upon the nuts, had stuffed himself well with goat's flesh and wine, whereas we had absolutely fled from the breakfast-table and blazing fire at Oxford.—Upon beholding the masses of buildings at Oxford devoted to what they call 'learning,' I could not help reflecting on the drones that they contain and the wasps they send forth! However, malignant as some are, the great and prevalent characteristic is folly: emptiness of head, want of talent; and one half of the fellows who are what they call educated here are unfit to be clerks in a grocer's or mercer's shop.—As I looked up at what they called University Hall, I could not help reflecting that what I had written, even since I left Kensington on October 29, would produce more effect, and do more good in the world, than all that had, for a hundred years, been written by all the members of this University, who devour, perhaps, not less than a million pounds a year, arising from property, completely at the disposal of the 'Great Council of the Nation'; and I could not help exclaiming to myself: 'Stand forth, ye big-wigged, ye gloriously feeding doctors! Stand forth, ye rich of that church whose poor have had given them a hundred thousand pounds a year, not out of your riches, but out of the taxes, raised, in part, from the salt of the labouring man! Stand forth and face me, who have, from the pen of my leisure hours, sent amongst your flocks a hundred thousand sermons in ten months! More than you have all

done for the last half-century ! '—I exclaimed in vain. I dare say (for it was at peep of day) that not a man of them had yet endeavoured to unclose his eyes.—In coming through Abingdon (Berks.) I could not help thinking of that great financier, Mr. John Maberly, by whom this place has, I believe, the honour to be represented in the Collective Wisdom of the Nation.—In the way to Ilsley we came across a part of that fine tract of land, called the Vale of Berkshire, where they grow wheat and beans, one after another, for many years together. About three miles before we reached Ilsley we came to downs, with, as is always the case, chalk under. Between Ilsley and Newbury the country is enclosed ; the land middling, a stony loam ; the woods and coppices frequent, and neither very good, till we came within a short distance of Newbury. In going along, we saw a piece of wheat with cabbage-leaves laid all over it at the distance, perhaps, of eight or ten feet from each other. It was to catch the slugs. The slugs, which commit their depredations in the night, creep under the leaves in the morning, and by turning up the leaves you come at the slugs and crush them, or carry them away. But, besides the immense daily labour attending this, the slug, in a field sowed with wheat, has a clod to creep under at every foot, and will not go five feet to get under a cabbage-leaf. Then again, if the day be wet, the slug works by day as well as by night. It is the sun and drought that he shuns, and not the light. Therefore the only effectual way to destroy slugs is to sow lime, in dust, and not slaked. The

slug is wet, he has hardly any skin, his slime is his covering ; the smallest dust of hot lime kills him ; and a few bushels to the acre are sufficient. You must sow the lime at dusk ; for then the slugs are sure to be out. Slugs come after a crop that has long afforded a great deal of shelter from the sun, such as peas and vetches. In gardens they are nursed up by strawberry-beds, and by weeds, by asparagus-beds, or by anything that remains for a long time to keep the summer sun from the earth. We got about three o'clock to this nice, snug little farm-house, and found our host, Mr. Budd, at home.

BURGHCLERE, *Monday, November* 19.

A thorough wet day, the only day the greater part of which I have not spent out of doors since I left home.

BURGHCLERE, *Tuesday, November* 20.

With Mr. Budd we rode to-day to see the farm of Tull, at Shalborne, in Berkshire. Mr. Budd did the same thing with Arthur Young twenty-seven years ago. It was a sort of pilgrimage ; but, as the distance was ten miles, we thought it best to perform it on horseback. We passed through the parish of Highclere, where they have enclosed commons, worth, as tillage land, not one single farthing an acre, and never will and never can be. As a common it afforded a little picking for geese and asses, and, in the moory parts of it, a little fuel for the labourers. But now it really can afford nothing. It will all fall to common again by degrees. This madness, this blind eagerness to gain, is now, I hope,

pretty nearly over. At East Woody we passed the house of a Mr. Goddard, which is uninhabited, he residing at Bath. At West Woody (Berks.) is the estate of Mr. Sloper, a very pretty place. A beautiful sporting country. Large fields, small woods, dry soil. What has taken place here is an instance of the workings of the system. Here is a large gentleman's house. But the proprietor lets it (it is, just now, empty), and resides in a farm-house and farms his own estate. Happy is the landlord who has the good sense to do this in time. This is a fine farm, and here appears to be very judicious farming. Large tracts of turnips, clean land, stubbles ploughed up early, ploughing with oxen, and a very large and singularly fine flock of sheep. Everything that you see—land, stock, implements, fences, buildings—all do credit to the owner; bespeak his sound judgement, his industry and care. All that is wanted here is the radical husbandry; because that would enable the owner to keep three times the quantity of stock. However, since I left home, I have seen but very few farms that I should prefer to that of Mr. Sloper, whom I have not the pleasure to know, and whom, indeed, I never heard of till I saw his farm. At a village (certainly named by some author) called Inkpen, we passed a neat little house and paddock, the residence of a Mr. Butler, a nephew of Dr. Butler, who died Bishop of Oxford, and whom I can remember hearing preach at Farnham in Surrey, when I was a very, very little boy. I have his features and his wig as clearly in my recollection as if I had seen them

but yesterday; and I dare say I have not thought of Dr. Butler for forty years before to-day. The 'loyal' (Oh, the pious gang!) will say that my memory is good as to the face and wig, but bad as to the doctor's sermons. Why, I must confess that I have no recollection of them; but then, do I not make sermons myself?—At about two miles from Inkpen we came to the end of our pilgrimage. The farm, which was Mr. Tull's, where he used the first drill that ever was used, where he practised his husbandry; where he wrote that book which does so much honour to his memory, and to which the cultivators of England owe so much; this farm is on an open and somewhat bleak spot, in Berkshire, on the borders of Wiltshire, and within a very short distance of a part of Hampshire. The ground is a loam, mixed with flints, and has the chalk at no great distance beneath it. It is, therefore, free from wet, needs no water furrows, and is pretty good in its nature. The house, which has been improved by Mr. Blandy, the present proprietor, is still but a plain farm-house. Mr. Blandy has lived here thirty years, and has brought up ten children to man's and woman's estate. Mr. Blandy was from home, but Mrs. Blandy received and entertained us in a very hospitable manner.—We returned, not along the low land, but along the top of the downs, and through the Lord Carnarvon's park, and got home after a very pleasant day.

BURGHCLERE, *Wednesday, November* 21.

We intended to have a hunt, but the fox-hounds came across and rendered it imprac-

ticable. As an instance of the change which rural customs have undergone since the hellish paper-system has been so furiously at work, I need only mention the fact that, forty years ago, there were five packs of foxhounds and ten packs of harriers kept within ten miles of Newbury; and that now there is one of the former (kept, too, by subscription) and none of the latter, except the few couple of dogs kept by Mr. Budd! 'So much the better,' says the shallow fool, who cannot duly estimate the difference between a resident native gentry, attached to the soil, known to every farmer and labourer from their childhood, frequently mixing with them in those pursuits where all artificial distinctions are lost, practising hospitality without ceremony, from habit and not on calculation, and a gentry, only now and then residing at all, having no relish for country delights, foreign in their manners, distant and haughty in their behaviour, looking to the soil only for its rents, viewing it as a mere object of speculation, unacquainted with its cultivators, despising them and their pursuits, and relying, for influence, not upon the goodwill of the vicinage, but upon the dread of their power. The war and paper-system have brought in nabobs, negro-drivers, generals, admirals, governors, commissaries, contractors, pensioners, sinecurists, commissioners, loan-jobbers, lottery-dealers, bankers, stock-jobbers; not to mention the long and black list in gowns and three-tailed wigs. You can see but few good houses not in possession of one or the other of these. These, with the parsons, are now the

magistrates. Some of the consequences are before us; but they have not all yet arrived. A taxation that sucks up fifty millions a year must produce a new set of proprietors every twenty years or less; and the proprietors, while they last, can be little better than tax-collectors to the Government, and scourgers of the people.—I must not quit Burghclere without noticing Mr. Budd's radical swedes and other things. His is but miniature farming; but it is very good and very interesting. Some time in May he drilled a piece of swedes on four-feet ridges. The fly took them off. He had cabbage and mangel-wurzel plants to put in their stead. Unwilling to turn back the ridges, and thereby bring the dung to the top, he planted the cabbages and mangel-wurzel on the ridges where the swedes had been drilled. This was done in June. Late in July, his neighbour, a Farmer Hulbert, had a field of swedes that he was hoeing. Mr. Budd now put some manure in the furrows between the ridges, and ploughed a furrow over it from each ridge. On this he planted swedes, taken from Farmer Hulbert's field. Thus his plantation consisted of rows of plants two feet apart. The result is a prodigious crop. Of the mangel-wurzel (greens and all) he has not less than twenty tons to the acre. He can scarcely have less of the cabbages, some of which are green savoys as fine as I ever saw. And of the swedes, many of which weigh from five to nine pounds, he certainly has more than twenty tons to the acre. So that here is a crop of, at the very least, forty tons to the acre. This piece is not much more

than half an acre; but he will, perhaps, not find so much cattle-food upon any four acres in the county. He is, and long has been, feeding four milch cows, large, fine, and in fine condition, upon cabbages sometimes, and sometimes on mangel-wurzel leaves. The butter is excellent. Not the smallest degree of bitterness or bad taste of any sort. Fine colour and fine taste. And here, upon not three-quarters of an acre of ground, he has, if he manage the thing well, enough food for these four cows to the month of May! Can any system of husbandry equal this? What would he do with these cows, if he had not this crop? He could not keep one of them, except on hay. And he owes all this crop to transplanting. He thinks that the transplanting, fetching the swede plants and all, might cost him ten or twelve shillings. It was done by women, who had never done such a thing before. However, he must get in his crop before the hard weather comes; or my Lord Carnarvon's hares will help him. They have begun already, and it is curious that they have begun on the mangel-wurzel roots. So that hares, at any rate, have set the seal of merit upon this root.

KENSINGTON, *Friday, November* 23.

Got home by the coach. At leaving Whitchurch we soon passed the mill where the Mother-Bank paper is made! Thank God, this mill is likely soon to want employment! Hard by is a pretty park and house, belonging to 'Squire' Portal, the paper-maker. The country people, who seldom want for sarcastic shrewdness, call

it ' Rag Hall ' ! I perceive that they are planting oaks on the ' wastes,' as the Agriculturasses call them, about Hartley Row ; which is very good, because the herbage, after the first year, is rather increased than diminished by the operation ; while, in time, the oaks arrive at a timber state, and add to the beauty and to the real wealth of the country, and to the real and solid wealth of the descendants of the planter, who, in every such case, merits unequivocal praise, because he plants for his children's children.

KENTISH JOURNAL: FROM KENSINGTON TO DARTFORD, ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, AND FAVERSHAM

ELVERTON FARM, NEAR FAVERSHAM, KENT,
Tuesday, December 4, 1821.

THIS is the first time, since I went to France, in 1792, that I have been on this side of Shooter's Hill. The land, generally speaking, from Deptford to Dartford is poor, and the surface ugly by nature, to which ugliness there has been made, just before we came to the latter place, a considerable addition by the enclosure of a common, and by the sticking up of some shabby-genteel houses, surrounded with dead fences, and things called gardens, in all manner of ridiculous forms, making, altogether, the bricks, hurdlerods and earth, say, as plainly as they can speak, ' Here dwell vanity and poverty.' This is a little excrescence that has grown out of the immense sums which have been drawn from other parts of the kingdom, to be expended on barracks, magazines, martello-towers, catamarans, and all

the excuses for lavish expenditure which the war for the Bourbons gave rise to. All things will return ; these rubbishy, flimsy things on this common will first be deserted, then crumble down, then be swept away, and the cattle, sheep, pigs, and geese will once more graze upon the common, which will again furnish heath, furze, and turf for the labourers on the neighbouring lands.—After you leave Dartford the land becomes excellent. You come to a bottom of chalk, many feet from the surface, and, when that is the case, the land is sure to be good : no wet at bottom, no deep ditches, no water furrows, necessary ; sufficiently moist in dry weather, and no water lying about it upon it in wet weather for any length of time. The chalk acts as a filtering-stone, not as a sieve, like gravel, and not as a dish, like clay. The chalk acts as the soft stone in Herefordshire does ; but it is not so congenial to trees that have tap-roots. Along through Gravesend towards Rochester the country presents a sort of gardening scene. Rochester (the Bishop of which is, or lately was, tax-collector for London and Middlesex) is a small but crowded place, lying on the south bank of the beautiful Medway, with a rising ground on the other side of the city. Stroud, which you pass through, before you come to the bridge, over which you go to enter Rochester, Rochester itself, and Chatham, form, in fact, one main street of about two miles and a half in length.—Here I was got into the scenes of my cap-and-feather days ! Here, at between sixteen and seventeen, I enlisted for a soldier. Upon looking up towards

the fortifications and the barracks, how many recollections crowded into my mind! The girls in these towns do not seem to be so pretty as they were thirty-eight years ago; or, am I not so quick in discovering beauties as I was then? Have thirty-eight years corrected my taste, or made me a hypercritic in these matters? Is it that I now look at them with the solemnness of a 'professional man,' and not with the enthusiasm and eagerness of an 'amateur'? I leave these questions for philosophers to solve. One thing I will say for the young women of these towns, and that is, that I always found those of them that I had the great happiness to be acquainted with evince a sincere desire to do their best to smooth the inequalities of life, and to give us 'brave fellows,' as often as they could, strong beer, when their churlish masters, or fathers, or husbands, would have drenched us to death with small. This, at the outset of life, gave me a high opinion of the judgement and justice of the female sex; an opinion which has been confirmed by the observations of my whole life.—This Chatham has had some monstrous wens stuck on to it by the lavish expenditure of the war. These will moulder away. It is curious enough that I should meet with a gentleman, in an inn at Chatham, to give me a picture of the house-distress in that enormous wen which, during the war, was stuck on to Portsmouth. Not less than fifty thousand people had been drawn together there! These are now dispersing. The coagulated blood is diluting and flowing back through the veins. Whole streets are

deserted, and the eyes of the houses knocked out by the boys that remain. The jackdaws, as much as to say, 'Our turn to be inspired and to teach is come,' are beginning to take possession of the Methodist chapels. The gentleman told me that he had been down to Portsea to sell half a street of houses, left him by a relation; and that nobody would give him anything for them further than as very cheap fuel and rubbish! Good God! And is this 'prosperity'? Is this the 'prosperity of the war'? Have I not, for twenty long years, been regretting the existence of these unnatural embossments; these white-swellings, these odious wens, produced by corruption and engendering crime and misery and slavery? We shall see the whole of these wens abandoned by the inhabitants, and, at last, the cannons on the fortifications may be of some use in battering down the buildings. But what is to be the fate of the great Wen of all—the monster, called by the silly coxcombs of the press, 'the metropolis of the empire'? What is to become of that multitude of towns that has been stuck up around it? The village of Kingston was smothered in the town of Portsea; and why? Because taxes, drained from other parts of the kingdom, were brought thither.

The dispersion of the Wen is the only real difficulty that I see in settling the affairs of the nation and restoring it to a happy state. But dispersed it must be; and, if there be half a million, or more, of people to suffer, the consolation is, that the suffering will be divided into half a million of parts. As if the swelling out

of London, naturally produced by the funding system, were not sufficient; as if the evil were not sufficiently great from the inevitable tendency of the system of loans and funds, our pretty gentlemen must resort to positive institutions to augment the population of the Wen. They found that the increase of the Wen produced an increase of thieves and prostitutes, an increase of all sorts of diseases, an increase of miseries of all sorts; they saw that taxes drawn up to one point produced these effects; they must have a 'penitentiary,' for instance, to check the evil, and that they must needs have in the Wen! So that here were a million of pounds, drawn up in taxes, employed not only to keep the thieves and prostitutes still in the Wen, but to bring up to the Wen workmen to build the Penitentiary, who and whose families, amounting perhaps to thousands, made an addition to the cause of that crime and misery, to check which is the object of the Penitentiary! People would follow, they must follow, the million of money. However, this is of a piece with all the rest of their goings on. They and their predecessors, Ministers and House, have been collecting together all the materials for a dreadful explosion; and, if the explosion be not dreadful other heads must point out the means of prevention.

Wednesday, December 5.

The land on quitting Chatham is chalk at bottom; but, before you reach Sittingbourne, there is a vein of gravel and sand under, but a

great depth of loam above. About Sittingbourne the chalk bottom comes again, and continues on to this place, where the land appears to me to be as good as it can possibly be. Mr. William Waller, at whose house I am, has grown this year, mangel-wurzel, the roots of which weigh, I think, on an average, twelve pounds, and in rows, too, at only about thirty inches distant from each other. In short, as far as soil goes it is impossible to see a finer country than this. You frequently see a field of fifty acres level as a die, clean as a garden, and as rich. Mr. Birkbeck need not have crossed the Atlantic, and Alleghany into the bargain, to look for land too rich to bear wheat; for here is a plenty of it. In short, this is a country of hop-gardens, cherry, apple, pear and filbert orchards, and quickset hedges. But, alas! what in point of beauty is a country without woods and lofty trees? And here there are very few indeed. I am now sitting in a room, from the window of which I look, first, over a large and level field of rich land, in which the drilled wheat is finely come up, and which is surrounded by clipped quickset hedges with a row of apple-trees running by the sides of them; next, over a long succession of rich meadows, which are here called marshes, the shortest grass upon which will fatten sheep or oxen; next, over a little branch of the salt water which runs up to Faversham; beyond that, on the Isle of Sheppey (or Shepway), which rises a little into a sort of ridge that runs along it; rich fields, pastures and orchards lie all around me; and yet I declare that I, a million times to one,

prefer, as a spot to live on, the heaths, the miry coppices, the wild woods and the forests of Sussex and Hampshire.

Friday, December 7.

I went through Faversham. A very pretty little town, and just ten minutes' walk from the market-place up to the Dover turnpike-road. Here are the powder-affairs that Mr. Hume so well exposed. An immensity of buildings and expensive things. Why are not these premises let or sold? However, this will never be done until there be a reformed Parliament.

Saturday, December 8.

Came home very much pleased with my visit to Mr. Walker, in whose house I saw no drinking of wine, spirits, or even beer; where all, even to the little children, were up by candle-light in the morning, and where the most perfect sobriety was accompanied by constant cheerfulness. Kent is in a deplorable way. The farmers are skilful and intelligent, generally speaking. But there is infinite corruption in Kent, owing partly to the swarms of West Indians, nabobs, commissioners, and others of nearly the same description that have selected it for the place of their residence; but, owing still more to the immense sums of public money that have, during the last thirty years, been expended in it. And, when one thinks of these, the conduct of the people of Dover, Canterbury, and other places, in the case of the ever-lamented Queen, does them everlasting honour. The fruit in Kent is more select than

in Herefordshire, where it is raised for cider, while, in Kent, it is raised for sale in its fruit state, a great deal being sent to the Wen, and a great deal sent to the North of England and to Scotland. The orchards are beautiful indeed. Kept in the neatest order, and indeed, all belonging to them excels anything of the kind to be seen in Normandy; and, as to apples, I never saw any so good in France as those of Kent. This county, so blessed by Providence, has been cursed by the System in a peculiar degree. It has been the receiver of immense sums, raised on the other counties. This has puffed its rents to an unnatural height; and, now that the drain of other counties is stopped, it feels like a pampered pony turned out in winter to live upon a common. It is in an extremely 'unsatisfactory state,' and has certainly a greater mass of suffering to endure than any other part of the kingdom, the wens only excepted. Sir Edward Knatchbull, who is a child of the System, does appear to see no more of the cause of these sufferings than if he were a baby. How should he? Not very bright by nature; never listening but to one side of the question; being a man who wants high rents to be paid him; not gifted with much light, and that little having to strive against prejudice, false shame, and self-interest, what wonder is there that he should not see things in their true light?

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK JOURNAL

BERGH-APTON, NEAR NORWICH,
Monday, December 10, 1821.

FROM the Wen to Norwich, from which I am now distant seven miles, there is nothing in Essex, Suffolk, or this county, that can be called a hill. Essex, when you get beyond the immediate influence of the gorgings and disgorgings of the Wen—that is to say, beyond the demand for crude vegetables, and repayment in manure—is by no means a fertile county. There appears generally to be a bottom of clay, not soft chalk, which they persist in calling clay in Norfolk. I wish I had one of these Norfolk men in a coppice in Hampshire or Sussex, and I would show him what clay is. Clay is what pots, and pans, and jugs, and tiles, are made of ; and not soft, whitish stuff, that crumbles to pieces in the sun, instead of baking as hard as a stone, and which, in dry weather, is to be broken to pieces by nothing short of a sledge-hammer. The narrow ridges on which the wheat is sown, the water furrows, the water standing in the dips of the pastures, the rusty iron-like colour of the water coming out of some of the banks, the deep ditches, the rusty look of the pastures, all show that here is a bottom of clay. Yet there is gravel too, for the oaks do not grow well. It was not till I got nearly to Sudbury that I saw much change for the better. Here the bottom of chalk, the soft dirty-looking chalk that the Norfolk people call clay, begins to be the bottom, and this, with very little exception (as far as I have been) is the

bottom of all the lands of these two fine counties of Suffolk and Norfolk.—Sudbury has some fine meadows near it on the sides of the river Stour. The land all along to Bury St. Edmunds is very fine; but no trees worth looking at. Bury, formerly the seat of an Abbot, the last of whom was, I think, hanged, or somehow put to death, by that matchless tyrant, Henry VIII, is a very pretty place, extremely clean and neat: no ragged or dirty people to be seen, and women (*young* ones, I mean) very pretty and very neatly dressed.—On this side of Bury, a considerable distance lower, I saw a field of rape, transplanted very thick, for, I suppose, sheep feed in the spring. The farming all along to Norwich is very good. The land clean, and everything done in a masterly manner.

Tuesday, December 11.

Mr. Samuel Clarke, my host, has about thirty acres of swedes in rows. Some at four-feet distances, some at thirty inches; and about four acres of the four-feet swedes were transplanted. I have seen thousands of acres of swedes in these counties, and here are the largest crops that I have seen. The widest rows are decidedly the largest crops here. And the transplanted, though under disadvantageous circumstances, amongst the best of the best. The wide rows amount to at least twenty tons to the acre, exclusive of the greens, taken off two months ago, which weighed five tons to the acre. Then, there is the inter-tillage, so beneficial to the land, and the small quantity of manure, required in the broad rows, compared to what is required when the seed is drilled or sown upon

the level. Mr. Nicholls, a neighbour of Mr. Clarke, has a part of a field transplanted on seven turn ridges, put in when the other part of the field was drilled ; the plants were a fortnight old. He has a much larger crop in the transplanted than in the drilled part. But if it had been a fly-year, he might have had none in the drilled part, while, in all probability, the crop in the transplanted part would have been better than it now is, seeing that a wet summer, though favourable to the hitting of the swedes, is by no means favourable to their attaining a great size of bulb. This is the case this year with all turnips. A great deal of leaf and neck, but not bulbs in proportion. The advantages of transplanting are : first, you make sure of a crop in spite of fly ; and, second, you have six weeks, or two months longer, to prepare your ground. And the advantages of wide rows are : first, that you want only about half the quantity of manure ; and, second, that you plough the ground two or three times during the summer.

GROVE, NEAR HOLT,
Thursday, December 13.

Came to the Grove (Mr. Withers's), near Holt, along with Mr. Clarke. Through Norwich to Aylsham and then to Holt. On our road we passed the house of the late Lord Suffield, who married Castlereagh's wife's sister, who is a daughter of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, who had, for so many years, that thumping sinecure of eleven thousand a year in Ireland, and who was the son of a man that, under the name

of Mr. Hobart, cut such a figure in supporting Lord North, and afterwards Pitt, and was made a peer, under the auspices of the latter of these two heaven-born Ministers. This house, which is a very ancient one, was, they say, the birthplace of Anne de Boleyne, the mother of Queen Elizabeth. Not much matter: for she married the king when his real wife was alive. I could have excused her if there had been no marrying in the case; but hypocrisy, always bad, becomes detestable when it resorts to religious ceremony as its mask. She, no more than Cranmer, seems, to her last moments, to have remembered her sins against her lawful queen. Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, that ought to be called the *Book of Liars*, says that Cranmer, the recanter and re-recanter, held out his offending hand in the flames, and cried out, 'That hand, that hand!' If he had cried out, 'Catherine! Catherine!' I should have thought better of him; but it is clear that the whole story is a lie, invented by the Protestants, and particularly by the sectarians, to whitewash the character of this perfidious hypocrite and double apostate, who, if bigotry had something to do in bringing him to the stake, certainly deserved his fate, if any offences committed by man can deserve so horrible a punishment.—The present Lord Suffield is that Mr. Edward Harbord whose father-in-law left him £500 to buy a seat in Parliament, and who refused to carry an address to the late beloved and lamented Queen, because Major Cartwright and myself were chosen to accompany him! Never mind, my lord; you will grow less fastidious!

They say, however, that he is really good to his tenants, and has told them that he will take anything that they can give. There is some sense in this! He is a great Bible man; and it is strange that he cannot see that things are out of order, when his interference in this way can be at all necessary, while there is a Church that receives a tenth part of the produce of the earth.—There are some oak woods here, but very poor. Not like those, not near like the worst of those, in Hampshire and Herefordshire. All this eastern coast seems very unpropitious to trees of all sorts.—We passed through the estate of a Mr. Marsin, whose house is near the road, a very poor spot, and the first really poor ground I have seen in Norfolk. A nasty, spewy, black gravel on the top of a sour clay. It is worse than the heaths between Godalming and Liphook; for, while it is too poor to grow anything but heath, it is too cold to give you the chirping of the grasshopper in summer. However, Mr. Marsin has been too wise to enclose this wretched land, which is just like that which Lord Carnarvon has enclosed in the parishes of Highclere and Burghclere, and which, for tillage, really is not worth a single farthing an acre.—Holt is a little, old-fashioned, substantially built market-town. The land just about it, or, at least, towards the east, is poor, and has been lately enclosed.

Friday, December 14.

Went to see the estate of Mr. Hardy at Leveringsett, a hamlet about two miles from Holt.

This is the first time that I have seen a valley in this part of England. From Holt you look, to the distance of seven or eight miles, over a very fine valley, leaving a great deal of inferior hill and dell within its boundaries. At the bottom of this general valley, Mr. Hardy has a very beautiful estate of about four hundred acres. His house is at one end of it near the high-road, where he has a malthouse and a brewery, the neat and ingenious manner of managing which I would detail if my total unacquaintance with machinery did not disqualify me for the task. His estate forms a valley of itself, somewhat longer than broad. The tops and the sides of the tops of the hills round it, and also several little hillocks in the valley itself, are judiciously planted with trees of various sorts, leaving good wide roads, so that it is easy to ride round them in a carriage. The fields, the fences, the yards, the stacks, the buildings, the cattle, all showed the greatest judgement and industry. There was really nothing that the most critical observer could say was out of order. However, the forest trees do not grow well here. The oaks are mere scrubs, as they are about Brentwood in Essex, and in some parts of Cornwall; and, for some unaccountable reason, people seldom plant the ash, which no wind will shave, as it does the oak.

Saturday, December 15.

Spent the evening amongst the farmers, at their market-room at Holt; and very much pleased at them I was. We talked over the cause of the low prices, and I, as I have done every-

where, endeavoured to convince them that prices must fall a great deal lower yet; and that no man who wishes not to be ruined ought to keep or take a farm, unless on a calculation of best wheat at 4*s*. a bushel and a best Southdown ewe at 15*s*. or even 12*s*. They heard me patiently, and, I believe, were well convinced of the truth of what I said. I told them of the correctness of the predictions of their great countryman, Mr. Paine, and observed how much better it would have been to take his advice than to burn him in effigy. I endeavoured (but in such a case all human powers must fail!) to describe to them the sort and size of the talents of the stern-path-of-duty man, of the great hole-digger, of the jester, of the Oxford scholar, of the loan-jobbers (who had just made an enormous grasp), of the Oracle, and so on. Here, as everywhere else, I hear every creature speak loudly in praise of Mr. Coke. It is well known to my readers that I think nothing of him as a public man; that I think even his good qualities an injury to his country, because they serve the knaves whom he is duped by to dupe the people more effectually; but it would be base in me not to say that I hear, from men of all parties, and sensible men too, expressions made use of towards him that affectionate children use towards the best of parents. I have not met with a single exception.

BERGH APTON, *Sunday, December* 16.

Came from Holt through Saxthorpe and Cawston. At the former village were on one end of a decent white house, these words, 'Queen

Caroline ; for her Britons mourn,' and a crown over all in black. I need not have looked to see : I might have been sure that the owner of the house was a shoemaker, a trade which numbers more men of sense and of public spirit than any other in the kingdom.—At Cawston we stopped at a public-house, the keeper of which had taken and read the *Register* for years. I shall not attempt to describe the pleasure I felt at the hearty welcome given us by Mr. Pern and his wife, and by a young miller of the village, who, having learnt at Holt that we were to return that way, had come to meet us, the house being on the side of the great road, from which the village is at some distance. This is the birthplace of the famous Botley Parson, all the history of whom we now learned, and, if we could have gone to the village, they were prepared to ring the bells, and show us the old woman who nursed the Botley Parson ! These Norfolk baws never do things by halves. We came away very much pleased with our reception at Cawston, and with a promise, on my part, that, if I visited the county again, I would write a *Register* there ; a promise which I shall certainly keep.

GREAT YARMOUTH, *Friday* (*Morning*), *December* 21.

The day before yesterday I set out for Bergh Apton with Mr. Clarke, to come hither by the way of Beccles in Suffolk. We stopped at Mr. Charles Clarke's at Beccles, where we saw some good and sensible men, who see clearly into all the parts of the works of the 'Thunderers,' and whose anticipations, as to the 'general working

of events' are such as they ought to be. They gave us a humorous account of the 'rabble' having recently crowned a jackass, and of a struggle between them and the 'Yeomanry Cavalry.' This was a place of most ardent and blazing loyalty, as the pretenders to it call it; but, it seems, it now blazes less furiously; it is milder, more measured, in its effusions; and, with the help of low prices, will become bearable in time. This Beccles is a very pretty place, has watered meadows near it, and is situated amidst fine lands. What a system it must be to make people wretched in a country like this! Could he be heaven-born that invented such a system? Gaffer Gooch's father, a very old man, lives not far from here. We had a good deal of fun about the Gaffer, who will certainly never lose the name, unless he should be made a Lord. We slept at the house of a friend of Mr. Clarke on our way, and got to this very fine town of Great Yarmouth yesterday about noon. A party of friends met us and conducted us about the town, which is a very beautiful one indeed. What I liked best, however, was the hearty welcome that I met with, because it showed that the reign of calumny and delusion was passed. A company of gentlemen gave me a dinner in the evening, and, in all my life, I never saw a set of men more worthy of my respect and gratitude. Sensible, modest, understanding the whole of our case, and clearly foreseeing what is about to happen. One gentleman proposed that, as it would be impossible for all to go to London, there should be a Provincial Feast of the Gridiron, a plan

which, I hope, will be adopted. I leave Great Yarmouth with sentiments of the sincerest regard for all those whom I there saw and conversed with, and with my best wishes for the happiness of all its inhabitants—nay, even the parsons not excepted; for, if they did not come to welcome me, they collected in a group to see me, and that was one step towards doing justice to him whom their order have so much, so foully, and, if they knew their own interest, so foolishly slandered.

Bergh Apton (*Night*), *December* 22.

After returning from Yarmouth yesterday, went to dine at Stoke-Holy-Cross, about six miles off; got home at midnight and came to Norwich this morning, this being market-day, and also the day fixed on for a Radical Reform dinner at the Swan Inn, to which I was invited. Norwich is a very fine city, and the castle, which stands in the middle of it, on a hill, is truly majestic. The meat and poultry and vegetable market is beautiful. It is kept in a large open square in the middle, or nearly so, of the city. The ground is a pretty sharp slope, so that you see all at once. It resembles one of the French markets, only there the vendors are all standing and gabbling like parrots, and the meat is lean, and bloody, and nasty, and the people snuffy, and grimy, in hands and face, the contrary, precisely the contrary, of all which is the case in this beautiful market at Norwich, where the women have a sort of uniform brown great-coat, with white aprons and bibs (I think they call

them) going from the apron up to the bosom. They equal in neatness (for nothing can surpass) the market women in Philadelphia. The cattle-market is held on the hill by the castle, and many fairs are smaller in bulk of stock. The corn-market is held in a very magnificent place, called St. Andrew's Hall, which will contain two or three thousand persons. They tell me that this used to be a most delightful scene—a most joyous one; and I think it was this scene that Mr. Curwen described in such glowing colours when he was talking of the Norfolk farmers, each worth so many thousands of pounds. Bear me witness, reader, that I never was dazzled by such sights; that the false glare never put my eyes out; and that even then, twelve years ago, I warned Mr. Curwen of the result! Bear witness to this, my disciples, and justify the doctrines of him for whose sakes you have endured persecution. How different would Mr. Curwen find the scene now! What took place at the dinner has been already recorded in the *Register*, and I have only to add with regard to it, that my reception at Norfolk was such that I have only to regret the total want of power to make those hearty Norfolk and Norwich friends any suitable return, whether by act or word.

KENSINGTON, *Monday, December* 24.

Went from Bergh Apton to Norwich in the morning, and from Norwich to London during the day, carrying with me great admiration of, and respect for, this county of excellent farmers, and hearty, open, and spirited men. The Norfolk

people are quick and smart in their motions and in their speaking. Very neat and trim in all their farming concerns, and very skilful. Their land is good, their roads are level, and the bottom of their soil is dry, to be sure; and these are great advantages; but they are diligent, and make the most of everything. Their management of all sorts of stock is most judicious; they are careful about manure; their teams move quickly; and, in short, it is a county of most excellent cultivators.—The churches in Norfolk are generally large and the towers lofty. They have all been well built at first. Many of them are of the Saxon architecture. They are almost all (I do not remember an exception) placed on the highest spots to be found near where they stand; and, it is curious enough, that the contrary practice should have prevailed in hilly countries, where they are generally found in valleys and in low, sheltered dells, even in those valleys! These churches prove that the people of Norfolk and Suffolk were always a superior people in point of wealth, while the size of them proves that the country parts were, at one time, a great deal more populous than they now are. The great drawbacks on the beauty of these counties are their flatness and their want of fine woods; but, to those who can dispense with these, Norfolk, under a wise and just government, can have nothing to ask more than Providence and the industry of man have given.

SUSSEX JOURNAL: TO BATTLE, THROUGH BROMLEY, SEVENOAKS, AND TUNBRIDGE

BATTLE, *Wednesday, January* 2, 1822.

CAME here to-day from Kensington, in order to see what goes on at the meeting to be held here to-morrow, of the 'Gentry, Clergy, Freeholders, and Occupiers of Land in the Rape of Hastings, to take into consideration the distressed state of the Agricultural interest.' I shall, of course, give an account of this meeting after it has taken place.—You come through part of Kent to get to Battle from the Great Wen on the Surrey side of the Thames. The first town is Bromley, the next Sevenoaks, the next Tunbridge, and between Tunbridge and this place you cross the boundaries of the two counties. From the Surrey Wen to Bromley the land is generally a deep loam on a gravel, and you see few trees except elm. A very ugly country. On quitting Bromley the land gets poorer; clay at bottom; the wheat sown on five, or seven, turn lands; the furrows shining with wet; rushes on the wastes, on the sides of the road. Here there is a common, part of which has been enclosed and thrown out again, or, rather, the fences carried away.—There is a frost this morning, some ice, and the women look rosy-cheeked. There is a very great variety of soil along this road; bottom of yellow clay; then of sand; then of sandstone; then of solider stone; then (for about five miles) of chalk; then of red clay; then chalk again; here (before you come to Sevenoaks) is a most beautiful and rich valley,

extending from east to west, with rich cornfields and fine trees; then comes sandstone again; and the hop-gardens near Sevenoaks, which is a pretty little town with beautiful environs, part of which consists of the park of Knowle, the seat of the Duchess of Dorset. It is a very fine place. And there is another park, on the other side of the town. So that this is a delightful place, and the land appears to be very good. The gardens and houses all look neat and nice. On quitting Sevenoaks you come to a bottom of gravel for a short distance, and to a clay for many miles. When I say that I saw teams carting gravel from this spot to a distance of nearly ten miles along the road, the reader will be at no loss to know what sort of bottom the land has all along here. The bottom then becomes sandstone again. This vein of land runs all along through the county of Sussex, and the clay runs into Hampshire, across the forests of Bere and Waltham, then across the parishes of Ouslebury, Stoke, and, passing between the sand hills of Southampton and chalk hills of Winchester, goes westward till stopped by the chalky downs, between Romsey and Salisbury.—Tunbridge is a small but very nice town, and has some fine meadows and a navigable river.—The rest of the way to Battle presents, alternately, clay and sandstone. Of course, the coppices and oak woods are very frequent. There is now and then a hop-garden spot, and now and then an orchard of apples or cherries; but these are poor indeed compared with what you see about Canterbury and Maidstone. The agricultural

state of the country or, rather, the quality of the land, from Bromley to Battle, may be judged of from the fact that I did not see, as I came along, more than thirty acres of swedes during the fifty-six miles! In Norfolk I should, in the same distance, have seen five hundred acres! However, man was not the maker of the land; and, as to human happiness, I am of opinion that as much, and even more, falls to the lot of the leather-legged chaps that live in, and rove about amongst, those clays and woods as to the more regularly disciplined labourers of the rich and prime parts of England. As 'God has made the back to the burthen,' so the clay and coppice people make the dress to the stubs and bushes. Under the sole of the shoe is iron; from the sole six inches upwards is a high-low; then comes a leather bam to the knee; then comes a pair of leather breeches; then comes a stout doublet; over this comes a smock-frock; and the wearer sets brush, and stubs, and thorns, and mire, at defiance. I have always observed that woodland and forest labourers are best off in the main. The coppices give them pleasant and profitable work in winter. If they have not so great a corn-harvest, they have a three weeks' harvest in April or May—that is to say, in the season of barking, which in Hampshire is called stripping and in Sussex flaying, which employs women and children as well as men. And, then in the great article of fuel! They buy none. It is miserable work, where this is to be bought, and where, as at Salisbury, the poor take by turns the making of fires at their houses, to boil four or five tea-

kettles. What a winter-life must those lead whose turn it is not to make the fire! At Launceston in Cornwall a man, a tradesman too, told me that the people in general could not afford to have fire in ordinary, and that he himself paid 3*d.* for boiling a leg of mutton at another man's fire! The leather-legged race know none of these miseries, at any rate. They literally get their fuel 'by hook or by crook,' whence, doubtless, comes that old and very expressive saying which is applied to those cases where people will have a thing, by one means or another.

KENSINGTON, *Friday, January* 4.

Got home from Battle. I had no time to see the town, having entered the inn on Wednesday in the dusk of the evening, having been engaged all day yesterday in the inn, and having come out of it, only to get into the coach this morning. I had not time to go even to see Battle Abbey, the seat of the Webster family, now occupied by a man of the name of Alexander! Thus they replace them! It will take a much shorter time than most people imagine to put out all the ancient families. I should think that six years will turn out all those who receive nothing out of taxes. The greatness of the estate is no protection to the owner; for, great or little, it will soon yield him no rents; and, when the produce is nothing in either case, the small estate is as good as the large one. Mr. Curteis said that the land was immovable; yes, but the rents are not. And, if freeholds cannot be

seized for common contract debts, the carcase of the owner may. But, in fact, there will be no rents; and, without these, the ownership is an empty sound. Thus, at last, the burthen will, as I always said it would, fall upon the landowner; and, as the fault of supporting the system has been wholly his, the burthen will fall upon the right back. Whether he will now call in the people to help him to shake it off is more than I can say; but, if he do not, I am sure that he must sink under it. And then will revolution No. 1 have been accomplished; but far, and very far indeed, will that be from being the close of the drama!—I cannot quit Battle without observing that the country is very pretty all about it. All hill or valley. A great deal of woodland, in which the underwood is generally very fine, though the oaks are not very fine, and a good deal covered with moss. This shows that the clay ends before the tap-root of the oak gets as deep as it would go; for, when the clay goes the full depth, the oaks are always fine. The woods are too large, and too near each other, for hare-hunting; and, as to coursing, it is out of the question here. But it is a fine country for shooting, and for harbouring game of all sorts. It was rainy as I came home, but the woodmen were at work. A great many hop-poles are cut here, which makes the coppices more valuable than in many other parts. The women work in the coppices, shaving the bark of the hop-poles, and, indeed, at various other parts of the business. These poles are shaved to prevent maggots from breeding in the bark, and

accelerating the destruction, of the pole. It is curious that the bark of trees should generate maggots; but it has, as well as the wood, a sugary matter in it. The hickory-wood in America sends out from the ends of the logs when these are burning, great quantities of the finest syrup that can be imagined. Accordingly, that wood breeds maggots, or worms as they are usually called, surprisingly. Our ash breeds worms very much. When the tree or pole is cut, the moist matter between the outer bark and the wood putrefies. Thence come the maggots, which soon begin to eat their way into the wood. For this reason the bark is shaved off the hop-poles, as it ought to be off all our timber-trees as soon as cut, especially the ash. Little boys and girls shave hop-poles, and assist in other coppice work very nicely. And it is pleasant work when the weather is dry overhead. The woods, bedded with leaves as they are, are clean and dry underfoot. They are warm too, even in the coldest weather. When the ground is frozen several inches deep in the open fields, it is scarcely frozen at all in a coppice, where the underwood is a good plant, and where it is nearly high enough to cut. So that the woodman's is really a pleasant life. We are apt to think that the birds have a hard time of it in winter. But we forget the warmth of the woods, which far exceeds anything to be found in farmyards. When Sidmouth started me from my farm, in 1817, I had just planted my farmyard round with a pretty coppice. But never mind, Sidmouth and I shall, I dare say, have plenty of time and

occasion to talk about that coppice, and many other things, before we die. And can I, when I think of these things now, pity those to whom Sidmouth owed his power of starting me! But let me forget the subject for this time at any rate. Woodland countries are interesting on many accounts. Not so much on account of their masses of green leaves, as on account of the variety of sights, and sounds, and incidents that they afford. Even in winter the coppices are beautiful to the eye, while they comfort the mind with the idea of shelter and warmth. In spring they change their hue from day to day, during two whole months, which is about the time from the first appearance of the delicate leaves of the birch to the full expansion of those of the ash; and, even before the leaves come at all to intercept the view, what, in the vegetable creation, is so delightful to behold as the bed of a coppice bespangled with primroses and blue-bells? The opening of the birch-leaves is the signal for the pheasant to begin to crow, for the blackbird to whistle, and the thrush to sing; and just when the oak-buds begin to look reddish, and not a day before, the whole tribe of finches burst forth in songs from every bough, while the lark, imitating them all, carries the joyous sounds to the sky. These are amongst the means which Providence has benignantly appointed to sweeten the toils by which food and raiment are produced; these the English ploughman could once hear, without the sorrowful reflection that he himself was a pauper, and that the bounties of nature had, for him, been scattered in vain! And shall

he never see an end to this state of things? Shall he never have the due reward of his labour? Shall unsparing taxation never cease to make him a miserable, dejected being, a creature famishing in the midst of abundance, fainting, expiring with hunger's feeble moans, surrounded by a carolling creation? O! accursed paper-money! Is there a torment surpassing the wickedness of thy inventor?

SUSSEX JOURNAL: THROUGH CROYDON, GODSTONE, EAST GRINSTEAD, AND UCKFIELD, TO LEWES, AND BRIGHTON; RETURNING BY CUCKFIELD, WORTH, AND REDHILL

LEWES, *Tuesday, January* 8, 1822.

CAME here to-day, from home, to see what passes to-morrow at a meeting to be held here of the owners and occupiers of land in the rapes of Lewes and Pevensey.—In quitting the great Wen we go through Surrey more than half the way to Lewes. From St. George's Fields, which now are covered with houses, we go, towards Croydon, between rows of houses nearly half the way, and the whole way is nine miles. There are erected, within these four years, two entire miles of stock-jobbers' houses on this one road, and the work goes on with accelerated force! To be sure—for, the taxes being, in fact, tripled by Peel's Bill, the fundlords increase in riches; and their accommodations increase, of course. What an at once horrible and ridiculous thing this country would become if this thing could go on only for a few years! And these rows of

new houses, added to the Wen, are proofs of growing prosperity, are they ? These make part of the increased capital of the country, do they ? But how is this Wen to be dispersed ? I know not whether it is to be done by knife or by caustic ; but dispersed it must be ! And this is the only difficulty which I do not see the easy means of getting over. Aye ! these are dreadful thoughts ! I know they are ; but they ought not to be banished from the mind ; for they will return, and, at every return, they will be more frightful. The man who cannot coolly look at this matter is unfit for the times that are approaching. Let the interest of the debt be once well reduced (and that must be sooner or later), and then what is to become of half a million at least of the people congregated in this Wen ? O precious 'Great man now no more' ! O 'Pilot that weathered the storm' ! O 'Heaven-born' pupil of Prettyman ! Who, but He who can number the sands of the sea, shall number the execrations with which thy memory will be loaded ! From London to Croydon is as ugly a bit of country as any in England. A poor, spewy gravel with some clay. Few trees but elms, and those generally stripped up and villanously ugly.—Croydon is a good market-town ; but is, by the funds, swelled out into a Wen.—Upon quitting Croydon for Godstone, you come to the chalk hills, the juniper shrubs and the yew-trees. This is an extension westward of the vein of chalk which I have before noticed (see p. 81) between Bromley and Sevenoaks. To the westward here lie Epsom Downs, which

lead on to Merrow Downs and St. Margaret's Hill, then, skipping over Guildford, you come to the Hog's Back, which is still of chalk, and at the west end of which lies Farnham. With the Hog's Back this vein of chalk seems to end; for then the valleys become rich loam, and the hills sand and gravel till you approach the Winchester Downs by the way of Alresford.—Godstone, which is in Surrey also, is a beautiful village, chiefly of one street, with a fine large green before it and with a pond in the green. A little way to the right (going from London) lies the vile, rotten borough of Blechingley; but, happily for Godstone, out of sight. At and near Godstone the gardens are all very neat; and, at the inn, there is a nice garden well stocked with beautiful flowers in the season. I here saw, last summer, some double violets as large as small pinks, and the lady of the house was kind enough to give me some of the roots.—From Godstone you go up a long hill of clay and sand, and then descend into a level country of stiff loam at top, clay at bottom, cornfields, pastures, broad hedgerows, coppices, and oak woods, which country continues till you quit Surrey about two miles before you reach East Grinstead. The woods and coppices are very fine here. It is the genuine oak-soil; a bottom of yellow clay to any depth, I dare say, that man can go. No moss on the oaks. No dead tops. Straight as larches. The bark of the young trees with dark spots in it; sure sign of free growth and great depth of clay beneath. The wheat is here sown on five-turn ridges, and the ploughing is amongst the best that I ever

saw.—At East Grinstead, which is a rotten borough and a very shabby place, you come to stiff loam at top with sandstone beneath. To the south of the place the land is fine, and the vale on both sides a very beautiful intermixture of woodland and cornfields and pastures. At about three miles from Grinstead you come to a pretty village called Forest Row, and then, on the road to Uckfield, you cross Ashurst Forest, which is a heath, with here and there a few birch scrubs upon it, verily the most villanously ugly spot I ever saw in England. This lasts you for five miles, getting, if possible, uglier and uglier all the way, till at last, as if barren soil, nasty spewy gravel, heath and even that stunted, were not enough, you see some rising spots, which, instead of trees, present you with black, ragged, hideous rocks. There may be Englishmen who wish to see the coast of Nova Scotia. They need not go to sea ; for here it is to the life. If I had been in a long trance (as our nobility seem to have been), and had been waked up here, I should have begun to look about for the Indians and the squaws, and to have heaved a sigh at the thought of being so far from England. From the end of this forest without trees you come into a country of but poorish, wettish land. Passing through the village of Uckfield, you find an enclosed country, with a soil of a clay cast all the way to within about three miles of Lewes, when you get to a chalk bottom and rich land. I was at Lewes at the beginning of last harvest, and saw the fine farms of the Ellmans, very justly renowned for their improvement of the breed of

Southdown sheep, and the younger Mr. John Ellman, not less justly blamed for the part he had taken in propagating the errors of Webb Hall, and thereby, however unintentionally, assisting to lead thousands to cherish those false hopes that have been the cause of their ruin. Mr. Ellman may say that he thought he was right; but if he had read my *New Year's Gift* to the farmers, published in the preceding January, he could not think that he was right. If he had not read it, he ought to have read it before he appeared in print. At any rate, if no other person had a right to censure his publications, I had that right. I will here notice a calumny to which the above visit to Lewes gave rise—namely, that I went into the neighbourhood of the Ellmans to find out whether they ill-treated their labourers! No man that knows me will believe this. The facts are these: the Ellmans, celebrated farmers, had made a great figure in the evidence taken before the Committee. I was at Worth, about twenty miles from Lewes. The harvest was begun. Worth is a woodland country. I wished to know the state of the crops; for I was at that very time, as will be seen by referring to the date, beginning to write my first *Letter to the Landlords*. Without knowing anything of the matter myself, I asked my host, Mr. Brazier, what good corn country was nearest to us. He said Lewes. Off I went, and he with me, in a post-chaise. We had twenty miles to go and twenty back in the same chaise. A bad road, and rain all the day. We put up at the White Hart, took another chaise, went round and saw the farms through

the window of the chaise, having stopped at a little public-house to ask which were they, and having stopped now and then to get a sample out of the sheaves of wheat, came back to the White Hart, after being absent only about an hour and a half, got our dinner, and got back to Worth before it was dark; and never asked, and never intended to ask, one single question of any human being as to the conduct or character of the Ellmans. Indeed, the evidence of the elder Mr. Ellman was so fair, so honest, and so useful, particularly as relating to the labourers, that I could not possibly suspect him of being a cruel or hard master. He told the Committee that when he began business, forty-five years ago, every man in the parish brewed his own beer, and that now not one man did it, unless he gave him the malt! Why, here was by far the most valuable part of the whole volume of evidence. Then, Mr. Ellman did not present a parcel of estimates and God knows what, but a plain and honest statement of facts—the rate of day wages, of job wages, for a long series of years, by which it clearly appeared how the labourer had been robbed and reduced to misery, and how the poor-rates had been increased. He did not, like Mr. George and other bull-frogs, sink these interesting facts, but honestly told the truth. Therefore, whatever I might think of his endeavours to uphold the mischievous errors of Webb Hall, I could have no suspicion that he was a hard master.

BRIGHTON, *Thursday, January* 10.

Lewes is in a valley of the South Downs; this town is at eight miles' distance, to the south-south-west or thereabouts. There is a great extent of rich meadows above and below Lewes. The town itself is a model of solidity and neatness. The buildings all substantial to the very outskirts; the pavements good and complete; the shops nice and clean; the people well-dressed; and, though last not least, the girls remarkably pretty, as, indeed, they are in most parts of Sussex—round faces, features small, little hands and wrists, plump arms, and bright eyes. The Sussex men, too, are remarkable for their good looks. A Mr. Baxter, a stationer at Lewes, showed me a farmer's account book, which is a very complete thing of the kind. The inns are good at Lewes, the people civil and not servile, and the charges really (considering the taxes) far below what one could reasonably expect. From Lewes to Brighton the road winds along between the hills of the South Downs, which, in this mild weather, are mostly beautifully green even at this season, with flocks of sheep feeding on them. Brighton itself lies in a valley cut across at one end by the sea, and its extension, or wen, has swelled up the sides of the hills and has run some distance up the valley. The first thing you see in approaching Brighton from Lewes is a splendid horse-barrack on one side of the road, and a heap of low, shabby, nasty houses, irregularly built, on the other side. This is always the case where there is a barrack. How soon a Reformed

Parliament would make both disappear! Brighton is a very pleasant place—for a wen, remarkably so. The Kremlin, the very name of which has so long been a subject of laughter all over the country, lies in the gorge of the valley, and amongst the old houses of the town. The grounds, which cannot, I think, exceed a couple or three acres, are surrounded by a wall neither lofty nor good-looking. Above this rise some trees, bad in sorts, stunted in growth, and dirty with smoke. As to the 'palace,' as the Brighton newspapers call it, the apartments appear to be all upon the ground floor; and, when you see the thing from a distance, you think you see a parcel of cradle-spits of various dimensions, sticking up out of the mouths of so many enormous squat decanters. Take a square box, the sides of which are three feet and a half, and the height a foot and a half. Take a large Norfolk turnip, cut off the green of the leaves, leave the stalks nine inches long, tie these round with a string three inches from the top, and put the turnip on the middle of the top of the box. Then take four turnips of half the size, treat them in the same way, and put them on the corners of the box. Then take a considerable number of bulbs of the crown-imperial, the narcissus, the hyacinth, the tulip, the crocus, and others; let the leaves of each have sprouted to about an inch, more or less according to the size of the bulb; put all these, pretty promiscuously, but pretty thickly, on the top of the box. Then stand off and look at your architecture. There! That's a '*Kremlin*'! Only you must cut some church-looking windows

in the sides of the box. As to what you ought to put into the box, that is a subject far above my cut.—Brighton is naturally a place of resort for expectants, and a shifty, ugly-looking swarm is, of course, assembled here. Some of the fellows, who had endeavoured to disturb our harmony at the dinner at Lewes, were parading amongst this swarm, on the cliff. You may always know them by their lank jaws, the stiffeners round their necks, their hidden or *no* shirts, their stays, their false shoulders, hips and haunches, their half-whiskers, and by their skins, colour of veal kidney-suet, warmed a little, and then powdered with dirty dust. These vermin excepted, the people at Brighton make a very fine figure. The tradespeople are very nice in all their concerns. The houses are excellent, built chiefly with a blue or purple brick; and bow-windows appear to be the general taste. I can easily believe this to be a very healthy place: the open downs on the one side and the open sea on the other. No inlet, cove, or river; and, of course, no swamps.—I have spent this evening very pleasantly in a company of reformers, who, though plain tradesmen and mechanics, know, I am quite satisfied, more about the questions that agitate the country than any equal number of Lords.

KENSINGTON, *Thursday, January* 11.

Came home by the way of Cuckfield, Worth, and Redhill, instead of by Uckfield, Grinstead, and Godstone, and got into the same road again at Croydon. The roads being nearly parallel lines, and at no great distance from each other,

the soil is nearly the same, with the exception of the fine oak country between Godstone and Grinstead, which does not go so far westward as my homeward-bound road, where the land opposite the spot just spoken of becomes more of a moor than a clay, and though there are oaks, they are not nearly so fine as those on the other road. The tops are flatter, the side shoots are sometimes higher than the middle shoot; a certain proof that the tap-root has met with something that it does not like.

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL: THROUGH WARE AND ROYSTON, TO HUNTINGDON

ROYSTON, *Monday (Morning), January* 21, 1822.

CAME from London, yesterday noon, to this town on my way to Huntingdon. My road was through Ware. Royston is just within the line (on the Cambridgeshire side) which divides Hertfordshire from Cambridgeshire. On this road, as on almost all the others going from it, the enormous Wen has swelled out to the distance of about six or seven miles.—The land till you come nearly to Ware, which is in Hertfordshire, and which is twenty-three miles from the Wen, is chiefly a strong and deep loam, with the gravel a good distance from the surface. The land is good wheat-land; but I observed only three fields of Swedish turnips in the twenty-three miles, and no wheat drilled. The wheat is sown on ridges of great width here and there; sometimes on ridges of ten, at others on ridges of seven, on those of five, four, three, and even two feet wide. Yet the bottom is manifestly not

very wet generally; and that there is not a bottom of clay is clear from the poor growth of the oak-trees. All the trees are shabby in this country; and the eye is incessantly offended by the sight of pollards, which are seldom suffered to disgrace even the meanest lands in Hampshire or Sussex. As you approach Ware the bottom becomes chalk of a dirtyish colour, and, in some parts, far below the surface. After you quit Ware, which is a mere market-town, the land grows by degrees poorer; the chalk lies nearer and nearer to the surface, till you come to the open common-fields within a few miles of Royston. Along here the land is poor enough. It is not the stiff red loam mixed with large blue-grey flints, lying upon the chalk, such as you see in the north of Hampshire; but a whitish sort of clay, with little yellow flattish stones amongst it—sure signs of a hungry soil. Yet this land bears wheat sometimes.—Royston is at the foot of this high poor land, or, rather, in a dell, the open side of which looks towards the north. It is a common market-town—not mean, but having nothing of beauty about it; and having on it, on three of the sides out of the four, those very ugly things, common-fields, which have all the nakedness, without any of the smoothness, of downs.

HUNTINGDON, *Tuesday (Morning), January* 22.

Immediately upon quitting Royston, you come along, for a considerable distance, with enclosed fields on the left and open common-fields on the right. Here the land is excellent. A dark, rich loam, free from stones, on chalk beneath at a

great distance. The land appears, for a mile or two, to resemble that at and near Faversham in Kent, which I have before noticed. The fields on the left seem to have been enclosed by Act of Parliament; and they certainly are the most beautiful tract of fields that I ever saw. Their extent may be from ten to thirty acres each. Divided by quick-set hedges, exceedingly well planted and raised. The whole tract is nearly a perfect level. The cultivation neat, and the stubble heaps, such as remain out, giving a proof of great crops of straw; while, on land with a chalk bottom, there is seldom any want of a proportionate quantity of grain. Even here, however, I saw but few Swedish turnips, and those not good. Nor did I see any wheat drilled; and observed that in many parts the broadcast sowing had been performed in a most careless manner, especially at about three miles from Royston, where some parts of the broad lands seemed to have had the seed flung along them with a shovel, while other parts contained only here and there a blade; or, at least, were so thinly supplied, as to make it almost doubtful whether they had not been wholly missed. In some parts, the middles only of the ridges were sown thickly. This is shocking husbandry. A Norfolk or a Kentish farmer would have sowed a bushel and a half of seed to the acre here, and would have had a far better plant of wheat. About four miles, I think it is, from Royston you come to the estate of Lord Hardwicke. You see the house at the end of an avenue about two miles long, which, however, wants the main thing

—namely, fine and lofty trees. The soil here begins to be a very stiff loam at top, clay beneath for a considerable distance, and, in some places, beds of yellow gravel, with very large stones mixed in it. The land is generally cold ; a great deal of draining is wanted ; and yet the bottom is such as not to be favourable to the growth of the oak, of which sort I have not seen one handsome tree since I left London. A grove, such as I saw at Weston in Herefordshire, would here be a thing to attract the attention of all ranks and all ages. What, then, would they say, on beholding a wood of oaks, hickories, chestnuts, walnuts, locusts, gum-trees and maples in America !—Lord Hardwicke's avenue appears to be lined with elms chiefly. They are shabby. He might have had ash ; for the ash will grow anywhere—on sand, on gravel, on clay, on chalk, or in swamps. It is surprising that those who planted these rows of trees did not observe how well the ash grows here ! In the hedgerows, in the plantations, everywhere the ash is fine. The ash is the hardiest of all our large trees. Look at trees on any part of the sea coast. You will see them all, even the firs, lean from the sea breeze, except the ash. You will see the oak shaved up on the side of the breeze. But the ash stands upright, as if in a warm woody dell. We have no tree that attains a greater height than the ash, and certainly none that equals it in beauty of leaf. It bears pruning better than any other tree. Its timber is one of the most useful ; and as underwood and fire-wood it far exceeds all others of English growth. From the trees of an

avenue like that of Lord Hardwicke, a hundred pounds' worth of fuel might, if the trees were ash, be cut every year in prunings necessary to preserve the health and beauty of the trees. Yet, on this same land, has his lordship planted many acres of larches and firs. These appear to have been planted about twelve years. If, instead of these, he had planted ash, four years from the seed bed and once removed, had cut them down within an inch of the ground the second year after planting, and had planted them at four feet apart, he would now have had about six thousand ashpoles, on an average twelve feet long, on each acre of land in his plantation; which, at three-halfpence each, would have been worth somewhere nearly forty pounds an acre. He might now have cut the poles, leaving about six hundred to stand upon an acre to come to trees; and, while these were growing to timber, the underwood would, for poles, hoops, broomsticks, spars, rods, and faggots, have been worth twenty-five or thirty pounds an acre every ten years. Can beggarly stuff like larches and firs ever be profitable to this extent? Ash is timber fit for the wheelwright at the age of twenty years, or less. What can you do with a rotten fir thing at that age?—This estate of Lord Hardwicke appears to be very large. There is a part which is, apparently, in his own hands, as, indeed, the whole must soon be, unless he give up all idea of rent, or, unless he can choke off the fundholder, or get again afloat on the sea of paper-money. In this part of his land there is a fine piece of Lucerne in rows at about eighteen

inches distant from each other. They are now manuring it with burnt earth mixed with some dung; and I see several heaps of burnt earth hereabouts. The directions for doing this are contained in my *Year's Residence*, as taught me by Mr. William Gauntlet, of Winchester. The land is, all along here, laid up in those wide and high ridges which I saw in Gloucestershire, going from Gloucester to Oxford, as I have already mentioned. These ridges are ploughed back or down; but they are ploughed up again for every sowing.—At an inn near Lord Hardwicke's I saw the finest parcel of dove-house pigeons I ever saw in my life.—Between this place and Huntingdon is the village of Caxton, which very much resembles almost a village of the same size in Picardy, where I saw the women dragging harrows to harrow in the corn. Certainly this village resembles nothing English, except some of the rascally rotten boroughs in Cornwall and Devonshire, on which a just Providence seems to have entailed its curse. The land just about here does seem to be really bad. The face of the country is naked. The few scrubbed trees that now and then meet the eye, and even the quick-sets, are covered with a yellow moss. All is bleak and comfortless; and just on the most dreary part of this most dreary scene stands, almost opportunely, 'Caxton Gibbet,' tendering its friendly one arm to the passers-by. It has recently been fresh painted, and written on in conspicuous characters, for the benefit, I suppose, of those who cannot exist under the thought of wheat at 4*s*. a bushel. Not far from this is a

new house, which, the coachman says, belongs to a Mr. Cheer, who, if report speaks truly, is not, however, notwithstanding his name, guilty of the sin of making people either drunkards or gluttons. Certainly, the spot on which he has built his house is one of the most ugly that I ever saw. Few spots have everything that you could wish to find; but this, according to my judgement, has everything that every man of ordinary taste would wish to avoid.—The country changes but little till you get quite to Huntingdon. The land is generally quite open, or in large fields. Strong wheat-land that wants a good deal of draining. Very few turnips of any sort are raised; and, of course, few sheep and cattle kept. Few trees, and those scrubbed. Few woods, and those small. Few hills, and those hardly worthy of the name. All which, when we see them, make us cease to wonder that this country is so famous for fox-hunting. Such it has, doubtless been, in all times, and to this circumstance Huntingdon—that is to say, Huntingdun, or Huntingdown, unquestionably owes its name; because *down* does not mean unploughed land, but open and unsheltered land, and the Saxon word is *dun*. When you come down near to the town itself, the scene suddenly, totally, and most agreeably, changes. The River Ouse separates Godmanchester from Huntingdon, and there is, I think, no very great difference in the population of the two. Both together do not make up a population of more than about five thousand souls. Huntingdon is a slightly built town, compared with Lewes, for instance. The

houses are not in general so high, nor made of such solid and costly materials. The shops are not so large, and their contents not so costly. There is not a show of so much business and so much opulence. But Huntingdon is a very clean and nice place, contains many elegant houses, and the environs are beautiful. Above and below the bridge, under which the Ouse passes, are the most beautiful—and by far the most beautiful—meadows that I ever saw in my life. The meadows at Lewes, at Guildford, at Farnham, at Winchester, at Salisbury, at Exeter, at Gloucester, at Hereford, and even at Canterbury, are nothing compared with those of Huntingdon in point of beauty. Here are no reeds, here is no sedge, no unevenness of any sort. Here are bowling-greens of hundreds of acres in extent, with a river winding through them, full to the brink. One of these meadows is the racecourse; and so pretty a spot, so level, so smooth, so green, and of such an extent I never saw, and never expected to see. From the bridge you look across the valleys, first to the west and then to the east; the valleys terminate at the foot of rising ground, well set with trees, from amongst which church spires raise their heads here and there. I think it would be very difficult to find a more delightful spot than this in the world. To my fancy (and every one to his taste) the prospect from this bridge far surpasses that from Richmond Hill. All that I have yet seen of Huntingdon I like exceedingly. It is one of those pretty, clean, unstenched, unconfined places that tend to lengthen life and make it happy.

JOURNAL: HERTFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: TO ST. ALBANS, THROUGH EDGWARE, STANMORE, AND WATFORD, RETURNING BY REDBOURN, HEMPSTEAD, AND CHESHAM

ST. ALBANS, *June* 19, 1822.

FROM Kensington to this place, through Edgware, Stanmore, and Watford, the crop is almost entirely hay, from fields of permanent grass, manured by dung and other matter brought from the Wen. Near the Wen, where they have had the first haul of the Irish and other perambulating labourers, the hay is all in rick. Some miles farther down it is nearly all in. Towards Stanmore and Watford, a third, perhaps, of the grass remains to be cut. It is curious to see how the thing regulates itself. We saw, all the way down, squads of labourers, of different departments, migrating from tract to tract, leaving the cleared fields behind them, and proceeding on towards the work to be yet performed; and, then, as to the classes of labourers, the mowers, with their scythes on their shoulders, were in front, going on towards the standing crops, while the haymakers were coming on behind towards the grass already cut or cutting. The weather is fair and warm; so that the public-houses on the road are pouring out their beer pretty fast, and are getting a good share of the wages of these thirsty souls. It is an exchange of beer for sweat; but the tax-eaters get, after all, the far greater part of the sweat; for, if it were not for the tax, the beer would sell for three-halfpence a pot, instead of fivepence. Of this threepence-

halfpenny, the Jews and jobbers get about twopence-halfpenny. It is curious to observe how the different labours are divided as to the nations. The mowers are all English; the haymakers all Irish. Scotchmen toil hard enough in Scotland; but, when they go from home, it is not to work, if you please. They are found in gardens, and especially in gentlemen's gardens. Tying up flowers, picking dead leaves off exotics, peeping into melon-frames, publishing the banns of marriage between the 'male' and 'female' blossoms, tap-tap-tapping against a wall with a hammer that weighs half an ounce. They have backs as straight and shoulders as square as heroes of Waterloo; and who can blame them? The digging, the mowing, the carrying of loads, all the break-back and sweat-extracting work they leave to be performed by those who have less prudence than they have. The great purpose of human art, the great end of human study, is to obtain ease, to throw the burden of labour from our own shoulders, and fix it on those of others. The crop of hay is very large, and that part which is in, is in very good order. We shall have hardly any hay that is not fine and sweet; and we shall have it, carried to London, at less, I dare say, than £3 a load—that is 18 cwt. So that here the evil of 'over-production' will be great indeed! Whether we shall have any projects for taking hay into pawn is more than any of us can say; for, after what we have seen, need we be surprised if we were to hear it proposed to take butter and even milk into pawn? In after times the mad projects of these days

will become proverbial. The Oracle and the over-production men will totally supplant the March hare.—This is, all along here, and especially as far as Stanmore, a very dull and ugly country—flat, and all grass-fields and elms. Few birds of any kind, and few constant labourers being wanted; scarcely any cottages and gardens, which form one of the great beauties of a country. Stanmore is on a hill; but it looks over a country of little variety, though rich. What a difference between the view here and those which carry the eye over the coppices, the cornfields, the hop-gardens and the orchards of Kent! It is miserable land from Stanmore to Watford, where we get into Hertfordshire. Hence to St. Albans there is generally chalk at bottom with a red tenacious loam at top, with flints, grey on the outside and dark blue within. Wherever this is the soil, the wheat grows well. The crops, and especially that of the barley, are very fine and very forward. The wheat, in general, does not appear to be a heavy crop; but the ears seem as if they would be full from bottom to top; and we have had so much heat that the grain is pretty sure to be plump, let the weather, for the rest of the summer, be what it may. The produce depends more on the weather previous to the coming out of the ear, than on the subsequent weather. In the Northern part of America, where they have, some years, not heat enough to bring the Indian corn to perfection, I have observed that if they have about fifteen days with the thermometer at ninety, before the ear makes its appearance, the crop never fails, though

the weather may be ever so unfavourable afterwards. This tallies with the old remark of the country people in England, that 'May makes or mars the wheat'; for it is in May that the ear and the grain are formed.

KENSINGTON, *June* 24.

Set out at four this morning for Redbourn, and then turned off to the westward to go to High Wycombe, through Hempstead and Chesham. The wheat is good all the way. The barley and oats good enough till I came to Hempstead. But the land along here is very fine—a red tenacious flinty loam upon a bed of chalk at a yard or two beneath, which, in my opinion, is the very best corn land that we have in England. The fields here, like those in the rich parts of Devonshire, will bear perpetual grass. Any of them will become upland meadows. The land is, in short, excellent, and it is a real corn country. The trees from Redbourn to Hempstead are very fine—oaks, ashes, and beeches; some of the finest of each sort, and the very finest ashes I ever saw in my life. They are in great numbers, and make the fields look almost beautiful. No villanous things of the fir tribe offend the eye here. The custom is in this part of Hertfordshire (and I am told it continues into Bedfordshire) to leave a border round the ploughed part of the fields to bear grass, and to make hay from, so that, the grass being now made into hay, every cornfield has a closely mowed grass-walk about ten feet wide all round it, between the corn and the hedge. This is most beautiful. The

hedges are now full of the shepherd's rose, honeysuckles, and all sorts of wild flowers; so that you are upon a grass walk, with this most beautiful of all flower-gardens and shrubberies on your one hand, and with the corn on the other. And thus you go from field to field (on foot or on horseback), the sort of corn, the sort of underwood and timber, the shape and size of the fields, the height of the hedgerows, the height of the trees, all continually varying. Talk of pleasure-grounds indeed! What, that man ever invented under the name of pleasure-grounds, can equal these fields in Hertfordshire?—This is a profitable system too; for the ground under hedges bears little corn, and it bears very good grass. Something, however, depends on the nature of the soil, for it is not all land that will bear grass, fit for hay, perpetually; and, when the land will not do that, these headlands would only be a harbour for weeds and couch-grass, the seeds of which would fill the fields with their mischievous race.—Mr. Tull has observed upon the great use of headlands. It is curious enough that these headlands cease soon after you get into Buckinghamshire. At first you see now and then a field without a grass headland; then, it comes to now and then a field with one; and, at the end of five or six miles, they wholly cease. Hempstead is a very pretty town, with beautiful environs, and there is a canal that comes near it, and that goes on to London. It lies at the foot of a hill. It is clean, substantially built, and a very pretty place altogether. Between Hempstead and Chesham the land is not so good.

I came into Buckinghamshire before I got into the latter place. Passed over two commons. But still the land is not bad. It is drier, nearer the chalk, and not so red. The wheat continues good, though not heavy; but the barley, on the land that is not very good, is light, begins to look blue, and the backward oats are very short. On the still thinner lands the barley and oats must be a very short crop. People do not sow turnips, the ground is so dry, and I should think that the swede crop will be very short; for swedes ought to be up at least by this time. If I had swedes to sow, I would sow them now, and upon ground very deeply and finely broken. I would sow directly after the plough, not being half an hour behind it, and would roll the ground as hard as possible. I am sure the plants would come up, even without rain. And the moment the rain came they would grow famously.—Chesham is a nice little town, lying in a deep and narrow valley, with a stream of water running through it. All along the country that I have come the labourers' dwellings are good. They are made of what they call brick-nog (that is to say, a frame of wood, and a single brick thick, filling up the vacancies between the timber). They are generally covered with tile. Not pretty by any means; but they are good; and you see here, as in Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire, and, indeed, in almost every part of England, that most interesting of all objects, that which is such an honour to England, and that which distinguishes it from all the rest of the world—namely, those neatly kept and productive little gardens round the

labourers' houses, which are seldom unornamented with more or less of flowers. We have only to look at these to know what sort of people English labourers are: these gardens are the answer to the Malthuses and the Scarletts. Shut your mouths, you Scotch economists; cease bawling, Mr. Brougham, and you Edinburgh Reviewers, till you can show us something, not like, but approaching towards a likeness, of this!

The orchards all along this country are by no means bad. Not like those of Herefordshire and the north of Kent; but a great deal better than in many other parts of the kingdom. The cherry-trees are pretty abundant and particularly good. There are not many of the merries, as they call them in Kent and Hampshire—that is to say, the little black cherry, the name of which is a corruption from the French, *merise*, in the singular, and *merises* in the plural. I saw the little boys, in many places, set to keep the birds off the cherries, which reminded me of the time when I followed the same occupation, and also of the toll that I used to take in payment. The children are all along here—I mean the little children—locked out of the doors, while the fathers and mothers are at work in the fields. I saw many little groups of this sort; and this is one advantage of having plenty of room on the outside of a house. I never saw the country children better clad, or look cleaner and fatter than they look here, and I have the very great pleasure to add, that I do not think I saw three acres of potatoes in this whole tract of fine country, from St. Albans to Redbourn, from Redbourn to

Hempstead, and from Hempstead to Chesham. In all the houses where I have been, they use the roasted rye instead of coffee or tea, and I saw one gentleman who had sown a piece of rye (a grain not common in this part of the country) for the express purpose. It costs about three-farthings a pound, roasted and ground into powder.—The pay of the labourers varies from eight to twelve shillings a week. Grass mowers get two shillings a day, two quarts of what they call strong beer, and as much small beer as they can drink. After quitting Chesham, I passed through a wood, resembling, as nearly as possible, the woods in the more cultivated parts of Long Island, with these exceptions—that there the woods consist of a great variety of trees, and of more beautiful foliage. Here there are only two sorts of trees—beech and oak; but the wood at bottom was precisely like an American wood; none of that stuff which we generally call underwood; the trees standing very thick in some places; the shade so complete as never to permit herbage below; no bushes of any sort; and nothing to impede your steps but little spindling-trees here and there grown up from the seed. The trees here are as lofty, too, as they generally are in the Long Island woods, and as straight, except in cases where you find clumps of the tulip-tree, which sometimes go much above a hundred feet high as straight as a line. The oaks seem here to vie with the beeches in size as well as in loftiness and straightness. I saw several oaks which I think were more than eighty feet high, and several with a clear stem of more

than forty feet, being pretty nearly as far through at that distance from the ground as at the bottom; and I think I saw more than one with a clear stem of fifty feet, a foot and a half through at that distance from the ground. This is by far the finest plank oak that I ever saw in England. The road through the wood is winding and brings you out at the corner of a field, lying sloping to the south, three sides of it bordered by wood, and the field planted as an orchard. This is precisely what you see in so many thousands of places in America. I had passed through Hempstead a little while before, which certainly gave its name to the township in which I lived in Long Island, and which I used to write Hampstead, contrary to the orthography of the place, never having heard of such a place as Hempstead in England. Passing through Hempstead I gave my mind a toss back to Long Island, and this beautiful wood and orchard really made me almost conceit that I was there, and gave a rise to a thousand interesting and pleasant reflections. On quitting the wood I crossed the great road from London to Wendover, went across the park of Mr. Drake, and went up a steep hill towards the great road leading to Wycombe. Mr. Drake's is a very beautiful place, and has a great deal of very fine timber upon it. I think I counted pretty nearly two hundred oak-trees, worth, on an average, £5 apiece, growing within twenty yards of the road that I was going along. Mr. Drake has some thousands of these, I dare say, beside his beech; and, therefore, he will be able to stand a tug with the fundholders for some time. When I

got to High Wycombe, I found everything a week earlier than in the rich part of Hertfordshire. High Wycombe, as if the name was ironical, lies along the bottom of a narrow and deep valley, the hills on each side being very steep indeed. The valley runs somewhere about from east to west, and the wheat on the hills facing the south will, if this weather continue, be fit to reap in ten days. I saw one field of oats that a bold farmer would cut next Monday. Wycombe is a very fine and very clean market-town; the people all looking extremely well; the girls somewhat larger featured and larger boned than those in Sussex, and not so fresh-coloured and bright-eyed—more like the girls of America; and that is saying quite as much as any reasonable woman can expect or wish for. The hills on the south side of Wycombe form a park and estate now the property of Smith, who was a banker or stocking-maker at Nottingham, who was made a lord in the time of Pitt, and who purchased this estate of the late Marquis of Lansdowne, one of whose titles is Baron Wycombe. Wycombe is one of those famous things called boroughs, and thirty-four votes in this borough sends Sir John Dashwood and Sir Thomas Baring to the 'Collective Wisdom.' The landlord where I put up 'remembered' the name of Dashwood, but had 'forgotten' who the 'other' was. There would be no forgettings of this sort if these thirty-four, together with their representatives, were called upon to pay the share of the National Debt due from High Wycombe. Between High Wycombe and Beaconsfield, where the soil is

much about that last described, the wheat continued to be equally early with that about Wycombe. As I approached Uxbridge I got off the chalk upon a gravelly bottom, and then from Uxbridge to Shepherd's Bush on a bottom of clay. Grass-fields and elm-trees, with here and there a wheat or a bean field, form the features of this most ugly country, which would have been perfectly unbearable after quitting the neighbourhoods of Hempstead, Chesham, and High Wycombe, had it not been for the diversion I derived from meeting, in all the various modes of conveyance, the cockneys going to Ealing fair, which is one of those things which nature herself would almost seem to have provided for drawing off the matter and giving occasional relief to the over-charged Wen. I have traversed to-day what I think may be called an average of England as to corn crops. Some of the best, certainly; and pretty nearly some of the worst. My observation as to the wheat is, that it will be a fair and average crop, and extremely early; because, though it is not a heavy crop, though the ears are not long, they will be full; and the earliness seems to preclude the possibility of blight, and to ensure plump grain. The barley and oats must, upon an average, be a light crop; the peas a light crop; and as to beans, unless there have been rains where beans are mostly grown, they cannot be half a crop; for they will not endure heat. I tried masagan beans in Long Island, and could not get them to bear more than a pod or two upon a stem. Beans love cold land and shade. The earliness of the harvest (for early

it must be) is always a clear advantage. This fine summer, though it may not lead to a good crop of turnips, has already put safe into store such a crop of hay as I believe England never saw before. Looking out of the window, I see the harness of the Wiltshire wagon-horses (at this moment going by) covered with the chalk dust of that country; so that the fine weather continues in the west. The saintfoin hay has all been got in in the chalk countries without a drop of wet; and, when that is the case, the farmers stand in no need of oats. The grass crops have been large everywhere, as well as got in in good order. The fallows must be in excellent order. It must be a sloven indeed that will sow his wheat in foul ground next autumn; and the sun, where the fallows have been well stirred, will have done more to enrich the land than all the dung-carts and all the other means employed by the hand of man. Such a summer is a great blessing; and the only drawback is the dismal apprehension of not seeing such another for many years to come. It is favourable for poultry, for colts, for calves, for lambs, for young animals of all descriptions, not excepting the game. The partridges will be very early. They are now getting into the roads with their young ones, to roll in the dust. The first broods of partridges in England are very frequently killed by the wet and cold; and this is one reason why the game is not so plenty here as it is in countries more blest with sun. This will not be the case this year; and, in short, this is one of the finest years that I ever knew.

RURAL RIDE, OF 104 MILES, FROM KENSINGTON TO UPHUSBAND

CHILWORTH, NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY,
Wednesday, September 25, 1822.

THIS morning I set off, in rather a drizzling rain, from Kensington, on horseback, accompanied by my son, with an intention of going to Uphusband, near Andover, which is situated in the north-west corner of Hampshire. It is very true that I could have gone to Uphusband by travelling only about 66 miles, and in the space of about eight hours. But my object was, not to see inns and turnpike-roads, but to see the country, to see the farmers at home, and to see the labourers in the fields ; and to do this you must go either on foot or on horseback. With a gig you cannot get about amongst by-lanes and across fields, through bridle-ways and hunting-gates ; and to tramp it is too slow, leaving the labour out of the question, and that is not a trifle.

We went through the turnpike-gate at Kensington, and immediately turned down the lane to our left, proceeded on to Fulham, crossed Putney Bridge into Surrey, went over Barnes Common, and then, going on the upper side of Richmond, got again into Middlesex by crossing Richmond Bridge. All Middlesex is ugly, notwithstanding the millions upon millions which it is continually sucking up from the rest of the kingdom ; and, though the Thames and its meadows now and then are seen from the road, the country is not less ugly from Richmond to Chertsey Bridge, through Twickenham, Hampton, Sunbury, and

Shepperton, than it is elsewhere. The soil is a gravel at bottom, with a black loam at top near the Thames; farther back it is a sort of spewy gravel; and the buildings consist generally of tax-eaters' showy, tea-garden-like boxes, and of shabby dwellings of labouring people, who, in this part of the country, look to be about half St. Giles—dirty, and have every appearance of drinking gin.

At Chertsey, where we came into Surrey again, there was a fair for horses, cattle, and pigs. I did not see any sheep. Everything was exceedingly dull. Cart colts, two and three years old, were selling for less than a third of what they sold for in 1813. The cattle were of an inferior description, to be sure; but the price was low almost beyond belief. Cows, which would have sold for £15 in 1813, did not get buyers at £3. I had no time to inquire much about the pigs, but a man told me that they were dirt-cheap. Near Chertsey is St. Anne's Hill and some other pretty spots.

This county of Surrey presents to the eye of the traveller a greater contrast than any other county in England. It has some of the very best, and some of the worst lands, not only in England, but in the world. We were here upon those of the latter description. For five miles on the road towards Guildford the land is a rascally common, covered with poor heath, except where the gravel is so near the top as not to suffer even the heath to grow. Here we entered the enclosed lands, which have the gravel at bottom, but a nice light, black mould at top; in which the trees grow very well. Through by-lanes and bridle-ways we came out into the London road, between Ripley and

Guildford, and, immediately crossing that road, came on towards a village called Merrow. We came out into the road just mentioned, at the lodge-gates of a Mr. Weston, whose mansion and estate have just passed (as to occupancy) into the hands of some new man. At Merrow, where we came into the Epsom road, we found that Mr. Webb Weston, whose mansion and park are a little farther on towards London, had just walked out, and left it in possession of another new man. This gentleman told us last year, at the Epsom meeting, that he was losing his income; and I told him how it was that he was losing it! He is said to be a very worthy man, very much respected, a very good landlord; but, I dare say he is one of those who approved of yeomanry cavalry to keep down the 'Jacobins and levellers'; but who, in fact, as I always told men of this description, have put down themselves and their landlords; for, without them this thing never could have been done.

To come to Chilworth, which lies on the south side of St. Martha's Hill, most people would have gone along the level road to Guildford, and come round through Shawford [Shalford] under the hills; but we, having seen enough of streets and turnpikes, took across over Merrow Down, where the Guildford race-course is, and then mounted the 'Surrey Hills,' so famous for the prospects they afford. Here we looked back over Middlesex, and into Buckinghamshire and Berkshire, away towards the north-west; into Essex and Kent towards the east; over part of Sussex to the south; and over part of Hampshire to the west and south-west. We are here upon a bed of chalk, where the downs

always afford good sheep-food. We steered for St. Martha's Chapel, and went round at the foot of the lofty hill on which it stands. This brought us down the side of a steep hill, and along a bridle-way, into the narrow and exquisitely beautiful vale of Chilworth, where we were to stop for the night. The vale is skirted partly by woodlands, and partly by sides of hills tilled as cornfields. The land is excellent, particularly towards the bottom. Even the arable fields are in some places, towards their tops, nearly as steep as the roof of a tiled house; and where the ground is covered with woods the ground is still more steep. Down the middle of the vale there is a series of ponds, or small lakes, which meet your eye, here and there, through the trees. Here are some very fine farms, a little strip of meadows, some hop-gardens, and the lakes have given rise to the establishment of powder-mills and paper-mills. The trees of all sorts grow well here; and coppices yield poles for the hop-gardens, and wood to make charcoal for the powder-mills.

They are sowing wheat here, and the land, owing to the fine summer that we have had, is in a very fine state. The rain too, which yesterday fell here in great abundance, has been just in time to make a really good wheat-sowing season. The turnips, all the way that we have come, are good. Rather backward in some places; but in sufficient quantity upon the ground; and there is yet a good while for them to grow. All the fall fruit is excellent, and in great abundance. The grapes are as good as those raised under glass. The apples are much richer than in ordinary years.

The crop of hops has been very fine here, as well as everywhere else. The crop not only large, but good in quality. They expect to get £6 a hundred for them at Weyhill fair. That is one more than I think they will get. The best Sussex hops were selling in the Borough of Southwark at £3 a hundred a few days before I left London. The Farnham hops may bring double that price; but that, I think, is as much as they will; and this is ruin to the hop-planter. The tax, with its attendant inconveniences, amounts to £1 a hundred; the picking, drying, and bagging, to £2 10*s.*; the carrying to market not less than 5*s.* Here is the sum of £3 10*s.* of the money. Supposing the crop to be half a ton to the acre, the bare tillage will be 10*s.* The poles for an acre cannot cost less than £2 a year; that is another 4*s.* to each hundred of hops. This brings the outgoings to £4 2*s.* Then comes the manure, then come the poor-rates, and road rates, and county rates; and, if these leave one single farthing for rent, I think it is strange.

LEA, NEAR GODALMING, SURREY,
Thursday, September 26.

We started from Chilworth this morning, came down the vale, left the village of Shawford [Shalford] to our right, and that of Wonersh to our left, and, crossing the River Wey, got into the turnpike-road between Guildford and Godalming, went on through Godalming, and got to Lea, which lies to the north-east snugly under Hindhead, about eleven o'clock. This was coming only about eight miles, a sort of rest after the 32 miles of the

day before. Coming along the road, a farmer overtook us, and, as he had known me from seeing me at the meeting at Epsom last year, I had a part of my main business to perform—namely, to talk politics. He was going to Haslemere fair. Upon the mention of that sinkhole of a borough, which sends, 'as clearly as the sun at noonday,' the celebrated Charles Long, and the scarcely less celebrated Robert Ward, to the celebrated House of Commons, we began to talk, as it were, spontaneously, about Lord Lonsdale and the Lowthers. The farmer wondered why the Lowthers, that were the owners of so many farms, should be for a system which was so manifestly taking away the estates of the landlords and the capital of the farmers, and giving them to Jews, loan-jobbers, stock-jobbers, placemen, pensioners, sinecure people, and people of the 'dead weight.' But his wonder ceased, his eyes were opened, and 'his heart seemed to burn within him as I talked to him on the way,' when I explained to him the nature of 'Crown lands' and 'Crown tenants,' and when I described to him certain districts of property in Westmorland and other parts. I had not the book in my pocket, but my memory furnished me with quite a sufficiency of matter to make him perceive that, in supporting the present system, the Lowthers were by no means so foolish as he appeared to think them. From the Lowthers I turned to Mr. Poyntz, who lives at Midhurst in Sussex, and whose name as a 'Crown tenant' I find in a report lately laid before the House of Commons, and the particulars of which I will state another time for the information of the people of

Sussex. I used to wonder myself what made Mr. Poyntz call me a Jacobin. I used to think that Mr. Poyntz must be a fool to support the present system. What I have seen in that report convinces me that Mr. Poyntz is no fool, as far as relates to his own interest, at any rate. There is a mine of wealth in these 'Crown lands.' Here are farms, and manors, and mines, and woods, and forests, and houses, and streets, incalculable in value. What can be so proper as to apply this public property towards the discharge of a part, at least, of that public debt which is hanging round the neck of this nation like a mill-stone? Mr. Ricardo proposes to seize upon a part of the private property of every man, to be given to the stock-jobbing race. At an act of injustice like this the mind revolts. The foolishness of it, besides, is calculated to shock one. But, in the public property we see the suitable thing. And who can possibly object to this, except those who, amongst them, now divide the possession or benefit of this property?

We got into free-quarter again at Lea; and there is nothing like free-quarter, as soldiers well know. Lea is situated on the edge of that immense heath which sweeps down from the summit of Hindhead across to the north over innumerable hills of minor altitude and of an infinite variety of shapes towards Farnham, to the north-east, towards the Hog's Back, leading from Farnham to Guildford, and to the east, or nearly so, towards Godalming. Nevertheless, the enclosed lands at Lea are very good and singularly beautiful. The timber of all sorts grows well; the land is light, and,

being free from stones, very pleasant to work. If you go southward from Lea about a mile, you get down into what is called, in the old Acts of Parliament, the Weald of Surrey. Here the land is a stiff tenacious loam at top, with blue and yellow clay beneath. This weald continues on eastward, and gets into Sussex near East Grinstead; thence it winds about under the hills, into Kent. Here the oak grows finer than in any part of England. The trees are more spiral in their form. They grow much faster than upon any other land. Yet the timber must be better; for, in some of the Acts of Queen Elizabeth's reign, it is provided that the oak for the Royal Navy shall come out of the Wealds of Surrey, Sussex, or Kent.

ODIHAM, HAMPSHIRE, *Friday, September 27.*

From Lea we set off this morning about six o'clock to get free-quarter again at a worthy old friend's at this nice little plain market-town. Our direct road was right over the heath through Tilford to Farnham; but we veered a little to the left after we came to Tilford, at which place on the green we stopped to look at an oak-tree, which, when I was a little boy, was but a very little tree, comparatively, and which is now, take it altogether, by far the finest tree that I ever saw in my life. The stem or shaft is short—that is to say, it is short before you come to the first limbs; but it is full thirty feet round at about eight or ten feet from the ground. Out of the stem there come not less than fifteen or sixteen limbs, many of which are from five to ten feet round, and each of which would, in fact, be con-

sidered a decent stick of timber. I am not judge enough of timber to say anything about the quantity in the whole tree; but my son stepped the ground, and as nearly as we could judge, the diameter of the extent of the branches was upwards of ninety feet, which would make a circumference of about three hundred feet. The tree is in full growth at this moment. There is a little hole in one of the limbs; but, with that exception, there appears not the smallest sign of decay. The tree has made great shoots in all parts of it this last summer and spring; and there are no appearances of white upon the trunk, such as are regarded as the symptoms of full growth. There are many sorts of oak in England; two very distinct—one with a pale leaf, and one with a dark leaf: this is of the pale leaf. The tree stands upon Tilford Green, the soil of which is a light loam with a hard sandstone a good way beneath, and, probably, clay beneath that. The spot where the tree stands is about a hundred and twenty feet from the edge of a little river, and the ground on which it stands may be about ten feet higher than the bed of that river.

In quitting Tilford we came on to the land belonging to Waverley Abbey, and then, instead of going on to the town of Farnham, veered away to the left towards Wrecclesham, in order to cross the Farnham and Alton turnpike-road, and to come on by the side of Crondall to Odiham. We went a little out of the way to go to a place called the Bourn, which lies in the heath at about a mile from Farnham. It is a winding narrow valley, down which, during the wet season of

the year, there runs a stream beginning at the Holt Forest, and emptying itself into the Wey just below Moor Park, which was the seat of Sir William Temple when Swift was residing with him. We went to this Bourn in order that I might show my son the spot where I received the rudiments of my education. There is a little hop-garden in which I used to work when from eight to ten years old; from which I have scores of times run to follow the hounds, leaving the hoe to do the best that it could to destroy the weeds; but the most interesting thing was a sandhill which goes from a part of the heath down to the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure with toil, I, with two brothers, used occasionally to disport ourselves, as the lawyers call it, at this sandhill. Our diversion was this: we used to go to the top of the hill, which was steeper than the roof of a house; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides; and the others, one at head, and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and at every roll there was a monstrous spell of laughter. I had often told my sons of this while they were very little, and I now took one of them to see the spot. But, that was not all. This was the spot where I was receiving my education; and this was the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that if I had not received such an education, or something very much like it—

that, if I had been brought up a milksop, with a nursery-maid everlastingly at my heels, I should have been at this day as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster School, or from any of those dens of dunces called Colleges and Universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sandhill; and I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to be one of the greatest terrors to one of the greatest and most powerful bodies of knaves and fools that ever were permitted to afflict this or any other country.

From the Bourn we proceeded on to Wrecclesham, at the end of which we crossed what is called the River Wey. Here we found a parcel of labourers at parish work. Amongst them was an old playmate of mine. The account they gave of their situation was very dismal. The harvest was over early. The hop-picking is now over; and now they are employed by the parish—that is to say, not absolutely digging holes one day and filling them up the next; but, at the expense of half-ruined farmers and tradesmen and landlords, to break stones into very small pieces to make nice smooth roads lest the jolting, in going along them, should create bile in the stomachs of the over-fed tax-eaters. I call upon mankind to witness this scene and, to say whether ever the like of this was heard of before. It is a state of things where all is out of order; where self-preservation, that great law of nature, seems to be set at defiance; for here are farmers unable to pay men for working for them, and yet com-

pelled to pay them for working in doing that which is really of no use to any human being. There lie the hop-poles unstripped. You see a hundred things in the neighbouring fields that want doing. The fences are not nearly what they ought to be. The very meadows, to our right and our left in crossing this little valley, would occupy these men advantageously until the setting in of the frost ; and here are they, not, as I said before, actually digging holes one day and filling them up the next, but, to all intents and purposes, as uselessly employed. Is this Mr. Canning's ' sun of prosperity ' ? Is this the way to increase or preserve a nation's wealth ? Is this a sign of wise legislation and of good government ? Does this thing ' work well,' Mr. Canning ? Does it prove, that we want no change ? True, you were born under a Kingly Government ; and so was I as well as you ; but I was not born under Six Acts ; nor was I born under a state of things like this. I was not born under it, and I do not wish to live under it ; and, with God's help, I will change it if I can.

We left these poor fellows, after having given them, not ' religious tracts,' which would, if they could, make the labourer content with half-starvation, but something to get them some bread and cheese and beer, being firmly convinced that it is the body that wants filling and not the mind. However, in speaking of their low wages, I told them that the farmers and hop-planters were as much objects of compassion as themselves, which they acknowledged.

We immediately after this crossed the road, and

went on towards Crondall upon a soil that soon became stiff loam and flint at top, with a bed of chalk beneath. We did not go to Crondall, but kept along over Slade Heath, and through a very pretty place called Well. We arrived at Odiham about half after eleven, at the end of a beautiful ride of about seventeen miles, in a very fine and pleasant day.

WINCHESTER, *Saturday, September* 28.

Just after daylight we started for this place. By the turnpike we could have come through Basingstoke by turning off to the right, or through Alton and Alresford by turning off to the left. Being naturally disposed towards a middle course, we chose to wind down through Upton Gray, Preston Candover, Chilton Candover, Brown Candover, then down to Ovington, and into Winchester by the north entrance. From Wrecclesham to Winchester we have come over roads and lanes of flint and chalk. The weather being dry again, the ground under you, as solid as iron, makes a great rattling with the horses' feet. The country, where the soil is stiff loam upon chalk, is never bad for corn—not rich, but never poor. There is at no time anything deserving to be called dirt in the roads. The buildings last a long time, from the absence of fogs and also the absence of humidity in the ground. The absence of dirt makes the people habitually cleanly; and all along through this country the people appear in general to be very neat. It is a country for sheep, which are always sound and good upon this iron soil. The trees grow well, where there are

trees. The woods and coppices are not numerous; but they are good, particularly the ash, which always grows well upon the chalk. The oaks, though they do not grow in the spiral form, as upon the clays, are by no means stunted; and some of them very fine trees; I take it that they require a much greater number of years to bring them to perfection than in the Wealds. The wood, perhaps, may be harder; but I have heard that the oak which grows upon these hard bottoms is very frequently what the carpenters call shaky. The underwoods here consist almost entirely of hazel, which is very fine, and much tougher and more durable than that which grows on soils with a moist bottom. This hazel is a thing of great utility here. It furnishes rods wherewith to make fences; but its principal use is to make wattles for the folding of sheep in the fields. These things are made much more neatly here than in the south of Hampshire and in Sussex, or in any other part that I have seen. Chalk is the favourite soil of the yew-tree; and at Preston Candover there is an avenue of yew-trees, probably a mile long, each tree containing, as nearly as I can guess, from twelve to twenty feet of timber, which, as the reader knows, implies a tree of considerable size. They have probably been a century or two in growing, but, in any way that timber can be used, the timber of the yew will last, perhaps, ten times as long as the timber of any other tree that we grow in England.

Quitting the Candovers, we came along between the two estates of the two Barings. Sir Thomas, who has supplanted the Duke of

Bedford, was to our right; while Alexander, who has supplanted Lord Northington, was on our left. The latter has enclosed, as a sort of outwork to his park, a pretty little down called Northington Down, in which he has planted, here and there, a clump of trees. But Mr. Baring, not reflecting that woods are not like funds, to be made at a heat, has planted his trees too large; so that they are covered with moss, are dying at the top, and are literally growing downward instead of upward. In short, this enclosure and plantation have totally destroyed the beauty of this part of the estate. The down, which was before very beautiful, and formed a sort of glacis up to the park pales, is now a marred, ragged, ugly-looking thing. The dying trees, which have been planted long enough for you not to perceive that they have been planted, excite the idea of sterility in the soil. They do injustice to it; for, as a down, it was excellent. Everything that has been done here is to the injury of the estate, and discovers a most shocking want of taste in the projector. Sir Thomas's plantations, or, rather those of his father, have been managed more judiciously.

WINCHESTER, *Sunday (Morning), September* 29.

Yesterday was market-day here. Everything cheap and falling instead of rising. If it were over-production last year that produced the distress, when are our miseries to have an end? They will end when these men cease to have sway, and not before.

I had not been in Winchester long before I

heard something very interesting about the manifesto concerning the poor, which was lately issued here, and upon which I remarked in my last *Register* but one, in my letter to Sir Thomas Baring. Proceeding upon the true military principle, I looked out for free-quarter, which the reader will naturally think difficult for me to find in a town containing a cathedral. Having done this, I went to the Swan Inn to dine with the farmers. This is the manner that I like best of doing the thing. Six Acts do not, to be sure, prevent us from dining together. They do not authorize Justices of the Peace to kill us, because we meet to dine without their permission. But I do not like dinner meetings on my account. I like much better to go and fall in with the lads of the land, or with anybody else, at their own places of resort ; and I am going to place myself down at Uphusband, in excellent free-quarter, in the midst of all the great fairs of the west, in order, before the winter campaign begins, that I may see as many farmers as possible, and that they may hear my opinions, and I theirs. I shall be at Weyhill fair on October 10, and perhaps on some of the succeeding days ; and on one or more of those days I intend to dine at the White Hart, at Andover. What other fairs or places I shall go to, I shall notify hereafter. And this I think the frankest and fairest way. I wish to see many people, and to talk to them : and there are a great many people who wish to see and to talk to me. What better reason can be given for a man's going about the country and dining at fairs and markets ?

At the dinner at Winchester we had a good number of opulent yeomen, and many gentlemen joined us after the dinner. The state of the country was well talked over.

UPHUSBAND, *Sunday* (*Evening*), *September* 29.

We came along the turnpike-road, through Wherwell and Andover, and got to this place about two o'clock. This country, except at the village and town just mentioned, is very open, a thinnish soil upon a bed of chalk. Between Winchester and Wherwell we came by some hundreds of acres of ground, that was formerly most beautiful down, which was broken up in dear-corn times, and which is now a district of thistles and other weeds. If I had such land as this I would soon make it down again. I would for once (that is to say if I had the money) get it quite clean, prepare it as for sowing turnips, get the turnips if possible, feed them off early; or plough the ground if I got no turnips, sow thick with saintfoin and meadow-grass seeds of all sorts early in September, let the crop stand till the next July, feed it then slenderly with sheep, and dig up all thistles and rank weeds that might appear, keep feeding it, but not too close, during the summer and the fall, and keep on feeding it for ever after as a down. The saintfoin itself would last for many years; and, as it disappeared, its place would be supplied by the grass; that sort which was most congenial to the soil would at last stifle all other sorts, and the land would become a valuable down as formerly.

I see that some plantations of ash and of hazel

have been made along here; but, with great submission to the planters, I think they have gone the wrong way to work, as to the mode of preparing the ground. They have planted small trees, and that is right; they have trenched the ground, and that is also right; but they have brought the bottom soil to the top; and that is wrong, always; and especially where the bottom soil is gravel, or chalk, or clay. I know that some people will say that this is a puff; and let it pass for that; but if any gentleman that is going to plant trees will look into my *Book on Gardening*, and into the chapter on preparing the soil, he will, I think, see how conveniently ground may be trenched without bringing to the top that soil in which the young trees stand so long without making shoots.

This country, though so open, has its beauties. The homesteads in the sheltered bottoms, with fine lofty trees about the houses and yards, form a beautiful contrast with the large open fields. The little villages, running straggling along the dells (always with lofty trees and rookeries) are very interesting objects, even in the winter. You feel a sort of satisfaction, when you are out upon the bleak hills yourself, at the thought of the shelter which is experienced in the dwellings in the valleys.

Andover is a neat and solid market-town. It is supported entirely by the agriculture around it; and how the makers of population returns ever came to think of classing the inhabitants of such a town as this under any other head than that of 'persons employed in agriculture' would

appear astonishing to any man who did not know those population-return makers as well as I do.

The village of Uphusband, the legal name of which is Hurstbourn Tarrant, is, as the reader will recollect, a great favourite with me, not the less so certainly on account of the excellent free-quarter that it affords.

THROUGH HAMPSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SURREY, AND SUSSEX, BETWEEN OCTOBER 7 AND DECEMBER 1, 1822. 327 MILES

October 7 *to* 10, 1822.

At Uphusband, a little village in a deep dale, about five miles to the north of Andover, and about three miles to the south of the hills at Highclere. The wheat sown here is up, and, as usual at this time of the year, looks very beautiful. The wages of the labourers brought down to six shillings a week! a horrible thing to think of; but I hear it is still worse in Wiltshire.

October 11.

Went to Weyhill fair, at which I was about forty-six years ago, when I rode a little pony, and remember how proud I was on the occasion; but I also remember that my brothers, two out of three of whom were older than I, thought it unfair that my father selected me; and my own reflections upon the occasion have never been forgotten by me. October 11 is the sheep fair. About £300,000 used, some few years ago, to be carried home by the sheep-sellers; to-day, perhaps less than £70,000; and yet the rents of these sheep-sellers are, perhaps, as high, on an average, as they were then. The countenances of the

farmers were descriptive of their ruinous state. I never, in all my life, beheld a more mournful scene. There is a horse-fair upon another part of the Down; and there I saw horses keeping pace in depression with the sheep. A pretty numerous group of the tax-eaters, from Andover and the neighbourhood, were the only persons that had smiles on their faces. I was struck with a young farmer trotting a horse backward and forward to show him off to a couple of gentlemen who were bargaining for the horse, and one of whom finally purchased him. These gentlemen were two of our 'dead weight,' and the horse was that on which the farmer had pranced in the yeomanry troop! Here is a turn of things! Distress, pressing distress, dread of the bailiffs alone could have made the farmer sell his horse. If he had the firmness to keep the tears out of his eyes, his heart must have paid the penalty. What then must have been his feelings if he reflected, as I did, that the purchase money for the horse had first gone from his pocket into that of the dead weight! And further, that the horse had pranced about for years for the purpose of subduing all opposition to those very measures which had finally dismounted the owner!

From this dismal scene, a scene formerly so joyous, we set off back to Uphusband pretty early, were overtaken by the rain, and got a pretty good soaking. The land along here is very good. This whole country has a chalk bottom; but, in the valley on the right of the hill over which you go from Andover to Weyhill, the chalk lies far from the top, and the soil has few

flints in it. It is very much like the land about Malden and Maidstone. Met with a farmer who said he must be ruined unless another 'good war' should come! This is no uncommon notion. They saw high prices with war, and they thought that the war was the cause.

October 12 *to* 16.

The fair was too dismal for me to go to it again. My sons went two of the days, and their account of the hop fair was enough to make one gloomy for a month, particularly as my townsmen of Farnham were, in this case, amongst the sufferers. On the 12th I went to dine with, and to harangue, the farmers at Andover. Great attention was paid to what I had to say. The crowding to get into the rooms was a proof of nothing, perhaps, but curiosity; but there must have been a cause for the curiosity, and that cause would, under the present circumstances, be matter for reflection with a wise Government.

October 17.

Went to Newbury to dine with, and to harangue, the farmers. It was a fair-day. It rained so hard that I had to stop at Burghclere to dry my clothes, and to borrow a great-coat to keep me dry for the rest of the way; so as not to have to sit in wet clothes. At Newbury the company was not less attentive or less numerous than at Andover. Some one of the tax-eating crew had, I understand, called me an 'incendiary.' The day is passed for those tricks. They deceive no longer. Here, at Newbury, I took occasion to notice the base accusation of Dundas, the

Member for the county. I stated it as something that I had heard of, and I was proceeding to charge him conditionally, when Mr. Tubb of Shillingford rose from his seat, and said, 'I myself, sir, heard him say the words.' I had heard of his vile conduct long before; but I abstained from charging him with it till an opportunity should offer for doing it in his own country. After the dinner was over I went back to Burghclere.

October 18 *to* 20.

At Burghclere, one half the time writing, and the other half hare-hunting.

October 21.

Went back to Uphusband.

October 22.

Went to dine with the farmers at Salisbury, and got back to Uphusband by ten o'clock at night, two hours later than I have been out of bed for a great many months.

In quitting Andover to go to Salisbury (17 miles from each other) you cross the beautiful valley that goes winding down amongst the hills to Stockbridge. You then rise into the open country that very soon becomes a part of that large tract of downs called Salisbury Plain. You are not in Wiltshire, however, till you are about half the way to Salisbury. You leave Tidworth away to your right. This is the seat of Asheton Smith; and the fine coursing that I once saw there I should have called to recollection with pleasure if I could have forgotten the hanging of the men at Winchester last spring for resisting one of this Smith's gamekeepers!

This Smith's son, and a Sir John Pollen, are the members for Andover. They are chosen by the corporation. One of the corporation, an attorney named Etwall, is a Commissioner of the Lottery, or something in that way. It would be a curious thing to ascertain how large a portion of the 'public services' is performed by the voters in boroughs and their relations. These persons are singularly kind to the nation. They not only choose a large part of the 'representatives of the people,' but they come in person, or by deputy, and perform a very considerable part of the 'public services.' I should like to know how many of them are employed about the salt tax, for instance. A list of these public-spirited persons might be produced to show the benefit of the boroughs.

Before you get to Salisbury, you cross the valley that brings down a little river from Amesbury. It is a very beautiful valley. There is a chain of farm-houses and little churches all the way up it. The farms consist of the land on the flats on each side of the river, running out to a greater or less extent at different places, towards the hills and downs. Not far above Amesbury is a little village called Netherhaven, where I once saw an acre of hares. We were coursing at Everly, a few miles off, and, one of the party happening to say that he had seen 'an acre of hares' at Mr. Hicks Beech's at Netherhaven, we, who wanted to see the same, or to detect our informant, sent a messenger to beg a day's coursing, which, being granted, we went over the next day. Mr. Beech received us very politely.

He took us into a wheat stubble close by his paddock; his son took a gallop round, cracking his whip at the same time; the hares (which were very thickly in sight before) started all over the field, ran into a flock like sheep; and we all agreed that the flock did cover an acre of ground. Mr. Beech had an old greyhound that I saw lying down in the shrubbery close by the house, while several hares were sitting and skipping about, with just as much confidence as cats sit by a dog in a kitchen or a parlour. Was this instinct in either dog or hares? Then, mind, this same greyhound went amongst the rest to course with us out upon the distant hills and lands; and then he ran as eagerly as the rest, and killed the hares with as little remorse. Philosophers will talk a long while before they will make men believe that this was instinct alone. I believe that this dog had much more reason than half of the Cossacks have; and I am sure he had a great deal more than many a negro that I have seen.

In crossing this valley to go to Salisbury, I thought of Mr. Beech's hares; but I really have neither thought of, nor seen, any game with pleasure since the hanging of the two men at Winchester. If no other man will petition for the repeal of the law under which those poor fellows suffered, I will. But let us hope that there will be no need of petitioning. Let us hope that it will be repealed without any express application for it. It is curious enough that laws of this sort should increase, while Sir James Mackintosh is so resolutely bent on 'softening the criminal code'!

The company at Salisbury was very numerous ; not less than 500 farmers were present. They were very attentive to what I said, and, which rather surprised me, they received very docilely what I said against squeezing the labourers. A fire in a farm-yard had lately taken place near Salisbury, so that the subject was a ticklish one. But it was my very first duty to treat of it, and I was resolved, be the consequence what it might, not to neglect that duty.

October 23 to 26.

At Uphusband. At this village, which is a great thoroughfare for sheep and pigs from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire to Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and away to the North and North-East, we see many farmers from different parts of the country ; and, if I had had any doubts before as to the deplorableness of their state, those would now no longer exist. I did, indeed, years ago, prove that, if we returned to cash payments without a reduction of the Debt, and without a rectifying of contracts, the present race of farmers must be ruined. But still, when the thing actually comes, it astounds one. It is like the death of a friend or relation. We talk of its approach without much emotion. We foretell the *when* without much seeming pain. We know it must be. But, when it comes, we forget our foretellings, and feel the calamity as acutely as if we had never expected it. The accounts we hear daily, and almost hourly, of the families of farmers actually coming to the parish book are enough to make anybody but a borough-monger feel.

October 27 *to* 29.

At Burghclere. Very nasty weather. On the 28th the fox-hounds came to throw off at Penwood, in this parish. Having heard that Dundas would be out with the hounds, I rode to the place of meeting, in order to look him in the face, and to give him an opportunity to notice, on his own peculiar dung-hill, what I had said of him at Newbury. He came. I rode up to him and about him; but he said not a word. The company entered the wood, and I rode back towards my quarters. They found a fox, and quickly lost him. Then they came out of the wood and came back along the road, and met me, and passed me, they as well as I going at a foot pace. I had plenty of time to survey them all well, and to mark their looks. I watched Dundas's eyes, but the devil a bit could I get them to turn my way. He is paid for the present. We shall see whether he will go, or send an ambassador, or neither, when I shall be at Reading on the 9th of next month.

October 30.

Set off for London. Went by Alderbridge, Crookham, Brimton, Mortimer, Strathfield Say, Heckfield Heath, Eversley, Blackwater, and slept at Oakingham. This is, with trifling exceptions, a miserably poor country. Burghclere lies along at the foot of a part of that chain of hills which, in this part, divide Hampshire from Berkshire. The parish just named is, indeed, in Hampshire, but it forms merely the foot of the Highclere and Kingsclere Hills.

These hills, from which you can see all across the country, even to the Isle of Wight, are of chalk, and with them, towards the north, ends the chalk. The soil over which I have come to-day is generally a stony sand upon a bed of gravel. With the exception of the land just round Crookham and the other villages, nothing can well be poorer or more villanously ugly. It is all first-cousin to Hounslow Heath, of which it is, in fact, a continuation to the westward. There is a clay at the bottom of the gravel; so that you have here nasty stagnant pools without fertility of soil. The rushes grow amongst the gravel—sure sign that there is clay beneath to hold the water; for, unless there be water constantly at their roots, rushes will not grow. Such land is, however, good for oaks wherever there is soil enough on the top of the gravel for the oak to get hold, and to send its tap-root down to the clay. The oak is the thing to plant here; and, therefore, this whole country contains not one single plantation of oaks! That is to say, as far as I observed. Plenty of fir-trees and other rubbish have been recently planted; but no oaks.

[*Cobbett reached London on October* 31. *A few days later he again set out.*]

November 9.

Started at daybreak, in a hazy frost, for Reading. The horses' manes and ears covered with the hoar before we got across Windsor Park, which appeared to be a blackguard soil, pretty much like Hounslow Heath, only not flat. A very large part of the Park is covered with heath or rushes, sure sign of execrable soil. But the

roads are such as might have been made by Solomon. 'A greater than Solomon is here!' some one may exclaim. Of that I know nothing. I am but a traveller; and the roads in this park are beautiful indeed. My servant, whom I brought from amongst the hills and flints of Uphusband, must certainly have thought himself in Paradise as he was going through the Park. If I had told him that the buildings and the labourers' clothes and meals at Uphusband were the worse for those pretty roads with edgings cut to the line, he would have wondered at me, I dare say. It would, nevertheless, have been perfectly true; and this is *feelosofee* of a much more useful sort than that which is taught by the Edinburgh Reviewers.

When you get through the Park you come to Winkfield, and then (bound for Reading) you go through Binfield, which is ten miles from Egham and as many from Reading. At Binfield I stopped to breakfast at a very nice country inn called the Stag and Hounds. Here you go along on the north border of that villanous tract of country that I passed over in going from Oakingham [Wokingham] to Egham. Much of the land even here is but newly enclosed; and it was really not worth a straw before it was loaded with the fruit of the labour of the people living in the parts of the country distant from the Fund Wen. What injustice! What unnatural changes! Such things cannot be without producing convulsion in the end! A road as smooth as a die, a real stock-jobber's road, brought us to Reading by eleven o'clock. We dined at one; and very

much pleased I was with the company. I have seldom seen a number of persons assembled together, whose approbation I valued more than that of the company of this day. Last year the Prime Minister said that his speech (the grand speech) was rendered necessary by the 'pains that had been taken, in different parts of the country' to persuade the farmers that the distress had arisen out of the measures of the Government, and not from over-production! To be sure, I had taken some pains to remove that stupid notion about over-production from the minds of the farmers; but did the stern path-man succeed in counteracting the effect of my efforts? Not he, indeed. And after his speech was made, and sent forth cheek by jowl, with that of the same Castlereagh, of hole-digging memory, the truths inculcated by me were only the more manifest. This has been a fine meeting at Reading. I feel very proud of it. The morning was fine for me to ride in, and the rain began as soon as I was housed.

I came on horseback forty miles, slept on the road, and finished my harangue at the end of twenty-two hours from leaving Kensington; and I cannot help saying that is pretty well for 'Old Cobbett.' I am delighted with the people that I have seen at Reading. Their kindness to me is nothing in my estimation compared with the sense and spirit which they appear to possess. It is curious to observe how things have worked with me. That combination, that sort of instinctive union, which has existed for so many years amongst all the parties, to keep

me down generally, and particularly, as the County Club called it, to keep me out of Parliament 'at any rate,' this combination has led to the present haranguing system, which, in some sort, supplies the place of a seat in Parliament. It may be said, indeed, that I have not the honour to sit in the same room with those great Reformers Lord John Russell, Sir Massey Lopes, and his guest, Sir Francis Burdett; but man's happiness here below is never perfect; and there may be, besides, people to believe that a man ought not to break his heart on account of being shut out of such company, especially when he can find such company as I have this day found at Reading.

November 10.

Went from Reading, through Aldermaston for Burghclere. The rain has been very heavy, and the water was a good deal out. Here, on my way, I got upon Crookham Common again, which is a sort of continuation of the wretched country about Oakingham. From Highclere I looked one day over the flat towards Marlborough; and I there saw some such rascally heaths. So that this villanous tract extends from east to west, with more or less of exceptions, from Hounslow to Hungerford. From north to south it extends from Binfield (which cannot be far from the borders of Buckinghamshire) to the South Downs of Hampshire, and terminates somewhere between Liphook and Petersfield, after stretching over Hindhead, which is certainly the most villanous spot that God ever made. Our ancestors do, indeed, seem to have

ascribed its formation to another power; for the most celebrated part of it is called 'the Devil's Punch Bowl.' In this tract of country there are certainly some very beautiful spots. But these are very few in number, except where the chalk hills run into the tract. The neighbourhood of Godalming ought hardly to be considered as an exception, for there you are just on the outside of the tract, and begin to enter on the Wealds—that is to say, clayey woodlands. All the part of Berkshire of which I have been recently passing over, if I except the tract from Reading to Crookham, is very bad land and a very ugly country.

November 11.

Uphusband once more, and for the sixth time this year, over the North Hampshire Hills, which, notwithstanding their everlasting flints, I like very much. As you ride along, even in a green lane, the horses' feet make a noise like hammering. It seems as if you were riding on a mass of iron. Yet the soil is good and bears some of the best wheat in England. All these high, and, indeed, all chalky lands, are excellent for sheep. But on the top of some of these hills there are as fine meadows as I ever saw. Pasture richer, perhaps, than that about Swindon in the north of Wiltshire. And the singularity is that this pasture is on the very tops of these lofty hills, from which you can see the Isle of Wight. There is a stiff loam, in some places twenty feet deep, on a bottom of chalk. Though the grass grows so finely, there is no apparent wetness in the land. The wells are more than three hundred

feet deep. The main part of the water, for all uses, comes from the clouds; and, indeed, these are pretty constant companions of these chalk hills, which are very often enveloped in clouds and wet, when it is sunshine down at Burghclere or Uphusband. They manure the land here by digging wells in the fields, and bringing up the chalk, which they spread about on the land; and which, being free-chalk, is reduced to powder by the frosts. A considerable portion of the land is covered with wood; and as, in the clearing of the land, the clearers followed the good soil, without regard to shape of fields, the forms of the woods are of endless variety, which, added to the never-ceasing inequalities of the surface of the whole, makes this, like all the others of the same description, a very pleasant country.

November 17.

Set off from Uphusband for Hambledon. The first place I had to get to was Whitchurch. On my way, and at a short distance from Uphusband, down the valley, I went through a village called Bourn, which takes its name from the water that runs down this valley. A bourn, in the language of our forefathers, seems to be a river which is, part of the year, without water. There is one of these bourns down this pretty valley. It has, generally, no water till towards spring, and then it runs for several months. It is the same at the Candovers, as you go across the downs from Odiham to Winchester.

The little village of Bourn, therefore, takes its name from its situation. Then there are two

Hurstbourns, one above and one below this village of Bourn. Hurst means, I believe, a forest. There were, doubtless, one of those on each side of Bourn; and, when they became villages, the one above was called *Up*-hurstbourn, and the one below, *Down*-hurstbourn; which names have become Uphusband and Downhusband. The lawyers, therefore, who, to the immortal honour of high-blood and Norman descent, are making such a pretty story out for the Lord Chancellor, relative to a noble peer who voted for the Bill against the Queen, ought to leave off calling the seat of the noble person Hursperne; for it is at Downhurstbourn where he lives, and where he was visited by Dr. Bankhead!

Whitchurch is a small town, but famous for being the place where the paper has been made for the Borough Bank! I passed by the mill on my way to get out upon the downs to go to Alresford, where I intended to sleep. I hope the time will come when a monument will be erected where that mill stands, and when on that monument will be inscribed 'The curse of England.' This spot ought to be held accursed in all time henceforth and for evermore. It has been the spot from which have sprung more and greater mischief than ever plagued mankind before. However, the evils now appear to be fast recoiling on the merciless authors of them; and therefore, one beholds this scene of paper-making with a less degree of rage than formerly. My blood used to boil when I thought of the wretches who carried on and supported the system. It does not boil now when I think of them. The curse,

which they intended solely for others, is now falling on themselves; and I smile at their sufferings. Blasphemy! Atheism! Who can be an Atheist that sees how justly these wretches are treated; with what exact measure they are receiving the evils which they inflicted on others for a time, and which they intended to inflict on them for ever? If, indeed, the monsters had continued to prosper, one might have been an Atheist. The true history of the rise, progress, and fall of these monsters, of their power, their crimes, and their punishment, will do more than has been done before to put an end to the doubts of those who have doubts upon the subject.

Quitting Whitchurch, I went off to the left out of the Winchester road, got out upon the highlands, took an 'observation,' as the sailors call it, and off I rode, in a straight line, over hedge and ditch, towards the rising ground between Stratton Park and Micheldever Wood; but, before I reached this point, I found some wet meadows and some running water in my way, in a little valley running up from the turnpike-road to a little place called West Stratton. I therefore turned to my left, went down to the turnpike, went a little way along it, then turned to my left, went along by Stratton Park pales, down East Stratton Street, and then on towards the Grange Park. Stratton Park is the seat of Sir Thomas Baring, who has here several thousands of acres of land; who has the living of Micheldever, to which, I think, Northington and Swallowfield are joined. Above all, he has Micheldever Wood, which, they say, contains

a thousand acres, and which is one of the finest oak-woods in England. This large and very beautiful estate must have belonged to the Church of the time of Henry the Eighth's 'Reformation.' It was, I believe, given by him to the family of Russell; and it was by them sold to Sir Francis Baring about twenty years ago. Upon the whole, all things considered, the change is for the better. Sir Thomas Baring would not have moved, nay, he did not move, for the pardon of Lopes; while he left Joseph Swann in jail for four years and a half, without so much as hinting at Swann's case! Yea, verily, I would rather see this estate in the hands of Sir Thomas Baring than in those of Lopes's friend. Besides, it seems to be acknowledged that any title is as good as those derived from the old wife-killer. Castlereagh, when the Whigs talked in a rather rude manner about the sinecure places and pensions, told them that the title of the sinecure man or woman was as good as the titles of the Duke of Bedford! This was plagiarism, to be sure; for Burke had begun it. He called the Duke the Leviathan of grants, and seemed to hint at the propriety of the overhauling them a little. When the men of Kent petitioned for a 'just reduction of the National Debt,' Lord John Russell, with that wisdom for which he is renowned, reprobated the prayer; but, having done this in terms not sufficiently unqualified and strong, and having made use of a word of equivocal meaning, the man that cut his own throat at North Cray pitched on upon him and told him that the fundholder had as

much right to his dividends as the Duke of Bedford had to his estates. Upon this the noble reformer and advocate for Lopes mended his expressions; and really said what the North Cray philosopher said he ought to say! Come, come: Micheldever Wood is in very proper hands! A little girl, of whom I asked my way down into East Stratton, and who was dressed in a camlet gown, white apron, and plaid cloak (it was Sunday), and who had a book in her hand, told me that Lady Baring gave her the clothes, and had her taught to read and to sing hymns and spiritual songs.

As I came through the Strattons, I saw not less than a dozen girls clad in this same way. It is impossible not to believe that this is done with a good motive; but it is possible not to believe that it is productive of good. It must create hypocrites, and hypocrisy is the great sin of the age. Society is in a queer state when the rich think that they must educate the poor in order to ensure their own safety: for this, at bottom, is the great motive now at work in pushing on the education scheme, though in this particular case, perhaps, there may be a little enthusiasm at work. When persons are glutted with riches, when they have their fill of them, when they are surfeited of all earthly pursuits, they are very apt to begin to think about the next world; and the moment they begin to think of that, they begin to look over the account that they shall have to present. Hence the far greater part of what are called 'charities.' But it is the business of governments to take care that there shall be very little of this glutting with riches, and very little need of 'charities.'

From Stratton I went on to Northington Down; then round to the south of the Grange Park (Alex. Baring's), down to Abbotson, and over some pretty little green hills to Alresford, which is a nice little town of itself, but which presents a singularly beautiful view from the last little hill coming from Abbotson. I could not pass by the Grange Park without thinking of Lord and Lady Henry Stewart,[1] whose lives and deaths surpassed what we read of in the most sentimental romances. Very few things that I have met with in my life ever filled me with sorrow equal to that which I felt at the death of this most virtuous and most amiable pair.

November 18.

Came from Alresford to Hambledon, through Titchbourn, Cheriton, Beauworth, Kilmston, and Exton. This is all a high, hard, dry, fox-hunting country. Like that, indeed, over which I came yesterday. At Titchbourn there is a park, and 'great house,' as the country people call it. The place belongs, I believe, to a Sir somebody Titchbourne, a family very likely half as old as the name of the village, which, however, partly takes its name from the bourn that runs down the valley. I thought, as I was riding alongside of this park, that I had heard good of this family of Titchbourne, and I therefore saw the park pales with sorrow. There is not more than one pale in a yard, and those that remain, and the rails and posts and all, seem tumbling down.

[1] Cobbett became intimate with Lord Henry in America, and the friendship was continued in England.

This park-paling is perfectly typical of those of the landlords who are not tax-eaters. They are wasting away very fast. The tax-eating landlords think to swim out of the gale. They are deceived. They are 'deluded' by their own greediness.

Kilmston was my next place after Titchbourn, but I wanted to go to Beauworth, so that I had to go through Cheriton, a little, hard, iron village, where all seems to be as old as the hills that surround it. In coming along you see Titchbourn church away to the right, on the side of a hill, a very pretty little view; and this, though such a hard country, is a pretty country.

At Cheriton I found a grand camp of gipsies just upon the move towards Alresford. I had met some of the scouts first, and afterwards the advanced guard, and here the main body was getting in motion. One of the scouts that I met was a young woman, who, I am sure, was six feet high. There were two or three more in the camp of about the same height; and some most strapping fellows of men. It is curious that this race should have preserved their dark skin and coal-black straight and coarse hair, very much like that of the American Indians. I mean the hair, for the skin has nothing of the copper colour, as that of the Indians has. It is not, either, of the mulatto cast—that is to say, there is no yellow in it. It is a black mixed with our English colours of pale, or red, and the features are small, like those of the girls in Sussex, and often singularly pretty. The tall girl that I met at Titchbourn, who had a huckster basket on her arm, had most beautiful features. I pulled up my

horse and said, 'Can you tell me my fortune, my dear?' She answered in the negative, giving me a look at the same time that seemed to say it was too late; and that, if I had been thirty years younger, she might have seen a little what she could do with me. It is, all circumstances considered, truly surprising, that this race should have preserved so perfectly all its distinctive marks.

I came on to Beauworth to inquire after the family of a worthy old farmer whom I knew there some years ago, and of whose death I had heard at Alresford. A bridle-road over some fields and through a coppice took me to Kilmston, formerly a large village, but now mouldered into two farms and a few miserable tumble-down houses for the labourers. Here is a house that was formerly the residence of the landlord of the place, but is now occupied by one of the farmers. This is a fine country for fox-hunting, and Kilmston belonged to a Mr. Ridge, who was a famous fox-hunter, and who is accused of having spent his fortune in that way. But what do people mean? He had a right to spend his income, as his fathers had done before him. It was the Pitt system, and not the fox-hunting, that took away the principal. The place now belongs to a Mr. Long, whose origin I cannot find out.

From Kilmston I went right over the Downs to the top of a hill called Beacon Hill, which is one of the loftiest hills in the country. Here you can see the Isle of Wight in detail, a fine sweep of the sea; also away into Sussex, and over the New Forest into Dorsetshire. Just below you,

to the east, you look down upon the village of Exton ; and you can see up this valley (which is called a Bourn too) as far as West Meon, and down it as far as Soberton. Corhampton, Warnford, Meon Stoke, and Droxford come within these two points ; so that here are six villages on this bourn within the space of about five miles. On the other side of the main valley down which the bourn runs, and opposite Beacon Hill, is another such a hill, which they call Old Winchester Hill. On the top of this hill there was once a camp, or rather fortress ; and the ramparts are now pretty nearly as visible as ever. The same is to be seen on the Beacon Hill at Highclere. These ramparts had nothing of the principles of modern fortification in their formation. You see no signs of salient angles. It was a ditch and a bank, and that appears to have been all. I had, I think, a full mile to go down from the top of Beacon Hill to Exton. This is the village where that Parson Baines lives who, as described by me in 1817, bawled in Lord Cochrane's ear at Winchester in the month of March of that year. Parson Poulter lives at Meon Stoke, which is not a mile farther down. So that this valley has something in it besides picturesque views ! I asked some countrymen how Poulter and Baines did, but their answer contained too much of irreverence for me to give it here.

At Exton I crossed the Gosport turnpike-road, came up the cross valley under the south side of Old Winchester Hill, over Stoke Down, then over West End Down, and then to my friend's house at West End, in the parish of Hambledon.

Thus have I crossed nearly the whole of this country from the north-west to the south-east without going five hundred yards on a turnpike-road, and, as nearly as I could do it, in a straight line.

The whole country that I have crossed is loam and flints, upon a bottom of chalk. At Alresford there are some watered meadows, which are the beginning of a chain of meadows that goes all the way down to Winchester, and hence to Southampton; but even these meadows have, at Alresford, chalk under them. The water that supplies them comes out of a pond called Alresford Pond, which is fed from the high hills in the neighbourhood. These counties are purely agricultural; and they have suffered most cruelly from the accursed Pitt system. Their hilliness, bleakness, roughness of roads, render them unpleasant to the luxurious, effeminate, tax-eating crew, who never come near them, and who have pared them down to the very bone. The villages are all in a state of decay. The farm-buildings dropping down, bit by bit. The produce is, by a few great farmers, dragged to a few spots, and all the rest is falling into decay. If this infernal system could go on for forty years longer, it would make all the labourers as much slaves as the negroes are, and subject to the same sort of discipline and management.

November 19 *to* 23.

At West End. Hambledon is a long, straggling village, lying in a little valley formed by some very pretty but not lofty hills. The environs are much prettier than the village itself, which

is not far from the north side of Portsdown Hill. This must have once been a considerable place, for here is a church pretty nearly as large as that at Farnham in Surrey, which is quite sufficient for a large town. The means of living has been drawn away from these villages, and the people follow the means. Cheriton and Kilmston and Hambledon and the like have been beggared for the purpose of giving tax-eaters the means of making ' vast improvements.'

Sunday, November 24.

Set off from Hambledon to go to Thursley in Surrey, about five miles from Godalming. Here I am at Thursley, after as interesting a day as I ever spent in all my life. They say that ' variety is charming ' ; and this day I have had of scenes and of soils a variety indeed !

To go to Thursley from Hambledon the plain way was up the downs to Petersfield, and then along the turnpike-road through Liphook and over Hindhead, at the north-east foot of which Thursley lies. But I had been over that sweet Hindhead, and had seen too much of turnpike-road and of heath, to think of taking another so large a dose of them. The map of Hampshire (and we had none of Surrey) showed me the way to Headley, which lies on the west of Hindhead, down upon the flat. I knew it was but about five miles from Headley to Thursley ; and I therefore resolved to go to Headley, in spite of all the remonstrances of friends, who represented to me the danger of breaking my neck at Hawkley and of getting buried in the bogs of Woolmer

Forest. My route was through East Meon, Froxfield, Hawkley, Greatham, and then over Woolmer Forest (a heath, if you please) to Headley.

Off we set over the downs (crossing the bottom sweep of Old Winchester Hill) from West End to East Meon. We came down a long and steep hill that led us winding round into the village, which lies in a valley that runs in a direction nearly east and west, and that has a rivulet that comes out of the hills towards Petersfield. If I had not seen anything further to-day, I should have dwelt long on the beauties of this place. Here is a very fine valley, in nearly an elliptical form, sheltered by high hills sloping gradually from it; and not far from the middle of this valley there is a hill nearly in the form of a goblet-glass with the foot and stem broken off and turned upside down. And this is clapped down upon the level of the valley, just as you would put such a goblet upon a table. The hill is lofty, partly covered with wood, and it gives an air of great singularity to the scene. I am sure that East Meon has been a large place. The church has a Saxon tower pretty nearly equal, as far as I recollect, to that of the cathedral at Winchester. The rest of the church has been rebuilt, and, perhaps, several times; but the tower is complete; it has had a steeple put upon it, but it retains all its beauty, and it shows that the church (which is still large) must, at first, have been a very large building. Let those who talk so glibly of the increase of the population in England go over the country from Highclere to Hambledon. Let them look at the size of the churches, and

let them observe those numerous small enclosures on every side of every village, which had, to a certainty, each its house in former times. But let them go to East Meon and account for that church. Where did the hands come from to make it? Look, however, at the downs, the many square miles of downs near this village, all bearing the marks of the plough, and all out of tillage for many, many years; yet not one single inch of them but what is vastly superior in quality to any of those great 'improvements' on the miserable heaths of Hounslow, Bagshot, and Windsor Forest. It is the destructive, the murderous paper-system that has transferred the fruit of the labour, and the people along with it, from the different parts of the country to the neighbourhood of the all-devouring Wen. I do not believe one word of what is said of the increase of the population. All observation and all reason is against the fact, and, as to the Parliamentary returns, what need we more than this: that they assert that the population of Great Britain has increased from ten to fourteen millions in the last twenty years! That is enough! A man that can suck that in will believe, literally believe, that the moon is made of green cheese. Such a thing is too monstrous to be swallowed by anybody but Englishmen, and by any Englishmen not brutified by a Pitt system.

TO MR. CANNING

WORTH, SUSSEX, *December* 10, 1822.

SIR,—The agreeable news from France relative to the intended invasion of Spain compelled me

to break off, in my last letter, in the middle of my 'Rural Ride' of Sunday, November 24. Before I mount again, which I shall do in this letter, pray let me ask you what sort of apology is to be offered to the nation if the French Bourbons be permitted to take quiet possession of Cadiz and of the Spanish naval force? Perhaps you may be disposed to answer when you have taken time to reflect; and therefore, leaving you to muse on the matter, I will resume my ride.

Sunday, November 24.

From Hambledon to Thursley (continued).

From East Meon I did not go on to Froxfield church, but turned off to the left to a place (a couple of houses) called Bower. Near this I stopped at a friend's house, which is in about as lonely a situation as I ever saw. A very pleasant place, however. The lands dry, a nice mixture of woods and fields, and a great variety of hill and dell.

Before I came to East Meon, the soil of the hills was a shallow loam with flints, on a bottom of chalk; but on this side of the valley of East Meon, that is to say, on the north side, the soil on the hills is a deep, stiff loam, on a bed of a sort of gravel mixed with chalk; and the stones, instead of being grey on the outside and blue on the inside, are yellow on the outside and whitish on the inside. In coming on farther to the north, I found that the bottom was sometimes gravel and sometimes chalk. Here, at the time when whatever it was that formed these hills and valleys, the stuff of which Hindhead is

composed, seems to have run down and mixed itself with the stuff of which Old Winchester Hill is composed. Free chalk (which is the sort found here) is excellent manure for stiff land, and it produces a complete change in the nature of clays. It is therefore dug here on the north of East Meon, about in the fields, where it happens to be found, and is laid out upon the surface, where it is crumbled to powder by the frost, and thus gets incorporated with the loam.

At Bower I got instructions to go to Hawkley, but accompanied with most earnest advice not to go that way, for that it was impossible to get along. The roads were represented as so bad, the floods so much out, the hills and bogs so dangerous, that really I began to doubt; and, if I had not been brought up amongst the clays of the Holt Forest and the bogs of the neighbouring heaths, I should certainly have turned off to my right, to go over Hindhead, great as was my objection to going that way. 'Well, then,' said my friend at Bower, 'if you *will* go that way, you must go down Hawkley Hanger,' of which he then gave me such a description! But even this I found to fall short of the reality. I inquired simply whether people were in the habit of going down it; and, the answer being in the affirmative, on I went through green lanes and bridle-ways till I came to the turnpike-road from Petersfield to Winchester, which I crossed, going into a narrow and almost untrodden green lane, on the side of which I found a cottage. Upon my asking the way to Hawkley, the woman at the cottage said, 'Right up the lane, sir. You'll

come to a hanger presently. You must take care, sir; you can't ride down; will your horses go alone?'

On we trotted up this pretty green lane; and, indeed, we had been coming gently and generally uphill for a good while. The lane was between highish banks and pretty high stuff growing on the banks, so that we could see no distance from us, and could receive not the smallest hint of what was so near at hand. The lane had a little turn towards the end, so that out we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the hanger! And never in all my life was I so surprised and so delighted. I pulled up my horse, and sat and looked; and it was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. I looked at my servant, to see what effect this unexpected sight had upon him. His surprise was as great as mine, though he had been bred amongst the North Hampshire hills. Those who had so strenuously dwelt on the dirt and dangers of this route had said not a word about beauties, the matchless beauties of the scenery. These hangers are woods on the sides of very steep hills. The trees and underwood hang, in some sort, to the ground, instead of standing on it. Hence these places are called hangers. From the summit of that which I had now to descend I looked down upon the villages of Hawkley, Greatham, Selborne, and some others.

From the south-east, round southward, to the north-west, the main valley has cross-valleys running out of it, the hills on the sides of which are very steep, and, in many parts, covered with

wood. The hills that form these cross-valleys run out into the main valley, like piers into the sea. Two of these promontories, of great height, are on the west side of the main valley, and were the first objects that struck my sight when I came to the edge of the hanger, which was on the south. The ends of these promontories are nearly perpendicular, and their tops so high in the air, that you cannot look at the village below without something like a feeling of apprehension. The leaves are all off, the hop-poles are in stack, the fields have little verdure; but, while the spot is beautiful beyond description even now, I must leave to imagination to suppose what it is when the trees and hangers and hedges are in leaf, the corn waving, the meadows bright, and the hops upon the poles!

From the south-west, round eastward, to the north, lie the heaths, of which Woolmer Forest makes a part, and these go gradually rising up to Hindhead, the crown of which is to the north-west, leaving the rest of the circle (the part from north to north-west) to be occupied by a continuation of the valley towards Headley, Binstead, Frensham, and the Holt Forest. So that even the contrast in the view from the top of the hanger is as great as can possibly be imagined. Men, however, are not to have such beautiful views as this without some trouble. We had had the view; but we had to go down the hanger. We had, indeed, some roads to get along as well as we could afterwards; but we had to get down the hanger first. The horses took the lead, and crept partly down upon their feet, and partly

upon their hocks. It was extremely slippery, too, for the soil is a sort of marl, or, as they call it here, maume, or mame, which is, when wet, very much like grey soap. In such a case it was likely that I should keep in the rear, which I did, and I descended by taking hold of the branches of the underwood, and so letting myself down. When we got to the bottom, I bade my man, when he should go back to Uphusband, tell the people there, that Ashmansworth Lane is not the *worst* piece of road in the world. Our worst, however, was not come yet, nor had we by any means seen the most novel sights.

After crossing a little field and going through a farmyard, we came into a lane, which was, at once, road and river. We found a hard bottom, however; and, when we got out of the water, we got into a lane with high banks. The banks were quarries of white stone, like Portland stone, and the bed of the road was of the same stone; and, the rains having been heavy for a day or two before, the whole was as clean and as white as the steps of a fundholder or dead-weight doorway in one of the squares of the Wen. Here were we, then, going along a stone road with stone banks, and yet the underwood and trees grew well upon the tops of the banks. In the solid stone beneath us there were a horse-track and wheel-tracks, the former about three, and the latter about six, inches deep. How many, many ages it must have taken the horses' feet, the wheels, and the water, to wear down this stone, so as to form a hollow way! The horses seemed alarmed at their situation; they trod with fear, but they took us

along very nicely, and at last got us safe into the indescribable dirt and mire of the road from Hawkley Green to Greatham. Here the bottom of all the land is this solid white stone, and the top is that mame which I have before described. The hop-roots penetrate down into this stone. How deep the stone may be I know not; but, when I came to look up at the end of one of the piers, or promontories, mentioned above, I found that it was all of this same stone.

At Hawkley Green I asked a farmer the way to Thursley. He pointed to one of two roads going from the green; but, it appearing to me that that would lead me up to the London road and over Hindhead, I gave him to understand that I was resolved to get along, somehow or other, through the 'low countries.' He besought me not to think of it. However, finding me resolved, he got a man to go a little way to put me into the Greatham road. The man came; but the farmer could not let me go off without renewing his entreaties, that I would go away to Liphook, in which entreaties the man joined, though he was to be paid very well for his trouble.

Off we went, however, to Greatham. I am thinking whether I ever did see worse roads. Upon the whole, I think I have; though I am not sure that the roads of New Jersey, between Trenton and Elizabeth Town, at the breaking up of winter, be worse. Talk of shows, indeed! Take a piece of this road; just a cut across, and a rod long, and carry it up to London. That would be something like a show!

Upon leaving Greatham we came out upon

Woolmer Forest. Just as we were coming out of Greatham, I asked a man the way to Thursley. 'You must go to Liphook, sir,' said he. 'But,' I said, 'I will not go to Liphook.' These people seemed to be posted at all these stages, to turn me aside from my purpose, and to make me go over that Hindhead which I had resolved to avoid. I went on a little farther, and asked another man the way to Headley, which, as I have already observed, lies on the western foot of Hindhead, whence I knew there must be a road to Thursley (which lies at the north-east foot) without going over that miserable hill. The man told me that I must go across the forest. I asked him whether it was a good road. 'It is a sound road,' said he, laying a weighty emphasis upon the word sound. 'Do people go it?' said I. 'Ye-es,' said he. 'Oh, then,' said I, to my man, 'as it is a sound road, keep you close to my heels, and do not attempt to go aside, not even for a foot.' Indeed, it was a sound road. The rain of the night had made the fresh horse-tracks visible. And we got to Headley in a short time, over a sand road, which seemed so delightful after the flints and stone and dirt and sloughs that we had passed over and through since the morning. This road was not, if we had been benighted, without its dangers, the forest being full of quags and quicksands. This is a tract of Crown lands, or, properly speaking, public lands, on some parts of which our Land Steward, Mr. Huskisson, is making some plantations of trees, partly fir, and partly other trees. What he can plant the fir for, God only knows, seeing that the country is already

overstocked with that rubbish. But this public land concern is a very great concern.

The soil of this tract is, generally, a black sand, which, in some places, becomes peat, which makes very tolerable fuel. In some parts there is clay at bottom; and there the oaks would grow; but not while there are hares in any number on the forest. If trees be to grow here, there ought to be no hares, and as little hunting as possible.

We got to Headley, the sign of the Holly Bush, just at dusk, and just as it began to rain. I had neither eaten nor drunk since eight o'clock in the morning; and, as it was a nice little public-house, I at first intended to stay all night, an intention that I afterwards very indiscreetly gave up. I had laid my plan, which included the getting to Thursley that night. When, therefore, I had got some cold bacon and bread, and some milk, I began to feel ashamed of stopping short of my plan, especially after having so heroically persevered in the 'stern path,' and so disdainfully scorned to go over Hindhead. I knew that my road lay through a hamlet called Churt, where they grow such fine bennet-grass seed. There was a moon, but there was also a hazy rain. I had heaths to go over, and I might go into quags. Wishing to execute my plan, however, I at last brought myself to quit a very comfortable turf fire, and to set off in the rain, having bargained to give a man three shillings to guide me out to the northern foot of Hindhead. I took care to ascertain that my guide knew the road perfectly well—that is to say, I took care to ascertain it as far as I could, which was, indeed, no farther

than his word would go. Off we set, the guide mounted on his own or master's horse, and with a white smock-frock, which enabled us to see him clearly. We trotted on pretty fast for about half an hour; and I perceived, not without some surprise, that the rain, which I knew to be coming from the south, met me full in the face, when it ought, according to my reckoning, to have beat upon my right cheek. I called to the guide repeatedly to ask him if he was sure that he was right, to which he always answered, 'Oh, yes, sir, I know the road.' I did not like this 'I know the road.' At last, after going about six miles in nearly a southern direction, the guide turned short to the left. That brought the rain upon my right cheek, and, though I could not very well account for the long stretch to the south, I thought that, at any rate, we were now in the right track; and, after going about a mile in this new direction, I began to ask the guide how much farther we had to go; for I had got a pretty good soaking, and was rather impatient to see the foot of Hindhead. Just at this time, in raising my head and looking forward as I spoke to the guide, what should I see, but a long, high, and steep hanger arising before us, the trees along the top of which I could easily distinguish. The fact was, we were just getting to the outside of the heath, and were on the brow of a steep hill, which faced this hanging wood. The guide had begun to descend; and I had called to him to stop; for the hill was so steep, that, rain as it did and wet as my saddle must be, I got off my horse in order to walk down. But now, behold, the fellow discovered that he

had lost his way! Where we were I could not even guess. There was but one remedy, and that was to get back, if we could. I became guide now, and did as Mr. Western is advising the Ministers to do, retraced my steps. We went back about half the way that we had come, when we saw two men, who showed us the way that we ought to go. At the end of about a mile, we fortunately found the turnpike-road; not, indeed, at the foot, but on the tip-top of that very Hindhead, on which I had so repeatedly vowed I would not go! We came out on the turnpike some hundred yards on the Liphook side of the buildings called the Hut; so that we had the whole of three miles of hill to come down at not much better than a foot pace, with a good pelting rain at our backs.

It is odd enough how differently one is affected by the same sight, under different circumstances. At the Holly Bush at Headley there was a room full of fellows in white smock-frocks, drinking and smoking and talking; and I, who was then dry and warm, moralized within myself on their folly in spending their time in such a way. But when I got down from Hindhead to the public-house at Road Lane, with my skin soaking and my teeth chattering, I thought just such another group, whom I saw through the window sitting round a good fire, with pipes in their mouths, the wisest assembly I had ever set my eyes on. A real Collective Wisdom. And I most solemnly declare that I felt a greater veneration for them than I have ever felt even for the Privy Council, notwithstanding the Right Honourable Charles

Wynn and the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair belong to the latter.

It was now but a step to my friend's house, where a good fire and a change of clothes soon put all to rights, save and except the having come over Hindhead after all my resolutions. This mortifying circumstance, this having been beaten, lost the guide the three shillings that I had agreed to give him. 'Either,' said I, 'you did not know the way well, or you did: if the former, it was dishonest in you to undertake to guide me; if the latter, you have wilfully led me miles out of my way.' He grumbled; but off he went. He certainly deserved nothing, for he did not know the way, and he prevented some other man from earning and receiving the money. But had he not caused me to get upon Hindhead, he would have had the three shillings. I had, at one time, got my hand in my pocket, but the thought of having been beaten pulled it out again.

Thus ended the most interesting day, as far as I know, that I ever passed in all my life. Hawkley hangers, promontories, and stone roads will always come into my mind when I see, or hear of, picturesque views. I forgot to mention, that, in going from Hawkley to Greatham, the man who went to show me the way, told me at a certain fork, 'That road goes to Selborne.' This put me in mind of a book which was once recommended to me, but which I never saw, entitled *The History and Antiquities of Selborne* (or something of that sort), written, I think, by a parson of the name of White, brother of Mr. White, so long a bookseller in Fleet Street. This parson had, I think,

the living of the parish of Selborne. The book was mentioned to me as a work of great curiosity and interest. But, at that time, the Thing was biting so very sharply that one had no attention to bestow on antiquarian researches. Wheat at 39*s.* a quarter, and Southdown ewes at 12*s.* 6*d.*, have so weakened the Thing's jaws and so filed down its teeth, that I shall now certainly read this book if I can get it. By-the-by, if all the parsons had, for the last thirty years, employed their leisure time in writing the histories of their several parishes, instead of living, as many of them have, engaged in pursuits that I need not here name, neither their situation nor that of their flocks would, perhaps, have been the worse for it at this day.

GODALMING, *November* 26 *to* 28.

I came here to meet my son, who was to return to London when we had done our business.—The turnips are pretty good all over the country, except upon the very thin soils on the chalk. At Thursley they are very good, and so they are upon all these nice light and good lands round about Godalming.

This is a very pretty country. You see few prettier spots than this. The chain of little hills that run along to the south and south-east of Godalming, and the soil, which is a good loam upon a sandstone bottom, run down on the south side into what is called the Weald. This Weald is a bed of clay, in which nothing grows well but oak-trees. It is first the Weald of Surrey, and then the Weald of Sussex. It runs along on the south of Dorking, Reigate, Bletchingley, God-

stone, and then winds away down into Kent. In no part of it, as far as I have observed, do the oaks grow finer than between the sand hill on the south of Godstone and a place called Fellbridge, where the county of Surrey terminates on the road to East Grinstead.

November 29.

Went on to Guildford, where I slept. Everybody that has been from Goldalming to Guildford knows that there is hardly another such a pretty four miles in all England. The road is good; the soil is good; the houses are neat; the people are neat; the hills, the woods, the meadows, all are beautiful. Nothing wild and bold, to be sure, but exceedingly pretty; and it is almost impossible to ride along these four miles without feelings of pleasure, though you have rain for your companion, as it happened to be with me.

Dorking, *November* 30.

I came over the high hill on the south of Guildford, and came down to Chilworth and up the valley to Albury. I noticed, in my first 'Rural Ride,' this beautiful valley, its hangers, its meadows, its hop-gardens, and its ponds. This valley of Chilworth has great variety, and is very pretty; but, after seeing Hawkley, every other place loses in point of beauty and interest. This pretty valley of Chilworth has a run of water which comes out of the high hills, and which occasionally spreads into a pond; so that there is in fact a series of ponds connected by this run of water. This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful Providence as one of the choicest

retreats of man, which seems formed for a scene of innocence and happiness, has been, by ungrateful man, so perverted as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes; in carrying into execution two of the most damnable inventions that ever sprang from the minds of man under the influence of the devil! namely, the making of gunpowder and of bank-notes! Here in this tranquil spot, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England, where the first bursting of the bud is seen in spring, where no rigour of seasons can ever be felt, where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness—here has the devil fixed on as one of the seats of his grand manufactory; and perverse and ungrateful man not only lends him his aid, but lends it cheerfully! As to the gunpowder, indeed, we might get over that. In some cases that may be innocently, and, when it sends the lead at the hordes that support a tyrant, meritoriously, employed. The alders and the willows, therefore, one can see, without so much regret, turned into powder by the waters of this valley; but the bank-notes! To think that the springs which God has commanded to flow from the sides of these happy hills, for the comfort and the delight of man—to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation; and that, too, under the base and hypocritical pretence of promoting its credit and maintaining its honour and its faith! There was one circumstance, indeed, that served to mitigate the melancholy excited by these

reflections—namely, that a part of these springs have, at times, assisted in turning rags into *Registers!* Somewhat cheered by the thought of this, but still in a more melancholy mood than I had been for a long while, I rode on with my friend towards Albury, up the valley, the sand-hills on one side of us, and the chalk-hills on the other. Albury is a little village consisting of a few houses, with a large house or two near it. At the end of the village we came to a park, which is the residence of Mr. Drummond. Having heard a great deal of this park, and of the gardens, I wished very much to see them. My way to Dorking lay through Shire [Shere], and it went along on the outside of the park. I guessed, as the Yankees say, that there must be a way through the park to Shire; and I fell upon the scheme of going into the park as far as Mr. Drummond's house, and then asking his leave to go out at the other end of it. This scheme, though pretty barefaced, succeeded very well. It is true that I was aware that I had not a Norman to deal with, or I should not have ventured upon the experiment. I sent in word that, having got into the park, I should be exceedingly obliged to Mr. Drummond if he would let me go out of it on the side next to Shire. He not only granted this request, but, in the most obliging manner, permitted us to ride all about the park, and to see his gardens, which, without any exception, are, to my fancy, the prettiest in England—that is to say, that I ever saw in England.

They say that these gardens were laid out for one of the Howards, in the reign of Charles II,

by Mr. Evelyn, who wrote the *Sylva*. The mansion-house, which is by no means magnificent, stands on a little flat by the side of the parish church, having a steep, but not lofty, hill rising up on the south side of it. It looks right across the gardens, which lie on the slope of a hill which runs along at about a quarter of a mile distant from the front of the house. The gardens, of course, lie facing the south. At the back of them, under the hill, is a high wall ; and there is also a wall at each end, running from north to south. Between the house and the gardens there is a very beautiful run of water, with a sort of little wild narrow sedgy meadow. The gardens are separated from this by a hedge running along from east to west. From this hedge there go up the hill, at right angles, several other hedges, which divide the land here into distinct gardens, or orchards. Along at the top of these there goes a yew-hedge, or rather, a row of small yew-trees, the trunks of which are bare for about eight or ten feet high, and the tops of which form one solid head of about ten feet high, while the bottom branches come out on each side of the row about eight feet horizontally. This hedge, or row, is a quarter of a mile long. There is a nice hard sand-road under this species of umbrella ; and, summer and winter, here is a most delightful walk ! Behind this row of yews there is a space, or garden (a quarter of a mile long, you will observe) about thirty or forty feet wide, as nearly as I can recollect. At the back of this garden, and facing the yew-tree row, is a wall probably ten feet high, which forms the breastwork of a terrace ; and it is this terrace

which is the most beautiful thing that I ever saw in the gardening way. It is a quarter of a mile long, and, I believe, between thirty and forty feet wide, of the finest green sward, and as level as a die.

The wall, along at this back of the terrace, stands close against the hill, which you see with the trees and underwood upon it rising above the wall. So that here is the finest spot for fruit-trees that can possibly be imagined. At both ends of this garden the trees in the park are lofty, and there are a pretty many of them. The hills on the south side of the mansion-house are covered with lofty trees, chiefly beeches and chestnuts; so that a warmer, a more sheltered, spot than this it seems to be impossible to imagine. Observe, too, how judicious it was to plant the row of yew-trees at the distance which I have described from the wall which forms the breastwork of the terrace; that wall, as well as the wall at the back of the terrace, is covered with fruit-trees, and the yew-tree row is just high enough to defend the former from winds, without injuring it by its shade. In the middle of the wall, at the back of the terrace, there is a recess, about thirty feet in front and twenty feet deep, and here is a basin, into which rises a spring coming out of the hill. The overflowings of this basin go under the terrace and down across the garden into the rivulet below. So that here is water at the top, across the middle, and along at the bottom of this garden. Take it altogether, this, certainly, is the prettiest garden that I ever beheld. There was taste and sound judgement at every step in the laying out of this place. Everywhere utility and convenience is combined

with beauty. The terrace is by far the finest thing of the sort that I ever saw, and the whole thing altogether is a great compliment to the taste of the times in which it was formed. I know there are some ill-natured persons who will say that I want a revolution that would turn Mr. Drummond out of this place and put me into it. Such persons will hardly believe me; but, upon my word, I do not. From everything that I hear, Mr. Drummond is very worthy of possessing it himself, seeing that he is famed for his justice and his kindness towards the labouring classes, who, God knows, have very few friends amongst the rich. If what I have heard be true, Mr. Drummond is singularly good in this way; for, instead of hunting down an unfortunate creature who has exposed himself to the lash of the law, instead of regarding a crime committed as proof of an inherent disposition to commit crime, instead of rendering the poor creatures desperate by this species of proscription, and forcing them on to the gallows merely because they have once merited the Bridewell—instead of this, which is the common practice throughout the country, he rather seeks for such unfortunate creatures to take them into his employ, and thus to reclaim them, and to make them repent of their former courses. If this be true, and I am credibly informed that it is, I know of no man in England so worthy of his estate. There may be others to act in like manner; but I neither know nor have heard of any other. I had, indeed, heard of this, at Alresford in Hampshire; and, to say the truth, it was this circumstance, and this alone,

which induced me to ask the favour of Mr. Drummond to go through his park. But, besides that Mr. Drummond is very worthy of his estate, what chance should I have of getting it if it came to a scramble? There are others who like pretty gardens, as well as I; and if the question were to be decided according to the law of the strongest, or, as the French call it, by the *droit du plus fort*, my chance would be but a very poor one. The truth is, that you hear nothing but fools talk about revolutions made for the purpose of getting possession of people's property. They never have their spring in any such motives. They are caused by governments themselves; and, though they do sometimes cause a new distribution of property to a certain extent, there never was, perhaps, one single man in this world that had anything to do, worth speaking of, in the causing of a revolution, that did it with any such view. But what a strange thing it is that there should be men at this time to fear the loss of estates as the consequence of a convulsive revolution—at this time, when the estates are actually passing away from the owners before their eyes, and that, too, in consequence of measures which have been adopted for what has been called the preservation of property, against the designs of Jacobins and radicals! Mr. Drummond has, I dare say, the means of preventing his estate from being actually taken away from him; but I am quite certain that that estate, except as a place to live at, is not worth to him, at this moment, one single farthing. What could a revolution do for him *more* than this? If one could suppose the power

of doing what they like placed in the hands of the labouring classes; if one could suppose such a thing as this, which never was yet seen; if one could suppose anything so monstrous as that of a revolution that would leave no public authority anywhere—even in such a case it is against nature to suppose that the people would come and turn him out of his house and leave him without food; and yet that they must do to make him, as a landholder, worse off than he is, or, at least, worse off than he must be in a very short time. I saw, in the gardens at Albury Park, what I never saw before in all my life—that is, some plants of the American cranberry. I never saw them in America, for there they grow in those swamps into which I never happened to go at the time of their bearing fruit. I may have seen the plant, but I do not know that I ever did. Here it not only grows, but bears; and there are still some cranberries on the plants now. I tasted them, and they appeared to me to have just the same taste as those in America. They grew in a long bed near the stream of water which I have spoken about, and therefore it is clear that they may be cultivated with great ease in this country. The road through Shire along to Dorking runs up the valley between the chalk-hills and the sand-hills; the chalk to our left and the sand to our right. This is called the Holme Dale [Holmesdale]. It begins at Reigate and terminates at Shalford Common, down below Chilworth.

REIGATE, *December* 1.

I set off this morning with an intention to go across the Weald to Worth; but the red rising of

the sun, and the other appearances of the morning, admonished me to keep upon high ground; so I crossed the Mole, went along under Boxhill, through Betchworth and Buckland, and got to this place just at the beginning of a day of as heavy rain and as boisterous wind as I think I have ever known in England. In one rotten borough, one of the most rotten too, and with another still more rotten up upon the hill, in Reigate, and close by Gatton, how can I help reflecting, how can my mind be otherwise than filled with reflections on the marvellous deeds of the Collective Wisdom of the nation!

WORTH, SUSSEX, *December* 2.

I set off from Reigate this morning, and, after a pleasant ride of ten miles, got here to breakfast. —Here, as everywhere else, the farmers appear to think that their last hour is approaching.

I cannot conclude my remarks on this 'Rural Ride' without noticing the new sort of language that I hear everywhere made use of with regard to the parsons, but which language I do not care to repeat. These men may say that I keep company with none but those who utter 'sedition and blasphemy'; and, if they do say so, there is just as much veracity in their words as I believe there to be charity and sincerity in the hearts of the greater part of them. One thing is certain—indeed, two things: the first is, that almost the whole of the persons that I have conversed with are farmers; and the second is, that they are in this respect all of one mind! It was my intention at one time to go along the south of Hampshire

to Portsmouth, Fareham, Botley, Southampton, and across the New Forest into Dorsetshire. My affairs made me turn from Hambledon this way; but I had an opportunity of hearing something about the neighbourhood of Botley. Take any one considerable circle where you know everybody, and the condition of that circle will teach you how to judge pretty correctly of the condition of every other part of the country. I asked about the farmers of my old neighbourhood one by one; and the answers I received only tended to confirm me in the opinion that the whole race will be destroyed, and that a new race will come and enter upon farms without capital and without stock, be a sort of bailiffs to the landlord for a while, and then, if this system go on, bailiffs to the Government as trustee for the fundholders, If the account which I have received of Mr. B——'s new mode of letting be true, here is one step farther than has been before taken. In all probability the stock upon the farms belongs to him, to be paid for when the tenant can pay for it. Who does not see to what this tends? The man must be blind indeed who cannot see confiscation here; and can he be much less than blind if he imagine that relief is to be obtained by the patience recommended by Mr. Canning?

Thus, sir, have I led you about the country. All sorts of things have I talked of, to be sure; but there are very few of these things which have not their interest of one sort or another. At the end of a hundred miles or two of travelling, stopping here and there, talking freely with everybody;

hearing what gentlemen, farmers, tradesmen, journeymen, labourers, women, girls, boys, and all have to say; reasoning with some, laughing with others, and observing all that passes—and especially if your manner be such as to remove every kind of reserve from every class—at the end of a tramp like this, you get impressed upon your mind a true picture, not only of the state of the country, but of the state of the people's minds throughout the country. And, sir, whether you believe me or not, I have to tell you that it is my decided opinion that the people, high and low, with one unanimous voice, except where they live upon the taxes, impute their calamities to the House of Commons. Whether they be right or wrong is not so much the question in this case. That such is the fact I am certain; and, having no power to make any change myself, I must leave the making or the refusing of the change to those who have the power. I repeat, and with perfect sincerity, that it would give me as much pain as it would give to any man in England to see a change in the form of the Government. With King, Lords, and Commons, this nation enjoyed many ages of happiness and of glory. Without Commons, my opinion is, it never can again see anything but misery and shame; and when I say Commons I *mean* Commons, and by Commons, I mean men elected by the free voice of the untitled and unprivileged part of the people, who, in fact as well as in law, are the Commons of England.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.

JOURNAL: RIDE FROM KENSINGTON TO WORTH IN SUSSEX

Monday, May 5, 1823.

From London to Reigate, through Sutton, is about as villanous a tract as England contains. The soil is a mixture of gravel and clay, with big yellow stones in it, sure sign of really bad land. Before you descend the hill to go into Reigate, you pass Gatton ('Gatton and Old Sarum'), which is a very rascally spot of earth. The trees are here a week later than they are at Tooting. At Reigate they are (in order to save a few hundred yards' length of road) cutting through a hill. They have lowered a little hill on the London side of Sutton. Thus is the money of the country actually thrown away; the produce of labour is taken from the industrious, and given to the idlers. Mark the process; the town of Brighton, in Sussex, 50 miles from the Wen, is on the seaside, and is thought by the stock-jobbers to afford a salubrious air. It is so situated that a coach which leaves it not very early in the morning reaches London by noon; and, starting to go back in two hours and a half afterwards, reaches Brighton not very late at night. Great parcels of stock-jobbers stay at Brighton with the women and children. They skip backward and forward on the coaches, and actually carry on stock-jobbing, in 'Change Alley, though they reside at Brighton. This place is, besides, a place of great resort with the whiskered gentry. There are not less than about twenty coaches that leave the

Wen every day for this place; and, there being three or four different roads, there is a great rivalship for the custom. This sets the people to work to shorten and to level the roads; and here you see hundreds of men and horses constantly at work to make pleasant and quick travelling for the Jews and jobbers. The Jews and jobbers pay the turnpikes, to be sure; but they get the money from the land and labourer. They drain these, from John-o'-Groat's House to the Land's End, and they lay out some of the money on the Brighton roads! 'Vast improvements, ma'am!' as Mrs. Scrip said to Mrs. Omnium, in speaking of the new enclosures on the villanous heaths of Bagshot and Windsor. Now, some will say, 'Well, it is only a change from hand to hand.' Very true, and, if Daddy Coke of Norfolk like the change, I know not why I should dislike it. More and more new houses are building as you leave the Wen to come on this road. Whence come the means of building these new houses and keeping the inhabitants? Do they come out of trade and commerce? Oh, no! they come from the land; but, if Daddy Coke like this, what has any one else to do with it? Daddy Coke and Lord Milton like 'national faith'; it would be a pity to disappoint their liking. The best of this is, it will bring down to the very dirt; it will bring down their faces to the very earth, and fill their mouths full of sand; it will thus pull down a set of the basest lickspittles of power and the most intolerable tyrants towards their inferiors in wealth that the sun ever shone on. It is time that these degenerate dogs were swept away at

any rate.—The blackthorns are in full bloom, and make a grand show. When you quit Reigate to go towards Crawley, you enter on what is called the Weald of Surrey. It is a level country, and the soil a very, very strong loam, with clay beneath to a great depth. The fields are small, and about a third of the land covered with oak-woods and coppice-woods. This is a country of wheat and beans, the latter of which are about three inches high, the former about seven, and both looking very well. I did not see a field of bad-looking wheat from Reigate Hill foot to Crawley, nor from Crawley across to this place, where, though the whole country is but poorish, the wheat looks very well; and, if this weather hold about twelve days, we shall recover the lost time. They have been stripping trees (taking the bark off), about five or six days. The nightingales sing very much, which is a sign of warm weather. The house-martins and the swallows are come in abundance; and they seldom do come until the weather be set in for mild.

Wednesday, May 7.

The weather is very fine and warm; the leaves of the oaks are coming out very fast; some of the trees are nearly in half-leaf. The birches are out in leaf. I do not think that I ever saw the wheat look, take it altogether, so well as it does at this time. I see, in the stiff land, no signs of worm or slug. The winter, which destroyed so many turnips, must, at any rate, have destroyed these mischievous things. The oats look well. The barley is very young, but I do not see any-

thing amiss with regard to it. The land between this place and Reigate is stiff. How the corn may be in other places I know not; but, in coming down, I met with a farmer of Bedfordshire, who said that the wheat looked very well in that county, which is not a county of clay, like the Weald of Surrey. I saw a Southdown farmer, who told me that the wheat is good there, and that is a fine corn-country. The bloom of the fruit-trees is the finest I ever saw in England. The pear-bloom is, at a distance, like that of the guelder rose, so large and bold are the bunches. The plum is equally fine; and even the black-thorn (which is the hedge-plum) has a bloom finer than I ever saw it have before. It is rather early to offer any opinion as to the crop of corn, but, if I were compelled to bet upon it, I would bet upon a good crop. Frosts frequently come after this time; and, if they come in May, they cause 'things to come about' very fast. But if we have no more frosts—in short, if we have, after this, a good summer—we shall have a fine laugh at the Quakers' and the Jews' press. Fifteen days' sun will bring things about in reality.—The wages of labour in the country have taken a rise, and the poor-rates an increase, since March 1. I am glad to hear that the straw-bonnet affair has excited a good deal of attention. In answer to applications upon the subject, I have to observe that all the information on the subject will be published in the first week of June. Specimens of the straw and plait will then be to be seen at No. 83 Fleet Street.

FROM THE WEN [LONDON] ACROSS THE WEST OF SUSSEX, AND INTO THE SOUTH-EAST OF HAMPSHIRE

REIGATE, SURREY, *Saturday, July* 26, 1823.

CAME from the Wen through Croydon. It rained nearly all the way. The corn is good. A great deal of straw. The barley very fine. But all are backward; and, if this weather continue much longer, there must be that 'heavenly blight' for which the wise friends of 'social order' are so fervently praying. But if the wet now cease, or cease soon, what is to become of the 'poor souls of farmers' God only knows! In one article the wishes of our wise Government appear to have been gratified to the utmost, and that, too, without the aid of any express form of prayer. I allude to the hops, of which, it is said, that there will be, according to all appearance, none at all!

The rye along the roadside is ripe enough; and some of it is reaped and in shock. At Mearstam [Merstham] there is a field of cabbages which, I was told, belonged to Colonel Jolliffe. They appear to be early Yorks, and look very well. The rows seem to be about eighteen inches apart. There may be from 15,000 to 20,000 plants to the acre; and I dare say that they will weigh three pounds each, or more. I know of no crop of cattle-food equal to this. If they be early Yorks they will be in perfection in October, just when the grass is almost gone. No five acres of common grass-land will, during the year, yield cattle-food equal either in quantity or quality

to what one acre of land, in early Yorks, will produce during three months.

WORTH, SUSSEX, *Wednesday, July* 30.

Worth is ten miles from Reigate on the Brighton road, which goes through Horley. Reigate has the Surrey chalk-hills close to it on the north, and sand-hills along on its south, and nearly close to it also. As soon as you are over the sand-hills, you come into a country of deep clay, and this is called the Weald of Surrey. This weald winds away round towards the west, into Sussex, and towards the east into Kent. In this part of Surrey it is about eight miles wide, from north to south, and ends just as you enter the parish of Worth, which is the first parish (in this part) in the county of Sussex. All across the Weald (the strong and stiff clays) the corn looks very well. I found it looking well from the Wen to Reigate, on the villanous spewy soil between the Wen and Croydon; on the chalk from Croydon to near Reigate; on the loam, sand, and chalk (for there are all three) in the valley of Reigate; but not quite so well on the sand. On the clay all the corn looks well. The wheat, where it has begun to die, is dying of a good colour, not black, nor in any way that indicates blight. It is, however, all backward. Some few fields of white wheat are changing colour, but, for the greater part, it is quite green; and, though a sudden change of weather might make a great alteration in a short time, it does appear that the harvest must be later than usual. When I say this, however, I by no means wish to be under-

stood as saying that it must be so late as to be injurious to the crop. In 1816 I saw a barley-rick making in November. In 1821 I saw wheat uncut, in Suffolk, in October. If we were now to have good, bright, hot weather for as long a time as we have had wet, the whole of the corn in these southern counties would be housed, and great part of it threshed out, by September 10. So that all depends on the weather, which appears to be clearing up in spite of St. Swithin. This saint's birthday is July 15; and it is said that, if rain fall on his birthday, it will fall on forty days successively. But I believe that you reckon retrospectively as well as prospectively; and, if this be the case, we may, this time, escape the extreme unction; for it began to rain on June 26, so that it rained nineteen days before July 15; and, as it has rained sixteen days since, it has rained, in the whole, thirty-five days, and, of course, five days more will satisfy this wet soul of a saint. Let him take his five days, and there will be plenty of time for us to have wheat at 4*s.* a bushel. But, if the saint will give us no credit for the nineteen days, and will insist upon his forty daily drenchings *after* July 15—if he will have such a soaking as this at the celebration of the anniversary of his birth, let us hope that he is prepared with a miracle for feeding us, and with a still more potent miracle for keeping the farmers from riding over us, filled, as Lord Liverpool thinks their pockets will be, by the annihilation of their crops!

The upland meadow-grass is, a great deal of it, not cut yet along the Weald; so that, in

these parts, there has not been a great deal of hay spoiled. The clover-hay was got in very well, and only a small part of the meadow-hay has been spoiled, in this part of the country. This is not the case, however, in other parts where the grass was forwarder, and where it was cut before the rain came. Upon the whole, however, much hay does not appear to have been spoiled as yet. The farmers along here have, most of them, begun to cut to-day. This has been a fine day, and it is clear that they expect it to continue. I saw but two pieces of Swedish turnips between the Wen and Reigate, but one at Reigate, and but one between Reigate and Worth. During a like distance in Norfolk or Suffolk you would see two or three hundred fields of this sort of root. Those that I do see here look well. The white turnips are just up, or just sown, though there are some which have rough leaves already. This weald is, indeed, not much of land for turnips; but, from what I see here, and from what I know of the weather, I think that the turnips must be generally good. The after-grass is surprisingly fine. The lands which have had hay cut and carried from them are, I think, more beautiful than I ever saw them before. It should, however, always be borne in mind that this beautiful grass is by no means the best. An acre of this grass will not make a quarter part so much butter as an acre of rusty-looking pasture made rusty by the rays of the sun. Sheep on the commons die of the beautiful grass produced by long-continued rains at this time of the year. Even geese, hardy as they are, die from the same

cause. The rain will give quantity, but, without sun, the quality must be poor at the best. The woods have not shot much this year. The cold winds, the frosts, that we had up to Midsummer, prevented the trees from growing much. They are beginning to shoot now, but the wood must be imperfectly ripened.

I met at Worth a beggar, who told me, in consequence of my asking where he belonged, that he was born in South Carolina. I found, at last, that he was born in the English army during the American rebel-war; that he became a soldier himself, and that it had been his fate to serve under the Duke of York, in Holland; under General Whitelock at Buenos Ayres; under Sir John Moore, at Corunna; and under 'the Greatest Captain,' at Talavera! This poor fellow did not seem to be at all aware that, in the last case, he partook in a victory! He had never before heard of its being a victory. He, poor fool, thought that it was a defeat. 'Why,' said he, 'we ran away, sir.' 'Oh, yes!' said I, 'and so you did afterwards, perhaps, in Portugal, when Massena was at your heels; but it is only in certain cases that running away is a mark of being defeated; or rather, it is only with certain commanders.' A matter of much more interest to us, however, is that the wars for 'social order,' not forgetting Gatton and Old Sarum, have filled the country with beggars who have been, or who pretend to have been, soldiers and sailors. For want of looking well into this matter, many good and just, and even sensible, men are led to give to these army and navy beggars what they

refuse to others. But, if reason were consulted, she would ask what pretensions these have to preference. She would see in them men who had become soldiers or sailors because they wished to live without that labour by which other men are content to get their bread. She would ask the soldier beggar whether he did not voluntarily engage to perform services such as were performed at Manchester; and, if she pressed him for the motive to this engagement, could he assign any motive other than that of wishing to live without work upon the fruit of the work of other men? And why should reason not be listened to? Why should she not be consulted in every such case? And, if she were consulted, which would she tell you was the most worthy of your compassion, the man who, no matter from what cause, is become a beggar after forty years spent in the raising of food and raiment for others, as well as for himself; or the man who, no matter again from what cause, is become a beggar after forty years living upon the labour of others, and during the greater part of which time he has been living in a barrack, there kept for purposes explained by Lord Palmerston, and always in readiness to answer those purposes? As to not giving to beggars, I think there is a law against giving! However, give to them people will, as long as they ask. Remove the cause of the beggary, and we shall see no more beggars; but, as long as there are borough-mongers, there will be beggars enough.

HORSHAM, SUSSEX, *Thursday, July* 31.

I left Worth this afternoon about five o'clock, and am got here to sleep, intending to set off for Petworth in the morning, with a view of crossing the South Downs and then going into Hampshire through Havant, and along at the southern foot of Portsdown Hill, where I shall see the earliest corn in England. From Worth you come to Crawley along some pretty good land; you then turn to the left and go two miles along the road from the Wen to Brighton; then you turn to the right and go over six of the worst miles in England, which miles terminate but a few hundred yards before you enter Horsham. The first two of these miserable miles go through the estate of Lord Erskine. It was a bare heath, with here and there, in the better parts of it, some scrubby birch. It has been, in part, planted with fir-trees, which are as ugly as the heath was; and, in short, it is a most villanous tract. After quitting it you enter a forest, but a most miserable one; and this is followed by a large common, now enclosed, cut up, disfigured, spoiled, and the labourers all driven from its skirts. I have seldom travelled over eight miles so well calculated to fill the mind with painful reflections. The ride has, however, this in it: that the ground is pretty much elevated, and enables you to look about you. You see the Surrey hills away to the north, Hindhead and Blackdown to the north-west and west, and the South Downs from the west to the east. The sun was shining upon all these, though it was cloudy where I was. The

soil is a poor, miserable, clayey-looking sand, with a sort of sandstone underneath. When you get down into this town, you are again in the Weald of Sussex. I believe that weald meant clay, or low, wet, stiff land. This is a very nice, solid country town. Very clean, as all the towns in Sussex are. The people very clean. The Sussex women are very nice in their dress and in their houses. The men and boys wear smock-frocks more than they do in some counties. When country people do not, they always look dirty and comfortless. This has been a pretty good day, but there was a little rain in the afternoon; so that St. Swithin keeps on as yet, at any rate. The hay has been spoiled here in cases where it has been cut; but a great deal of it is not yet cut. I speak of the meadows, for the clover-hay was all well got in. The grass which is not cut is receiving great injury. It is, in fact, in many cases, rotting upon the ground. As to corn, from Crawley to Horsham there is none worth speaking of. What there is, is very good in general, considering the quality of the soil. It is about as backward as at Worth: the barley and oats green, and the wheat beginning to change colour.

BILLINGSHURST, SUSSEX,
Friday (Morning), August 1.

This village is seven miles from Horsham, and I got here to breakfast about seven o'clock. A very pretty village, and a very nice breakfast in a very neat little parlour of a very decent public-house. The landlady sent her son to get

me some cream; and he was just such a chap as I was at his age, and dressed just in the same sort of way, his main garment being a blue smock-frock, faded from wear, and mended with pieces of new stuff, and, of course, not faded. The sight of this smock-frock brought to my recollection many things very dear to me. This boy will, I dare say, perform his part at Billingshurst, or at some place not far from it. If accident had not taken me from a similar scene, how many villains and fools, who have been well teased and tormented, would have slept in peace at night and have fearlessly swaggered about by day! When I look at this little chap, at his smock-frock, his nailed shoes, and his clean, plain, and coarse shirt, I ask myself, will anything, I wonder, ever send this chap across the ocean, to tackle the base, corrupt, perjured Republican judges of Pennsylvania? Will this little lively, but at the same time, simple boy, ever become the terror of villains and hypocrites across the Atlantic? What a chain of strange circumstances there must be to lead this boy to thwart a miscreant tyrant like M'Kean, the Chief Justice and afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania, and to expose the corruptions of the band of rascals, called a 'Senate and a House of Representatives,' at Harrisburgh, in that state!

I was afraid of rain, and got on as fast as I could—that is to say, as fast as my own diligence could help me on; for, as to my horse, he is to go only so fast. However, I had no rain, and got to Petworth, nine miles farther, by about ten o'clock.

PETWORTH, SUSSEX, *Friday* (*Evening*), *August* 1.

No rain until just at sunset, and then very little. I must now look back. From Horsham to within a few miles of Petworth is in the Weald of Sussex; stiff land, small fields, broad hedge-rows, and, invariably, thickly planted with fine, growing oak-trees. The corn here consists chiefly of wheat and oats. There are some bean-fields, and some few fields of peas, but very little barley along here. The corn is very good all along the Weald; backward; the wheat almost green; the oats quite green; but, late as it is, I see no blight; and the farmers tell me that there is no blight. There may be yet, however; and, therefore, our Government, our '*paternal* Government,' so anxious to prevent 'over-production,' need not despair, as yet, at any rate. The beans in the Weald are not very good. They got lousy before the wet came, and it came rather too late to make them recover what they had lost. What peas there are look well. Along here the wheat in general may be fit to cut in about sixteen days' time; some sooner, but some later, for some is perfectly green. No Swedish turnips all along this country. The white turnips are just up, coming up, or just sown. The farmers are laying out lime upon the wheat fallows, and this is the universal practice of the country. I see very few sheep. There are a good many orchards along in the Weald, and they have some apples this year; but in general not many. The apple-trees are planted very thickly, and, of course, they are small, but they appear healthy

in general; and in some places there is a good deal of fruit, even this year. As you approach Petworth the ground rises and the soil grows lighter. There is a hill which I came over, about two miles from Petworth, whence I had a clear view of the Surrey chalk-hills, Leith Hill, Hindhead, Blackdown, and of the South Downs, towards one part of which I was advancing. The pigs along here are all black, thin-haired, and of precisely the same sort of those that I took from England to Long Island, and with which I pretty well stocked the American states. By the by, the trip which Old Sidmouth and crew gave me to America was attended with some interesting consequences, amongst which were the introducing of the Sussex pigs into the American farm-yards; the introduction of the Swedish turnip into the American fields; the introduction of American apple-trees into England; and the introduction of the making, in England, of the straw-plait, to supplant the Italian; for, had my son not been in America, this last would not have taken place; and in America he would not have been, had it not been for Old Sidmouth and crew. One thing more, and that is of more importance than all the rest: Peel's Bill arose out of the 'puff-out' *Registers*; these arose out of the trip to Long Island; and out of Peel's Bill has arisen the best bothering that the wigs of the borough-mongers ever received, which bothering will end in the destruction of the borough-mongering. It is curious, and very useful, thus to trace events to their causes.

Soon after quitting Billingshurst I crossed the River Arun, which has a canal running alongside of it. At this, there are large timber and coal yards, and kilns for lime. This appears to be a grand receiving and distributing place. The river goes down to Arundale, and, together with the valley that it runs through, gives the town its name. This valley, which is very pretty, and which winds about a good deal, is the dale of the Arun, and the town is the town of the Arundale. To-day, near a place called Westborough Green, I saw a woman bleaching her home-spun and home-woven linen. I have not seen such a thing before since I left Long Island. There, and indeed all over the American States, north of Maryland, and especially in the New England States, almost the whole of both linen and woollen used in the country, and a large part of that used in towns, is made in the farm-houses. There are thousands and thousands of families who never use either, except of their own making. All but the weaving is done by the family. There is a loom in the house, and the weaver goes from house to house. I once saw about three thousand farmers, or rather country people, at a horse-race in Long Island, and my opinion was that there were not five hundred who were not dressed in home-spun coats. As to linen, no farmer's family thinks of buying linen. The lords of the loom have taken from the land, in England, this part of its due ; and hence one cause of the poverty, misery, and pauperism that are becoming so frightful throughout the country. A national debt, and all the taxation and gambling belonging

to it, have a natural tendency to draw wealth into great masses. These masses produce a power of congregating manufactures, and of making the many work at them for the gain of a few. The taxing Government finds great convenience in these congregations. It can lay its hand easily upon a part of the produce, as ours does with so much effect. But the land suffers greatly from this, and the country must finally feel the fatal effects of it. The country people lose part of their natural employment. The women and children, who ought to provide a great part of the raiment, have nothing to do. The fields *must* have men and boys, but where there are men and boys there will be women and girls; and, as the lords of the loom have now a set of real slaves, by the means of whom they take away a great part of the employment of the country women and girls, these must be kept up by poor-rates in whatever degree they lose employment through the lords of the loom. One would think that nothing can be much plainer than this; and yet you hear the jolterheads congratulating one another upon the increase of Manchester and such places! My straw affair will certainly restore to the land some of the employment of its women and girls. It will be impossible for any of the 'rich ruffians,' any of the horse-power or steam-power or air-power ruffians, any of these greedy, grinding ruffians, to draw together bands of men, women and children, and to make them slaves in the working of straw. The raw material comes of itself, and the hand, and the hand alone, can convert it to

use. I thought well of this before I took one single step in the way of supplanting the Leghorn bonnets. If I had not been certain that no rich ruffian, no white slave-holder, could ever arise out of it, assuredly one line upon the subject never would have been written by me. Better, a million times, that the money should go to Italy, better that it should go to enrich even the rivals and enemies of the country, than that it should enable these hard, these unfeeling men, to draw English people into crowds and make them slaves, and slaves, too, of the lowest and most degraded cast.

As I was coming into this town I saw a new-fashioned sort of stone-cracking. A man had a sledge-hammer, and was cracking the heads of the big stones that had been laid on the road a good while ago. This is a very good way; but this man told me that he was set at this because the farmers had no employment for many of the men. 'Well,' said I, 'but they pay you to do this!' 'Yes,' said he. 'Well then,' said I, 'is it not better for them to pay you for working on their land?' 'I can't tell, indeed, sir, how that is.' But, only think, here is half the hay-making to do. I saw, while I was talking to this man, fifty people in one hay-field of Lord Egremont, making and carrying hay; and yet at a season like this the farmers are so poor as to be unable to pay the labourers to work on the land! From this cause there will certainly be some falling off in production. This will, of course, have a tendency to keep prices from falling so low as they would do if there were no falling off.

But can this benefit the farmer and landlord? The poverty of the farmers is seen in their diminished stock. The animals are sold younger than formerly. Last year was a year of great slaughtering. There will be less of everything produced, and the quality of each thing will be worse. It will be a lower and more mean concern altogether. Petworth is a nice market town, but solid and clean. The great abundance of stone in the land hereabouts has caused a corresponding liberality in paving and wall-building; so that everything of the building kind has an air of great strength, and produces the agreeable idea of durability. Lord Egremont's house is close to the town, and, with its outbuildings, garden-walls, and other erections, is, perhaps, nearly as big as the town, though the town is not a very small one. The park is very fine, and consists of a parcel of those hills and dells which nature formed here when she was in one of her most sportive moods. I have never seen the earth flung about in such a wild way as round about Hindhead and Blackdown: and this park forms a part of this ground. From an elevated part of it, and, indeed, from each of many parts of it, you see all around the country to the distance of many miles. From the south-east to the north-west the hills are so lofty and so near that they cut the view rather short, but for the rest of the circle you can see to a very great distance. It is, upon the whole, a most magnificent seat, and the Jews will not be able to get it from the present owner, though, if he live many years, they will give even him a twist. If I had time I

would make an actual survey of one whole county, and find out how many of the old gentry have lost their estates, and have been supplanted by the Jews, since Pitt began his reign. I am sure I should prove that, in number, they are one-half extinguished. But it is *now* that they go. The little ones are, indeed, gone ; and the rest will follow in proportion as the present farmers are exhausted. These will keep on giving rents as long as they can beg or borrow the money to pay rents with. But a little more time will so completely exhaust them that they will be unable to pay, and, as that takes place, the landlords will lose their estates. Indeed, many of them, and even a large portion of them, have, in fact, no estates now. They are called theirs, but the mortgagees and annuitants receive the rents. As the rents fall off, sales must take place, unless in cases of entails ; and, if this thing go on, we shall see Acts passed to cut off entails, in order that the Jews may be put into full possession. Such, thus far, will be the result of our ' glorious victories ' over the French ! Such will be, in part, the price of the deeds of Pitt, Addington, Perceval, and their successors. For having applauded such deeds ; for having boasted of the Wellesleys ; for having bragged of battles won by money, and by money only, the nation deserves that which it will receive ; and, as to the landlords, they, above all men living, deserve punishment. They put the power into the hands of Pitt and his crew to torment the people ; to keep the people down ; to raise soldiers, and to build barracks for this purpose.

SINGLETON, SUSSEX, *Saturday, August* 2.

Ever since the middle of March I have been trying remedies for the whooping-cough, and have, I believe, tried everything except riding wet to the skin two or three hours amongst the clouds on the South Downs. This remedy is now under trial. As Lord Liverpool said the other day of the Irish Tithe Bill, it is 'under experiment.' I am treating my disorder (with better success, I hope) in somewhat the same way that the pretty fellows at Whitehall treat the disorders of poor Ireland. There is one thing in favour of this remedy of mine: I shall know the effect of it, and that, too, in a short time. It rained a little last night. I got off from Petworth without baiting my horse, thinking that the weather looked suspicious, and that St. Swithin meaned to treat me to a dose. I had no great-coat nor any means of changing my clothes. The whooping-cough made me anxious, but I had fixed on going along the South Downs from Donnington Hill down to Lavant, and then to go on the flat to the south foot of Portsdown Hill and to reach Fareham to-night. Two men whom I met soon after I set off assured me that it would not rain. I came on to Donnington, which lies at the foot of that part of the South Downs which I had to go up. Before I came to this point I crossed the Arun and its canal again; and here was another place of deposit for timber, lime, coals, and other things. White, in his history of Selborne, mentions a hill, which is one of the Hindhead group, from which two springs

(one on each side of the hill) send water into the two seas: the Atlantic and the German Oceans! This is big talk, but it is a fact. One of the streams becomes the Arun, which falls into the Channel; and the other, after winding along amongst the hills and hillocks between Hindhead and Godalming, goes into the river Wey, which falls into the Thames at Weybridge. The soil, upon leaving Petworth, and at Petworth, seems very good; a fine deep loam, a sort of mixture of sand and soft chalk. I then came to a sandy common, a piece of ground that seemed to have no business there; it looked as if it had been tossed from Hindhead or Blackdown. The common, however, during the rage for 'improvements,' has been enclosed. That impudent fellow, Old Rose,[1] stated the number of Enclosure Bills as an indubitable proof of 'national prosperity.' There was some rye upon this common, the sight of which would have gladdened the heart of Lord Liverpool. It was, in parts, not more than eight inches high. It was ripe, and, of course, the straw dead; or I should have found out the owner and have bought it to make bonnets of! I defy the Italians to grow worse rye than this. The reader will recollect that I always said that we could grow as poor corn as any Italians that ever lived. The village of Donton lies at the foot of one of these great chalk ridges which are called the South Downs. The ridge in this place

[1] The Right Hon. George Rose, M.P., Secretary to the Treasury, said to have held appointments worth £10,000 a year, and to have received nearly two millions of public money, including interest.

is, I think, about three-fourths of a mile high, by the high-road, which is obliged to go twisting about in order to get to the top of it. The hill sweeps round from about west-north-west, to east-south-east; and, of course, it keeps off all heavy winds, and especially the south-west winds, before which, in this part of England (and all the south and western part of it) even the oak-trees seem as if they would gladly flee; for it shaves them up as completely as you see a quickset hedge shaved by hook or shears. Talking of hedges reminds me of having seen a box-hedge, just as I came out of Petworth, more than twelve feet broad and about fifteen feet high. I dare say it is several centuries old. I think it is about forty yards long. It is a great curiosity.

The apple-trees at Donnington show their gratitude to the hill for its shelter; for I have seldom seen apple-trees in England so large, so fine, and, in general, so flourishing. I should like to have, or to see, an orchard of American apples under this hill. The hill, you will observe, does not shade the ground at Donnington. It slopes too much for that; but it affords complete shelter from the mischievous winds. It is very pretty to look down upon this little village as you come winding up the hill.

From this hill I ought to have had a most extensive view. I ought to have seen the Isle of Wight, and the sea before me; and to have looked back to Chalk Hill at Reigate, at the foot of which I had left some bonnet-grass bleaching. But, alas! St. Swithin had begun his work for the day before I got to the top of the hill.

Soon after the two turnip-hoers had assured me that there would be no rain, I saw, beginning to poke up over the South Downs (then right before me) several parcels of those white, curled clouds that we call judges' wigs. And they are just like judges' wigs. Not the parson-like things which the judges wear when they have to listen to the dull wrangling and duller jests of the lawyers; but those big wigs which hang down about their shoulders when they are about to tell you a little of their intentions, and when their very looks say, 'Stand clear!' These clouds (if rising from the south-west) hold precisely the same language to the greatcoatless traveller. Rain is sure to follow them. The sun was shining very beautifully when I first saw these judges' wigs rising over the hills. At the sight of them he soon began to hide his face; and, before I got to the top of the hill of Donton, the white clouds had become black, had spread themselves all around, and a pretty decent and sturdy rain began to fall. I had resolved to come to this place (Singleton) to breakfast. I quitted the turnpike-road (from Petworth to Chichester) at a village called Upwaltham, about a mile from Donnington Hill, and came down a lane which led me first to a village called East Dean; then to another called West Dean, I suppose; and then to this village of Singleton; and here I am on the turnpike-road from Midhurst to Chichester. The lane goes along through some of the finest farms in the world. It is impossible for corn-land and for agriculture to be finer than these. In cases like mine, you are

pestered to death to find out the way to set out, to get from place to place. The people you have to deal with are innkeepers, ostlers, and postboys; and they think you mad if you express your wish to avoid turnpike-roads, and a great deal more than half-mad if you talk of going, even from necessity, by any other road. They think you a strange fellow if you will not ride six miles on a turnpike-road rather than two on any other road. This plague I experienced on this occasion. I wanted to go from Petworth to Havant. My way was through Singleton and Funtington. I had no business at Chichester, which took me too far to the south; nor at Midhurst, which took me too far to the west. But, though I stayed all day (after my arrival) at Petworth, and though I slept there, I could get no directions how to set out to come to Singleton, where I am now. I started, therefore, on the Chichester road, trusting to my inquiries of the country people as I came on. By these means I got hither, down a long valley on the South Downs, which valley winds and twists about amongst hills, some higher and some lower, forming cross dells, inlets, and ground in such a variety of shapes that it is impossible to describe; and the whole of the ground, hill as well as dell, is fine, most beautiful corn-land, or is covered with trees or underwood. As to St. Swithin, I set him at defiance. The road was flinty, and very flinty. I rode a foot pace; and got here wet to the skin. I am very glad I came this road. The corn is all fine, all good; fine crops, and no appearance of blight.

The barley extremely fine. The corn not forwarder than in the Weald. No beans here; few oats comparatively; chiefly wheat and barley; but great quantities of Swedish turnips, and those very forward. More Swedish turnips here upon one single farm than upon all the farms that I saw between the Wen and Petworth. These turnips are, in some places, a foot high, and nearly cover the ground. The farmers are, however, plagued by this St. Swithin, who keeps up a continual drip, which prevents the thriving of the turnips and the killing of the weeds. The orchards are good here in general. Fine walnut-trees, and an abundant crop of walnuts. This is a series of villages all belonging to the Duke of Richmond, the outskirts of whose park and woods come up to these farming lands, all of which belong to him; and I suppose that every inch of land that I came through this morning belongs either to the Duke of Richmond or to Lord Egremont. No harm in that, mind, if those who till the land have fair play; and I should act unjustly towards these noblemen if I insinuated that the husbandmen have not fair play, as far as the landlords are concerned; for everybody speaks well of them. There is, besides, no misery to be seen here. I have seen no wretchedness in Sussex; nothing to be at all compared to that which I have seen in other parts; and as to these villages in the South Downs, they are beautiful to behold. Hume and other historians rail against the feudal system; and we, 'enlightened' and 'free' creatures as we are, look back with scorn, or, at least, with surprise and

pity, to the ' vassalage ' of our forefathers. But, if the matter were well inquired into, not slurred over, but well and truly examined, we should find that the people of these villages were as free in the days of William Rufus as are the people of the present day, and that vassalage, only under other names, exists now as completely as it existed then. Well; but out of this, if true, arises another question—namely, Whether the millions would derive any benefit from being transferred from these great lords who possess them by hundreds to Jews and jobbers who would possess them by half dozens, or by couples ? One thing we may say with a certainty of being right: and that is, that the transfer would be bad for the lords themselves. There is an appearance of comfort about the dwellings of the labourers all along here that is very pleasant to behold. The gardens are neat and full of vegetables of the best kinds. I see very few of ' Ireland's lazy root ' ; and never, in this country, will the people be base enough to lie down and expire from starvation under the operation of the extreme unction ! Nothing but a potato-eater will ever do that. As I came along between Upwaltham and East Dean, I called to me a young man, who, along with other turnip-hoers, was sitting under the shelter of a hedge at breakfast. He came running to me, with his victuals in his hand; and I was glad to see that his food consisted of a good lump of household bread and not a very small piece of bacon. I did not envy him his appetite, for I had, at that moment, a very good one of my own; but I wanted to

know the distance I had to go before I should get to a good public-house. In parting with him, I said, 'You do get some bacon then?' 'Oh, yes! sir,' said he, and with an emphasis and a swag of the head, which seemed to say, 'We *must* and *will* have *that*.' I saw, and with great delight, a pig at almost every labourer's house. The houses are good and warm, and the gardens some of the very best that I have seen in England. What a difference, good God! what a difference between this country and the neighbourhood of those corrupt places, Great Bedwin and Cricklade! What sort of breakfast would this man have had in a mess of cold potatoes? Could he have worked, and worked in the wet, too, with such food? Monstrous! No society ought to exist where the labourers live in a hog-like sort of way. The *Morning Chronicle* is everlastingly asserting the mischievous consequences of the want of enlightening these people 'i' tha Sooth'; and telling us how well they are off in the North. Now, this I know, that, in the North, the 'enlightened' people eat sowans, burgoo, porridge, and potatoes—that is to say, oatmeal and water, or the root of extreme unction. If this be the effect of their light, give me the darkness 'o' tha Sooth.' This is according to what I have heard. If, when I go to the North, I find the labourers eating more meat than those of the 'Sooth,' I shall then say that 'enlightening' is a very good thing; but, give me none of that 'light,' or of that 'grace,' which makes a man content with oatmeal and water, or that makes him patiently lie down and die of starvation amidst abundance

of food. The *Morning Chronicle* hears the labourers crying out in Sussex. They are right to cry out in time. When they are actually brought down to the extreme unction, it is useless to cry out. And, next to the extreme unction, is the porridge of the 'enlightened' slaves who toil in the factories for the lords of the loom. Talk of vassals! Talk of villains! Talk of serfs! Are there any of these, or did feudal times ever see any of them, so debased, so absolutely slaves, as the poor creatures who, in the 'enlightened' North, are compelled to work fourteen hours in a day, in a heat of eighty-four degrees, and who are liable to punishment for looking out at a window of the factory!

This is really a soaking day, thus far. I got here at nine o'clock. I stripped off my coat, and put it by the kitchen fire. In a parlour just eight feet square, I have another fire, and have dried my shirt on my back. We shall see what this does for a whooping-cough. The clouds fly so low as to be seen passing by the sides of even little hills on these downs. The devil is said to be busy in a high wind; but he really appears to be busy now in this south-west wind. The Quakers will, next market-day, at Mark Lane, be as busy as he. They and the Ministers and St. Swithin and Devil all seem to be of a mind.

I must not forget the churches. That of Donnington is very small, for a church. It is about twenty feet wide and thirty long. It is, however, sufficient for the population, the amount of which is 222, not one half of whom are, of course, ever at church at one time. There is, however,

plenty of room for the whole. The 'tower' of this church is about double the size of a sentry-box. The parson, whose name is Davidson, did not, when the return was laid before Parliament, in 1818, reside in the parish. Though the living is a large living, the parsonage-house was let to 'a lady and her three daughters.' What impudence a man must have to put this into a return! The church at Upwaltham is about such another, and the 'tower' still less than that at Donnington. Here the population is 79. The parish is a rectory, and, in the return before mentioned, the parson (whose name was Tripp) says that the church will hold the population, but that the parsonage-house will not hold him! And why? Because it is 'a miserable cottage.' I looked about for this 'miserable cottage,' and could not find it. What an impudent fellow this must have been! And, indeed, what a state of impudence have they not now arrived at! Did he, when he was ordained, talk anything about a fine house to live in? Did Jesus Christ and St. Paul talk about fine houses? Did not this priest most solemnly vow to God, upon the altar, that he would be constant, in season and out of season, in watching over the souls of his flock? However, it is useless to remonstrate with this set of men. Nothing will have any effect upon them. They will keep grasping at the tithes as long as they can reach them. 'A miserable cottage'! What impudence! What, Mr. Tripp, is it a fine house that you have been appointed and ordained to live in? Lord Egremont is the patron of Mr. Tripp, and he has a duty to perform

too; for the living is not his: he is, in this case, only an hereditary trustee for the public; and he ought to see that this parson resides in the parish, which, according to his own return, yields him £125 a year. East Dean is a vicarage, with a population of 353, a church which the parson says will hold 200, and which I say will hold 600 or 700, and a living worth £85 a year, in the gift of the Bishop of Chichester.

West Dean is united with Singleton, the living is in the gift of the Church at Chichester and the Duke of Richmond alternately; it is a large living, it has a population of 613, and the two churches, says the parson, will hold 200 people! What careless, or what impudent fellows these must have been! These two churches will hold a thousand people, packed much less close than they are in meeting-houses.

At Upwaltham there is a toll-gate; and, when the woman opened the door of the house to come and let me through, I saw some straw-plait lying in a chair. She showed it me; and I found that it was made by her husband, in the evenings after he came home from work, in order to make him a hat for the harvest. I told her how to get better straw for the purpose; and, when I told her that she must cut the grass, or the grain, *green*, she said, 'Aye, I dare say it is so; and I wonder we never thought of that before; for we sometimes make hats out of rushes cut green and dried, and the hats are very durable.' This woman ought to have my *Cottage Economy*. She keeps the toll-gate at Upwaltham, which is called Waltham, and which is on the turnpike-

road from Petworth to Chichester. Now, if any gentleman who lives at Chichester will call upon my son, at the office of the *Register* in Fleet Street, and ask for a copy of *Cottage Economy* to be given to this woman, he will receive the copy, and my thanks, if he will have the goodness to give it to her, and to point to her the 'Essay on Straw Plait.'

FAREHAM, HANTS, *Saturday, August* 2.

Here I am, in spite of St. Swithin! The truth is, that the saint is like most other oppressors; rough him! rough him! and he relaxes. After drying myself, and sitting the better part of four hours at Singleton, I started in the rain, boldly setting the saint at defiance, and expecting to have not one dry thread by the time I got to Havant, which is nine miles from Fareham, and four from Cosham. To my most agreeable surprise, the rain ceased before I got by Selsey, I suppose it is called, where Lord Selsey's house and beautiful and fine estate is. On I went, turning off to the right to go to Funtington and Westbourn, and getting to Havant, to bait my horse, about four o'clock.

From Lavant (about two miles back from Funtington) the ground begins to be a seaside flat. The soil is somewhat varied in quality and kind; but, with the exception of an enclosed common between Funtington and Westbourn, it is all good soil. The corn of all kinds good and earlier than farther back. They have begun cutting peas here; and, near Lavant, I saw a field of wheat nearly ripe. The Swedish turnips very

fine, and still earlier than on the South Downs. Prodigious crops of walnuts ; but the apples bad along here. The south-west winds have cut them off ; and, indeed, how should it be otherwise, if these winds happen to prevail in May, or early in June ?

On the new enclosure near Funtington, the wheat and oats are both nearly ripe.

In a new enclosure near Westbourn, I saw the only really blighted wheat that I have yet seen this year. ' Oh ! ' exclaimed I, ' that my Lord Liverpool—that my much respected stern-path-of-duty man—could but see that wheat, which God and the seedsman intended to be white, but which the devil (listening to the prayers of the Quakers) has made black ! Oh ! could but my Lord see it, lying flat upon the ground, with the May-weed and the couch-grass pushing up through it, and with a whole flock of rooks pecking away at its ears ! Then would my much valued Lord say, indeed, that the " difficulties of agriculture are about to receive the greatest abatement " ! '

But now I come to one of the great objects of my journey—that is to say, to see the state of the corn along the south foot, and on the south side, of Portsdown Hill. It is impossible that there can be, anywhere, a better corn country than this. The hill is eight miles long, and about three-fourths of a mile high, beginning at the road that runs along at the foot of the hill. On the hill side the corn-land goes rather better than half-way up ; and, on the sea side, the corn-land is about the third (it may be half) of a mile

wide. Portsdown Hill is very much in the shape of an oblong tin cover to a dish. From Bedhampton, which lies at the eastern end of the hill, to Fareham, which is at the western end of it, you have brought under your eye not less than eight square miles of cornfields, with scarcely a hedge or ditch of any consequence, and being, on an average, from twenty to forty acres each in extent. The land is excellent. The situation good for manure. The spot the earliest in the whole kingdom. Here, if the corn were backward, then the harvest must be backward. We were talking at Reigate of the prospect of a backward harvest. I observed that it was a rule that, if no wheat were cut under Portsdown Hill on the hill fair-day, July 26, the harvest must be generally backward. When I made this observation, the fair-day was passed; but I determined in my mind to come and see how the matter stood. When, therefore, I got to the village of Bedhampton, I began to look out pretty sharply. I came on to Wymering, which is just about the midway along the foot of the hill, and there I saw, at a good distance from me, five men reaping in a field of wheat of about forty acres. I found, upon inquiry, that they began this morning, and that the wheat belongs to Mr. Boniface, of Wymering. Here the first sheaf is cut that is cut in England: that the reader may depend upon. It was never known that the average even of Hampshire was less than ten days behind the average of Portsdown Hill. The corn under the hill is as good as I ever saw it, except in the year 1813. No beans here.

No peas. Scarcely any oats. Wheat, barley, and turnips. The Swedish turnips not so good as on the South Downs and near Funtington; but the wheat full as good, rather better; and the barley as good as it is possible to be. In looking at these crops, one wonders whence are to come the hands to clear them off.

A very pleasant ride to-day; and the pleasanter for my having set the wet saint at defiance. It is about thirty miles from Petworth to Fareham; and I got in, in very good time. I have now come, if I include my boltings for the purpose of looking at farms and woods, a round hundred miles from the Wen to this town of Fareham; and, in the whole of the hundred miles, I have not seen one single wheat-rick, though I have come through as fine corn countries as any in England, and by the homesteads of the richest of farmers. Not one single wheat-rick have I seen, and not one rick of any sort of corn. I never saw nor heard of the like of this before; and, if I had not witnessed the fact with my own eyes, I could not have believed it. There are some farmers who have corn in their barns, perhaps; but, when there is no rick left, there is very little corn in the hands of farmers. Yet the markets, St. Swithin notwithstanding, do not rise. This harvest must be three weeks later than usual; and the last harvest was three weeks earlier than usual. The last crop was begun upon at once, on account of the badness of the wheat of the year before. So that the last crop will have had to give food for thirteen months and a half. And yet the markets do not rise!

And yet there are men, farmers, mad enough to think that they have 'got past the bad place,' and that things will come about, and are coming about! And Lethbridge, of the Collective, withdraws his motion because he has got what he wanted—namely, a return of good and 'remunerating prices'! The *Morning Chronicle* of this day, which has met me at this place, has the following paragraph. 'The weather is much improved, though it does not yet assume the character of being fine. At the Corn Exchange since Monday the arrivals consist of 7,130 quarters of wheat, 450 quarters of barley, 8,300 quarters of oats, and 9,200 sacks of flour. The demand for wheat is next to zero, and for oats it is extremely dull. To effect sales, prices are not much attended to, for the demand cannot be increased at the present currency. The farmers should pay attention to oats; for the foreign new, under the King's lock, will be brought into consumption, unless a decline takes place immediately, and a weight will thereby be thrown over the markets, which, under existing circumstances, will be extremely detrimental to the agricultural interests. Its distress, however, does not deserve much sympathy, for, as soon as there was a prospect of the payment of rents, the cause of the people was abandoned by the Representatives of Agriculture in the Collected Wisdom, and Mr. Brougham's most excellent measure for increasing the consumption of Malt was neglected. Where there is no sympathy, none can be expected, and the land proprietors need not in future depend on the assistance of the mercantile

and manufacturing interests, should their own distress again require a united effort to remedy the general grievances.' As to the mercantile and manufacturing people, what is the land to expect from them? But I agree with the *Chronicle* that the landlords deserve ruin. They abandoned the public cause the moment they thought that they saw a prospect of getting rents. That prospect will soon disappear, unless they pray hard to St. Swithin to insist upon forty days wet after his birthday. I do not see what the farmers can do about the price of oats. They have no power to do anything, unless they come with their cavalry horses and storm the 'King's lock.' In short, it is all confusion in men's minds as well as in their pockets. There must be something completely out of joint, when the Government are afraid of the effects of a good crop. I intend to set off to-morrow for Botley, and go thence to Easton; and then to Alton, and Crondall, and Farnham, to see how the hops are there. By the time that I get back to the Wen I shall know nearly the real state of the case as to crops; and that, at this time, is a great matter.

THROUGH THE SOUTH-EAST OF HAMPSHIRE, BACK THROUGH THE SOUTH-WEST OF SURREY, ALONG THE WEALD OF SURREY, AND THEN OVER THE SURREY HILLS DOWN TO THE WEN

BOTLEY, HAMPSHIRE, *August* 5, 1823.

I GOT to Fareham on Saturday night, after having got a soaking on the South Downs on the morning of that day. On the Sunday morning,

intending to go and spend the day at Titchfield (about two miles and a half from Fareham), and perceiving, upon looking out of the window, about five o'clock in the morning, that it was likely to rain, I got up, struck a bustle, got up the ostler, set off, and got to my destined point before seven o'clock in the morning. And here I experienced the benefits of early rising; for I had scarcely got well and safely under cover, when St. Swithin began to pour down again, and he continued to pour during the whole of the day. From Fareham to Titchfield village a large part of the ground is a common enclosed some years ago. It is therefore amongst the worst of the land in the country. Yet I did not see a bad field of corn along here, and the Swedish turnips were, I think, full as fine as any that I saw upon the South Downs. But it is to be observed that this land is in the hands of dead-weight people, and is conveniently situated for the receiving of manure from Portsmouth. Before I got to my friend's house, I passed by a farm where I expected to find a wheat-rick standing. I did not, however; and this is the strongest possible proof that the stock of corn is gone out of the hands of the farmers. I set out from Titchfield at seven o'clock in the evening, and had seven miles to go to reach Botley. It rained, but I got myself well furnished forth as a defence against the rain. I had not gone two hundred yards before the rain ceased; so that I was singularly fortunate as to rain this day; and I had now to congratulate myself on the success of the remedy for the whooping-cough which I used the day before on the South

Downs; for really, though I had a spell or two of coughing on Saturday morning, when I set out from Petworth, I had not had, up to this hour, any spell at all since I got wet upon the South Downs. I got to Botley about nine o'clock, having stopped two or three times to look about me as I went along; for I had, in the first place, to ride, for about three miles of my road, upon a turnpike-road of which I was the projector, and, indeed, the maker. In the next place I had to ride, for something better than half a mile of my way, along between fields and coppices that were mine until they came into the hands of the mortgagee, and by the side of cottages of my own building. The only matter of much interest with me was the state of the inhabitants of those cottages. I stopped at two or three places, and made some little inquiries; I rode up to two or three houses in the village of Botley, which I had to pass through, and, just before it was dark, I got to a farm-house close by the church, and, what was more, not a great many yards from the dwelling of that delectable creature, the Botley parson, whom, however, I have not seen during my stay at this place.

Botley lies in a valley, the soil of which is a deep and stiff clay. Oak-trees grow well; and this year the wheat grows well, as it does upon all the clays that I have seen. I have never seen the wheat better in general, in this part of the country, than it is now. I have, I think, seen it heavier, but never clearer from blight. It is backward compared to the wheat in many other parts; some of it is quite green; but none

of it has any appearance of blight. This is not much of a barley country. The oats are good. The beans that I have seen, very indifferent.

The best news that I have learnt here is that the Botley parson is become quite a gentle creature compared to what he used to be. The people in the village have told me some most ridiculous stories about his having been hoaxed in London! It seems that somebody danced him up from Botley to London, by telling him that a legacy had been left him, or some such story. Up went the parson on horseback, being in too great a hurry to run the risk of coach. The hoaxers, it appears, got him to some hotel, and there set upon him a whole tribe of applicants, wet-nurses, dry-nurses, lawyers with deeds of conveyance for borrowed money, curates in want of churches, coffin makers, travelling companions, ladies' maids, dealers in Yorkshire hams, Newcastle coals, and dealers in dried night-soil at Islington. In short, if I am rightly informed, they kept the parson in town for several days, bothered him three parts out of his senses, compelled him to escape, as it were, from a fire; and then, when he got home, he found the village posted all over with handbills giving an account of his adventure, under the pretence of offering £500 reward for a discovery of the hoaxers! The good of it was, the parson ascribed his disgrace *to me*, and they say that he perseveres to this hour in accusing me of it. Upon my word, I had nothing to do with the matter; and this affair only shows that I am not the only friend that the parson has in the world. Though this

may have had a tendency to produce in the parson that amelioration of deportment which is said to become him so well, there is something else that has taken place, which has, in all probability, had a more powerful influence in this way—namely, a great reduction in the value of the parson's living, which was at one time little short of £500 a year, and which, I believe, is now not the half of that sum! This, to be sure, is not only a natural, but a necessary consequence of the change in the value of money. The parsons are neither more nor less than another sort of landlords. They must fall, of course, in their demands, or their demands will not be paid. They may take in kind, but that will answer them no purpose at all. They will be less people than they have been, and will continue to grow less and less, until the day when the whole of the tithes and other Church property, as it is called, shall be applied to public purposes.

EASTON, HAMPSHIRE, *Wednesday (Evening), August 6.*

This village of Easton lies at a few miles towards the north-east from Winchester. It is distant from Botley, by the way which I came, about fifteen or sixteen miles. I came through Durley, where I went to the house of Farmer Mears. I was very much pleased with what I saw at Durley, which is about two miles from Botley, and is certainly one of the most obscure villages in this whole kingdom. Mrs. Mears, the farmer's wife, had made, of the crested dog's-tail-grass a bonnet which she wears herself. I

there saw girls plaiting the straw. They had made plait of several degrees of fineness; and they sell it to some person or persons at Fareham, who, I suppose, makes or make it into bonnets. Mrs. Mears, who is a very intelligent and clever woman, has two girls at work, each of whom earns per week as much (within a shilling) as her father, who is a labouring man, earns per week. The father has, at this time, only 7*s.* per week. These two girls (and not very stout girls) earn 6*s.* a week each; thus, the income of this family is, from 7*s.* a week, raised to 19*s.* a week. I shall suppose that this may in some measure be owing to the generosity of ladies in the neighbourhood, and to their desire to promote this domestic manufacture; but, if I suppose that these girls receive double, compared to what they will receive for the same quantity of labour when the manufacture becomes more general, is it not a great thing to make the income of the family thirteen shillings a week instead of seven? Very little, indeed, could these poor things have done in the field during the last forty days. And, besides, how clean, how healthful, how everything that one could wish, is this sort of employment! The farmer, who is also a very intelligent person, told me that he should endeavour to introduce the manufacture as a thing to assist the obtaining of employment in order to lessen the amount of the poor-rates. I think it very likely that this will be done in the parish of Durley. A most important matter it is to put paupers in the way of ceasing to be paupers. I could not help

admiring the zeal as well as the intelligence of the farmer's wife, who expressed her readiness to teach the girls and women of the parish, in order to enable them to assist themselves. I shall hear, in all probability, of their proceedings at Durley, and if I do, I shall make a point of communicating to the public an account of those interesting proceedings. From the very first—from the first moment of my thinking about this straw affair, I regarded it as likely to assist in bettering the lot of the labouring people. If it has not this effect, I value it not. It is not worth the attention of any of us; but I am satisfied that this is the way in which it will work. I have the pleasure to know that there is one labouring family, at any rate, who are living well, through my means. It is I, who, without knowing them, without ever having seen them, without even knowing their names, have given the means of good living to a family who were before half starved. This is indisputably my work; and when I reflect that there must necessarily be, now, some hundreds of families, and shortly, many thousands of families, in England, who are and will be, through my means, living well instead of being half starved, I cannot but feel myself consoled; I cannot but feel that I have some compensation for the sentence passed upon me by Ellenborough, Grose, Le Blanc, and Bailey; and I verily believe that, in the case of this one single family in the parish of Durley, I have done more good than Bailey ever did in the whole course of his life, notwithstanding his pious Commentary on the Book

of Common Prayer. I will allow nothing to be good, with regard to the labouring classes, unless it make an addition to their victuals, drink, or clothing. As to their minds, that is much too sublime matter for me to think about. I know that they are in rags, and that they have not a bellyful; and I know that the way to make them good, to make them honest, to make them dutiful, to make them kind to one another, is to enable them to live well; and I also know that none of these things will ever be accomplished by Methodist sermons, and by those stupid, at once stupid and malignant things, and roguish things, called religious tracts.

It seems that this farmer at Durley has always read the *Register*, since the first appearance of little Two-penny Trash. Had it not been for this reading, Mrs. Mears would not have thought about the grass; and, had she not thought about the grass, none of the benefits above mentioned would have arisen to her neighbours. The difference between this affair and the spinning-jenny affairs is this, that the spinning-jenny affairs fill the pockets of 'rich ruffians,' such as those who would have murdered me at Coventry; and that this straw affair makes an addition to the food and raiment of the labouring classes, and gives not a penny to be pocketed by the rich ruffians.

From Durley, I came on, in company with Farmer Mears, through Upham. This Upham is the place where Young, who wrote that bombastical stuff called *Night Thoughts*, was once the parson, and where, I believe, he was born.

Away to the right of Upham lies the little town of Bishop's Waltham, whither I wished to go very much, but it was too late in the day. From Upham we came on upon the highland called Black Down. This has nothing to do with that Blackdown Hill, spoken of in my last ride. We are here getting up upon the chalk hills, which stretch away towards Winchester. The soil here is a poor blackish stuff, with little white stones in it, upon a bed of chalk. It was a down not many years ago. The madness and greediness of the days of paper-money led to the breaking of it up. The corn upon it is miserable, but as good as can be expected upon such land.

At the end of this tract we come to a spot called Whiteflood, and here we cross the old turnpike-road which leads from Winchester to Gosport through Bishop's Waltham. Whiteflood is at the foot of the first of a series of hills over which you come to get to the top of that lofty ridge called Morning Hill. The farmer came to the top of the first hill along with me; and he was just about to turn back, when I, looking away to the left, down a valley which stretched across the other side of the down, observed a rather singular appearance, and said to the farmer, 'What is that coming up that valley? is it smoke, or is it a cloud?' The day had been very fine hitherto; the sun was shining very bright where we were. The farmer answered, 'Oh, it's smoke; it comes from Ouselberry, which is down in that bottom behind those trees.' So saying, we bid each other good-day; he went back, and I went on. Before I had got a hundred

and fifty yards from him, the cloud which he had taken for the Ouselberry smoke came upon the hill and wet me to the skin. He was not far from the house at Whiteflood; but I am sure that he could not entirely escape it. It is curious to observe how the clouds sail about in the hilly countries, and particularly, I think, amongst the chalk-hills. I have never observed the like amongst the sand-hills, or amongst rocks.

From Whiteflood you come over a series of hills, part of which form a rabbit-warren called Longwood Warren, on the borders of which is the house and estate of Lord Northesk. These hills are amongst the most barren of the downs of England; yet a part of them was broken up during the rage for improvements—during the rage for what empty men think was an augmenting of the capital of the country. On about twenty acres of this land, sown with wheat, I should not suppose that there would be twice twenty bushels of grain! A man must be mad, or nearly mad, to sow wheat upon such a spot. However, a large part of what was enclosed has been thrown out again already, and the rest will be thrown out in a very few years. The down itself was poor; what then must it be as corn-land? Think of the destruction which has here taken place. The herbage was not good, but it was something; it was something for every year, and without trouble. Instead of grass it will now, for twenty years to come, bear nothing but that species of weeds which is hardy enough to grow where the grass will not grow. And this was 'augmenting the capital of the nation.' These new Enclosure

Bills were boasted of by George Rose and by Pitt, as proofs of national prosperity! When men in power are ignorant to this extent, who is to expect anything but consequences such as we now behold?

From the top of this highland called Morning Hill, and the real name of which is Magdalen Hill, from a chapel which once stood there dedicated to Mary Magdalen—from the top of this land you have a view of a circle which is, upon an average, about seventy miles in diameter, and, I believe, in no one place so little as fifty miles in diameter. You see the Isle of Wight in one direction, and, in the opposite direction, you see the highlands in Berkshire. It is not a pleasant view, however. The fertile spots are all too far from you. Descending from this hill, you cross the turnpike-road (about two miles from Winchester) leading from Winchester to London, through Alresford and Farnham. As soon as you cross the road you enter the estate of the descendant of Rollo, Duke of Buckingham, which estate is in the parish of Avington. In this place the Duke has a farm, not very good land. It is in his own hands. The corn is indifferent, except the barley, which is everywhere good. You come a full mile from the roadside down through this farm, to the Duke's mansion-house at Avington, and to the little village of that name, both of them beautifully situated, amidst fine and lofty trees, fine meadows, and streams of clear water. On this farm of the Duke I saw (in a little close by the farm-house) several hens in coops with broods of pheasants instead of chickens.

It seems that a gamekeeper lives in the farm-house, and I dare say the Duke thinks much more of the pheasants than of the corn. To be very solicitous to preserve what has been raised with so much care and at so much expense is by no means unnatural; but, then, there is a measure to be observed here, and that measure was certainly outstretched in the case of Mr. Deller. I here saw, at this gamekeeping farm-house, what I had not seen since my departure from the Wen—namely, a wheat-rick! Hard, indeed, would it have been if a Plantagenet, turned farmer, had not a wheat-rick in his hands. This rick contains, I should think, what they call in Hampshire ten loads of wheat—that is to say, fifty quarters, or four hundred bushels. And this is the only rick, not only of wheat, but of any corn whatever, that I have seen since I left London. The turnips upon this farm are by no means good; but I was in some measure compensated for the bad turnips by the sight of the Duke's turnip-hoers, about a dozen females, amongst whom there were several very pretty girls, and they were as merry as larks. There had been a shower, that had brought them into a sort of huddle on the roadside. When I came up to them they all fixed their eyes upon me, and, upon my smiling, they bursted out into laughter. I observed to them that the Duke of Buckingham was a very happy man to have such turnip-hoers; and really they seemed happier and better off than any workpeople that I saw in the fields all the way from London to this spot. It is curious enough, but I have always observed that the

women along this part of the country are usually tall. These girls were all tall, straight, fair, round-faced, excellent complexion, and uncommonly gay. They were well dressed, too, and I observed the same of all the men that I saw down at Avington. This could not be the case if the Duke were a cruel or hard master; and this is an act of justice due from me to the descendant of Rollo. It is in the house of Mr. Deller that I make these notes, but, as it is injustice that we dislike, I must do Rollo justice; and I must again say that the good looks and happy faces of his turnip-hoers spoke much more in his praise than could have been spoken by fifty lawyers like that Storks who was employed the other day to plead against the Editor of the *Bucks Chronicle*, for publishing an account of the selling-up of Farmer Smith, of Ashendon, in that county. I came through the Duke's park to come to Easton, which is the next village below Avington. A very pretty park. The house is quite in the bottom; it can be seen in no direction from a distance greater than that of four or five hundred yards. The River Itchen, which rises near Alresford, which runs down through Winchester to Southampton, goes down the middle of this valley, and waters all its immense quantity of meadows. The Duke's house stands not far from the river itself. A stream of water is brought from the river to feed a pond before the house. There are several avenues of trees which are very beautiful, and some of which give complete shelter to the kitchen garden, which has, besides, extraordinarily high walls. Never was a greater contrast than that

presented by this place and the place of Lord Egremont. The latter is all loftiness. Everything is high about it; it has extensive views in all directions. It sees, and can be seen by, all the country around. If I had the ousting of one of these noblemen, I certainly, however, would oust the Duke, who, I dare say, will by no means be desirous of seeing arise the occasion of putting the sincerity of the compliment to the test. The village of Easton is, like that of Avington, close by the waterside. The meadows are the attraction; and, indeed, it is the meadows that have caused the villages to exist.

SELBORNE, HANTS, *Thursday* (*Noon*), *August* 7.

I took leave of Mr. Deller this morning about seven o'clock. Came back through Avington Park, through the village of Avington, and, crossing the Itchen river, came over to the village of Itchen Abas. *A bas* means *below*. It is a French word that came over with Duke Rollo's progenitors. There needs no better proof of the high descent of the Duke and of the antiquity of his family. This is that Itchen Abas where that famous Parson-Justice, the Rev. Robert Wright, lives, who refused to hear Mr. Deller's complaint against the Duke's servant at his own house, and who afterwards, along with Mr. Poulter, bound Mr. Deller over to the Quarter Sessions for the alleged assault. I have great pleasure in informing the public that Mr. Deller has not had to bear the expenses in this case himself, but that they have been borne by his neighbours, very much to the credit of those neighbours.

I came through Alresford about eight o'clock, having loitered a good deal in coming up the valley. After quitting Alresford you come (on the road towards Alton) to the village of Bishop's Sutton; and then to a place called Ropley Dean, where there is a house or two. Just before you come to Ropley Dean, you see the beginning of the Valley of Itchen. The Itchen river falls into the salt water at Southampton. It rises, or rather has its first rise, just by the roadside at Ropley Dean, which is at the foot of that very high land which lies between Alresford and Alton.

All along by the Itchen river, up to its very source, there are meadows; and this vale of meadows, which is about twenty-five miles in length, and is, in some places, a mile wide, is, at the point of which I am now speaking, only about twice as wide as my horse is long! This vale of Itchen is worthy of particular attention. There are few spots in England more fertile or more pleasant, and none, I believe, more healthy. Following the bed of the river, or rather, the middle of the vale, it is about five-and-twenty miles in length from Ropley Dean to the village of South Stoneham, which is just above Southampton. The average width of the meadows is, I should think, a hundred rods at the least; and, if I am right in this conjecture, the vale contains about five thousand acres of meadows, large part of which is regularly watered. The sides of the vale are, until you come down to within about six or eight miles of Southampton, hills or rising grounds of chalk, covered more or

less thickly with loam. Where the hills rise up very steeply from the valley, the fertility of the corn-lands is not so great, but, for a considerable part of the way, the corn-lands are excellent, and the farm-houses, to which those lands belong, are for the far greater part under covert of the hills on the edge of the valley. Soon after the rising of the stream it forms itself into some capital ponds at Alresford. These, doubtless, were augmented by art in order to supply Winchester with fish.

The fertility of this vale, and of the surrounding country, is best proved by the fact that besides the town of Alresford, and that of Southampton, there are seventeen villages, each having its parish church, upon its borders. When we consider these things we are not surprised that a spot situated about half-way down this vale should have been chosen for the building of a city, or that that city should have been for a great number of years a place of residence for the Kings of England.

Winchester, which is at present a mere nothing to what it once was, stands across the vale at a place where the vale is made very narrow by the jutting forward of two immense hills. From the point where the river passes through the city, you go, whether eastward or westward, a full mile up a very steep hill all the way. The city is, of course, in one of the deepest holes that can be imagined. It never could have been thought of as a place to be defended since the discovery of gunpowder; and, indeed one would think that very considerable annoyance might be given to

the inhabitants even by the flinging of the flint-stones from the hills down into the city.

At Ropley Dean, before I mounted the hill to come on towards Rotherham Park, I baited my horse. Here the ground is precisely like that at Ashmansworth on the borders of Berkshire, which, indeed, I could see from the ground of which I am now speaking. In coming up the hill I had the house and farm of Mr. Duthy to my right. Seeing some very fine Swedish turnips, I naturally expected that they belonged to this gentleman, who is Secretary to the Agricultural Society of Hampshire, but I found that they belonged to a Farmer Mayhew. The soil is, along upon this high land, a deep loam, bordering on a clay, red in colour, and pretty full of large, rough, yellow-looking stones, very much like some of the land in Huntingdonshire ; but here is a bed of chalk under this. Everything is backward here. The wheat is perfectly green in most places, but it is everywhere pretty good. I have observed all the way along that the wheat is good upon the stiff, strong land. It is so here, but it is very backward. The greater part of it is full three weeks behind the wheat under Portsdown Hill. But few farm-houses come within my sight along here ; but in one of them there was a wheat-rick, which is the third I have seen since I quitted the Wen.

In descending from this high ground in order to reach the village of East Tisted, which lies on the turnpike-road from the Wen to Gosport through Alton, I had to cross Rotherham Park. On the right of the park, on a bank of land facing

the north-east, I saw a very pretty farm-house, having everything in excellent order, with fine cornfields about it, and with a wheat-rick standing in the yard. This farm, as I afterwards found, belongs to the owner of Rotherham Park, who is also the owner of East Tisted, who has recently built a new house in the park, who has quite metamorphosed the village of Tisted within these eight years, who has, indeed, really and truly improved the whole country just round about here, whose name is Scot, well known as a brickmaker at North End, Fulham, and who has, in Hampshire, supplanted a Norman of the name of Powlet. The process by which this transfer has taken place is visible enough to all eyes but the eyes of the jolter-heads. Had there been no Debt created to crush liberty in France and to keep down reformers in England, Mr. Scot would not have had bricks to burn to build houses for the Jews and jobbers and other eaters of taxes ; and the Norman Powlet would not have had to pay in taxes, through his own hands and those of his tenants and labourers, the amount of the estate at Tisted, first to be given to the Jews, jobbers, and tax-eaters, and then by them to be given to 'Squire Scot' for his bricks. However, it is not Squire Scot who has assisted to pass laws to make people pay double toll on a Sunday. Squire Scot had nothing to do with passing the new game laws and Old Ellenborough's Act ; Squire Scot never invented the new trespass law, in virtue of which John Cockbain of Whitehaven, in the county of Cumberland, was, by two clergymen and three other

magistrates of that county, sentenced to pay one half-penny for damages and seven shillings costs, for going upon a field the property of William, Earl of Lonsdale. In the passing of this Act, which was one of the first passed in the present reign, Squire Scot, the brickmaker, had nothing to do. Go on, good Squire, thrust out some more of the Normans; with the fruits of the augmentations which you make to the Wen, go and take from them their mansions, parks, and villages!

At Tisted I crossed the turnpike-road before mentioned, and entered a lane which, at the end of about four miles, brought me to the village of Selborne. My readers will recollect that I mentioned this Selborne when I was giving an account of Hawkley Hanger last fall. I was desirous of seeing this village about which I have read in the book of Mr. White, and which a reader has been so good as to send me. From Tisted I came generally uphill till I got within half a mile of this village, when, all of a sudden, I came to the edge of a hill, and looked down over all the larger vale, of which the little vale of this village makes a part. Here Hindhead and Blackdown Hill came full in my view. When I was crossing the forest in Sussex, going from Worth to Horsham, these two great hills lay to my west and north-west. To-day I am got just on the opposite side of them, and see them, of course, towards the east and the south-east, while Leith Hill lies away towards the north-east. This hill, from which you descend down into Selborne, is very lofty; but, indeed, we are here amongst

some of the highest hills in the island, and amongst the sources of rivers. The hill over which I have come this morning sends the Itchen river forth from one side of it, and the River Wey, which rises near Alton, from the opposite side of it. Hindhead, which lies before me, sends, as I observed upon a former occasion, the Arun forth towards the south, and a stream forth towards the north, which meets the River Wey, somewhere above Godalming. I am told that the springs of these two streams rise in the Hill of Hindhead, or rather, on one side of the hill, at not many yards from each other. The village of Selborne is precisely what it is described by Mr. White—a straggling, irregular street, bearing all the marks of great antiquity, and showing, from its lanes and its vicinage generally, that it was once a very considerable place. I went to look at the spot where Mr. White supposes the convent formerly stood. It is very beautiful. Nothing can surpass in beauty these dells and hillocks and hangers, which last are so steep that it is impossible to ascend them except by means of a serpentine path. I found here deep hollow ways, with beds and sides of solid white stone, but not quite so white and so solid, I think, as the stone which I found in the roads at Hawkley.

The churchyard of Selborne is most beautifully situated. The land is good all about it. The trees are luxuriant and prone to be lofty and large. I measured the yew-tree in the churchyard, and found the trunk to be, according to my measurement, 23 feet 8 inches in circum-

ference. The trunk is very short, as is generally the case with yew-trees; but the head spreads to a very great extent, and the whole tree, though probably several centuries old, appears to be in perfect health. Here are several hop-plantations in and about this village; but, for this once, the prayers of the over-production men will be granted, and the devil of any hops there will be. The bines are scarcely got up the poles, the bines and the leaves are black, nearly as soot—full as black as a sooty bag or dingy coal-sack, and covered with lice.

My landlady here at Selborne, while I am writing my notes, is getting me a rasher of bacon, and has already covered the table with a nice clean cloth. I have never seen such quantities of grapes upon any vines as I see upon the vines in this village, badly pruned as all the vines have been. To be sure, this is a year for grapes, such, I believe, as has been seldom known in England, and the cause is the perfect ripening of the wood by the last beautiful summer. I am afraid, however, that the grapes come in vain, for this summer has been so cold, and is now so wet, that we can hardly expect grapes which are not under glass to ripen. As I was coming into this village I observed to a farmer who was standing at his gateway that people ought to be happy here, for that God had done everything for them. His answer was, that he did not believe there was a more unhappy place in England, for that there were always quarrels of some sort or other going on. This made me call to mind the King's proclamation relative to a reward for discovering the person

who had recently shot at the parson of this village. This parson's name is Cobbold, and it really appears that there was a shot fired through his window. He has had law-suits with the people, and I imagine that it was these to which the farmer alluded.

The hops are of considerable importance to the village, and their failure must necessarily be attended with consequences very inconvenient to the whole of a population so small as this. Upon inquiry, I find that the hops are equally bad at Alton, Froyle, Crondall, and even at Farnham. I saw them bad in Sussex; I hear that they are bad in Kent; so that hop-planters, at any rate, will be for once free from the dreadful evils of abundance. A correspondent asks me what is meant by the statements which he sees in the *Register* relative to the hop-duty. He sees it, he says, continually falling in amount, and he wonders what this means. The thing has not, indeed, been properly explained. It is a gamble, and it is hardly right for me to state, in a publication like the *Register*, anything relative to a gamble. However, the case is this: a taxing system is necessarily a system of gambling, a system of betting; stock-jobbing is no more than a system of betting, and the wretched dogs that carry on the traffic are little more, except that they are more criminal, than the waiters at an E.O. table, or the markers at billiards. The hop-duty is so much per pound. The duty was imposed at two separate times. One part of it, therefore, is called the old duty, and the other part the new duty. The

old duty was a penny to the pound of hops. The amount of this duty, which can always be ascertained at the Treasury as soon as the hopping season is over, is the surest possible guide in ascertaining the total amount of the growth of hops for the year. If, for instance, the duty were to amount to no more than eight shillings and fourpence, you would be certain that only a hundred pounds of hops had been grown during the year. Hence a system of gambling precisely like the gambling in the funds. I bet you that the duty will not exceed so much. The duty has sometimes exceeded two hundred thousand pounds. This year it is supposed that it will not exceed twenty, thirty, or forty thousand. The gambling fellows are betting all this time, and it is, in fact, an account of the betting which is inserted in the *Register*.

Looking back over the road that I have come to-day, and perceiving the direction of the road going from this village in another direction, I perceive that this is a very direct road from Winchester to Farnham. The road, too, appears to have been, from ancient times, sufficiently wide, and when the Bishop of Winchester selected this beautiful spot whereon to erect a monastery I dare say the roads along here were some of the best in the country.

THURSLEY, SURREY, *Thursday, August* 7.

I got a boy at Selborne to show me along the lanes out into Woolmer Forest, on my way to Headley. The lanes were very deep; the wet malme, just about the colour of rye-meal mixed

up with water, and just about as clammy, came, in many places, very nearly up to my horse's belly. There was this comfort, however, that I was sure that there was a bottom, which is by no means the case when you are among clays or quicksands. After going through these lanes, and along between some fir-plantations, I came out upon Woolmer Forest, and, to my great satisfaction, soon found myself on the side of those identical plantations which have been made under the orders of the smooth Mr. Huskisson, and which I noticed last year in my ride from Hambledon to this place. These plantations are of fir, or at least, I could see nothing else, and they can never be of any more use to the nation than the sprigs of heath which cover the rest of the forest. Is there nobody to inquire what becomes of the income of the Crown lands? No; and there never will be until the whole system be changed. I have seldom ridden on pleasanter ground than that which I found between Woolmer Forest and this beautiful village of Thursley. The day has been fine too, notwithstanding I saw the judges' terrific wigs as I came up upon the turnpike-road from the village of Itchen. I had but one little scud during the day, just enough for St. Swithin to swear by; but, when I was upon the hills, I saw some showers going about the country. From Selborne, I had first come to Headley, about five miles. I came to the identical public-house where I took my blind guide last year, who took me such a dance to the southward, and led me up to the top of Hindhead at last. I had no busi-

ness there. My route was through a sort of hamlet called Churt, which lies along on the side and towards the foot of the north of Hindhead, on which side, also, lies the village of Thursley. A line is hardly more straight than is the road from Headley to Thursley; and a prettier ride I never had in the course of my life. It was not the less interesting from the circumstance of its giving me all the way a full view of Crooksbury Hill, the grand scene of my exploits when I was a taker of the nests of crows and magpies.

At Churt I had, upon my left, three hills out upon the common, called 'The Devil's Jumps.' The Unitarians will not believe in the Trinity, because they cannot account for it. Will they come here to Churt, go and look at these 'Devil's Jumps,' and account to me for the placing of those three hills, in the shape of three rather squat sugar-loaves, along in a line upon this heath, or the placing of a rock-stone upon the top of one of them as big as a church tower? For my part I cannot account for this placing of these hills. That they should have been formed by mere chance is hardly to be believed. How could waters rolling about have formed such hills? How could such hills have bubbled up from beneath? But, in short, it is all wonderful alike: the stripes of loam running down through the chalk-hills, the circular parcels of loam in the midst of chalk-hills, the lines of flint running parallel with each other horizontally along the chalk-hills; the flints placed in circles as true as a hair in the chalk-hills; the layers of stone at the bottom of hills of loam; the chalk first

soft, then, some miles farther on, becoming chalk-stone; then, after another distance, becoming burr-stone, as they call it; and, at last, becoming hard white stone, fit for any buildings; the sand-stone at Hindhead becoming harder and harder, till it becomes very nearly iron in Herefordshire, and quite iron in Wales; but, indeed, they once dug iron out of this very Hindhead; the clouds, coming and settling upon the hills, sinking down and creeping along, at last coming out again in springs, and those becoming rivers. Why, it is all equally wonderful, and as to not believing in this or that, because the thing cannot be proved by logical deduction, why is any man to believe in the existence of a God any more than he is to believe in the doctrine of the Trinity? For my part, I think 'The Devil's Jumps,' as the people here call them, full as wonderful, and no more wonderful, than hundreds and hundreds of other wonderful things. It is a strange taste which our ancestors had, to ascribe no inconsiderable part of these wonders of nature to the Devil. Not far from 'The Devil's Jumps' is that singular place which resembles a sugar-loaf inverted, hollowed out and an outside rim only left. This is called 'The Devil's Punch Bowl'; and it is very well known in Wiltshire that the forming, or perhaps it is the breaking up, of Stonehenge is ascribed to the Devil, and that the mark of one of his feet is now said to be seen in one of the stones.

I got to Thursley about sunset, and without experiencing any inconvenience from the wet. I have mentioned the state of the corn as far as Selborne. On this side of that village I find it

much forwarder than I found it between Selborne and Ropley Dean. I am here got into some of the very best barley-land in the kingdom; a fine, buttery, stoneless loam, upon a bottom of sand or sandstone. Finer barley and turnip-land it is impossible to see. All the corn is good here. The wheat not a heavy crop, but not a light one; and the barley all the way along from Headley to this place as fine, if not finer than, I ever saw it in my life. Indeed I have not seen a bad field of barley since I left the Wen. The corn is not so forward here as under Portsdown Hill; but some farmers intend to begin reaping wheat in a few days. It is monstrous to suppose that the price of corn will not come down. It must come down, good weather or bad weather. If the weather be bad, it will be so much the worse for the farmer, as well as for the nation at large, and can be of no benefit to any human being but the Quakers, who must now be pretty busy, measuring the crops all over the kingdom.

I have not gone through much of a bean country. The beans that I have seen are some of them pretty good, more of them but middling, and still more of them very indifferent.

I am very happy to hear that that beautiful little bird, the American partridge, has been introduced with success to this neighbourhood by Mr. Leech at Lea. I am told that they have been heard whistling this summer, that they have been frequently seen, and that there is no doubt that they have broods of young ones. I tried several times to import some of these birds; but I always lost them, by some means or other,

before the time arrived for turning them out. They are a beautiful little partridge, and extremely interesting in all their manners. Some persons call them quail. If any one will take a quail and compare it with one of these birds, he will see that they cannot be of the same sort. In my *Year's Residence in America*, I have, I think, clearly proved that these birds are partridges, and not quails. In the United States, north of New Jersey, they are called quail; south and south-west of New Jersey, they are called partridges. They have been called quail solely on account of their size; for they have none of the manners of quail belonging to them. Quails assemble in flocks like larks, starlings, or rooks. Partridges keep in distinct coveys—that is to say, the brood lives distinct from all other broods until the ensuing spring, when it forms itself into pairs and separates. Nothing can be a distinction more clear than this. Our own partridges stick to the same spot from the time that they are hatched to the time that they pair off; and these American partridges do the same. Quails, like larks, get together in flocks at the approach of winter, and move about according to the season, to a greater or less distance from the place where they were bred. These, therefore, which have been brought to Thursley are partridges; and, if they be suffered to live quietly for a season or two, they will stock the whole of that part of the country, where the delightful intermixture of cornfields, coppices, heaths, furze-fields, ponds, and rivulets, is singularly favourable to their increase.

The turnips cannot fail to be good in such a

season and in such land ; yet the farmers are most dreadfully tormented with the weeds, and with the superabundant turnips. Here, my Lord Liverpool, is over-production indeed ! They have sown their fields broadcast ; they have no means of destroying the weeds by the plough ; they have no intervals to bury them in ; and they hoe, or scratch, as Mr. Tull calls it ; and then comes St. Swithin and sets the weeds and the hoed-up turnips growing again. Then there is another hoeing or scratching ; and then comes St. Swithin again : so that there is hoe, hoe, muddle, muddle, and such a fretting and stewing ; such a looking up to Hindhead to see when it is going to be fine ; when, if that beautiful field of twenty acres, which I have now before my eyes, and wherein I see half a dozen men hoeing and poking and muddling, looking up to see how long it is before they must take to their heels to get under the trees to obtain shelter from the coming shower—when, I say, if that beautiful field had been sowed upon ridges at four feet apart, according to the plan in my *Year's Residence*, not a weed would have been to be seen in the field, the turnip-plants would have been three times the size that they now are, the expense would not have been a fourth part of that which has already taken place, and all the muddling and poking about of weeds, and all the fretting and all the stewing, would have been spared ; and, as to the amount of the crop, I am now looking at the best land in England for Swedish turnips, and I have no scruple to assert that, if it had been sown after my manner, it would have had a

crop double the weight of that which it now will have. I think I know of a field of turnips, sown much later than the field now before me and sown in rows at nearly four feet apart, which will have a crop double the weight of that which will be produced in yon beautiful field.

REIGATE, SURREY, *Friday, August* 8.

At the end of a long, twisting-about ride, but a most delightful ride, I got to this place about nine o'clock in the evening. From Thursley I came to Brook, and there crossed the turnpike-road from London to Chichester through Godalming and Midhurst. Thence I came on, turning upon the left upon the sand-hills of Hambledon (in Surrey, mind). On one of these hills is one of those precious jobs called 'semaphores.' For what reason this pretty name is given to a sort of telegraph-house stuck up at public expense upon a high hill—for what reason this outlandish name is given to the thing, I must leave the reader to guess; but, as to the thing itself, I know that it means this: a pretence for giving a good sum of the public money away every year to some one that the borough system has condemned this labouring and toiling nation to provide for.

Bidding the semaphore good-bye, I came along by the church at Hambledon, and then crossed a little common and the turnpike-road from London to Chichester through Godalming and Petworth; not Midhurst, as before. The turnpike-road here is one of the best that ever I saw. It is like the road upon Horley Common, near Worth, and like that between Godstone and

East Grinstead; and the cause of this is, that it is made of precisely the same sort of stone which, they tell me, is brought, in some cases, even from Blackdown Hill, which cannot be less, I should think, than twelve miles distant. This stone is brought in great lumps, and then cracked into little pieces. The next village I came to after Hambledon was Hascombe, famous for its beech, insomuch that it is called Hascombe Beech.

There are two lofty hills here, between which you go out of the sandy country down into the Weald. Here are hills of all heights and forms. Whether they came in consequence of a boiling of the earth, I know not; but, in form, they very much resemble the bubbles upon the top of the water of a pot which is violently boiling. The soil is a beautiful loam upon a bed of sand. Springs start here and there at the feet of the hills; and little rivulets pour away in all directions. The roads are difficult merely on account of their extreme unevenness; the bottom is everywhere sound, and everything that meets the eye is beautiful—trees, coppices, cornfields, meadows; and then the distant views in every direction. From one spot I saw, this morning, Hindhead, Blackdown Hill, Lord Egremont's house and park at Petworth, Donnington Hill, over which I went to go on the South Downs, the South Downs near Lewes, the forest at Worth, Turner's Hill, and then all the way round into Kent and back to the Surrey Hills at Godstone. From Hascombe I began to descend into the low country. I had Leith Hill before me; but my plan was, not to go over it, or any part of it, but

to go along below it in the real Weald of Surrey. A little way back from Hascombe I had seen a field of carrots; and now I was descending into a country where, strictly speaking, only three things will grow well—grass, wheat, and oak-trees. At Goose Green I crossed a turnpike-road leading from Guildford to Horsham and Arundel. I next came, after crossing a canal, to a common called Smithwood Common. Leith Hill was full in front of me; but I turned away to the right, and went through the lanes to come to Ewhurst, leaving Crawley to my right. Before I got to Ewhurst, I crossed another turnpike-road, leading from Guildford to Horsham, and going on to Worthing or some of those towns.

At Ewhurst, which is a very pretty village, and the church of which is most delightfully situated, I treated my horse to some oats, and myself to a rasher of bacon. I had now to come, according to my project, round among the lanes at about a couple of miles' distance from the foot of Leith Hill, in order to get first to Ockley, then to Holmwood, and then to Reigate. From Ewhurst the first three miles was the deepest clay that I ever saw, to the best of my recollection. I was warned of the difficulty of getting along; but I was not to be frightened at the sound of clay. Wagons, too, had been dragged along the lanes by some means or another; and, where a wagon-horse could go, my horse could go. It took me, however, a good hour and a half to get along these three miles. Now, mind, this is the real Weald, where the clay is bottomless; where there is no stone of any sort under-

neath, as at Worth and all along from Crawley to Billingshurst through Horsham. This clayey land is fed with water soaking from the sand-hills; and, in this particular place, from the immense hill of Leith. All along here the oak-woods are beautiful. I saw scores of acres by the roadside, where the young oaks stood as regularly as if they had been planted. The orchards are not bad along here, and, perhaps, they are a good deal indebted to the shelter they receive. The wheat very good all through the Weald, but backward.

At Ockley I passed the house of a Mr. Steer, who has a great quantity of hay-land, which is very pretty. Here I came along the turnpike-road that leads from Dorking to Horsham. When I got within about two or three miles of Dorking, I turned off to the right, came across the Holmwood, into the lanes leading down to Gadbrook Common, which has of late years been enclosed. It is all clay here; but, in the whole of my ride, I have not seen much finer fields of wheat than I saw here. Out of these lanes I turned up to Betchworth (I believe it is), and from Betchworth came along a chalk-hill to my left and the sand-hills to my right, till I got to this place.

WEN, *Sunday, August* 10.

I stayed at Reigate yesterday, and came to the Wen to-day, every step of the way in a rain; as good a soaking as any devotee of St. Swithin ever underwent for his sake. I promised that I would give an account of the effect which the soaking on the South Downs, on Saturday the 2nd instant, had upon the whooping-cough.

I do not recommend the remedy to others; but this I will say, that I had a spell of the whooping-cough the day before I got that soaking, and that I have not had a single spell since, though I have slept in several different beds, and got a second soaking in going from Botley to Easton. The truth is, I believe, that rain upon the South Downs, or at any place near the sea, is by no means the same thing with rain in the interior. No man ever catches cold from getting wet with sea-water; and, indeed, I have never known an instance of a man catching cold at sea. The air upon the South Downs is saltish, I dare say, and the clouds may bring something a little partaking of the nature of sea-water.

At Thursley I left the turnip-hoers poking and pulling and muddling about the weeds, and wholly incapable, after all, of putting the turnips in anything like the state in which they ought to be. The weeds that had been hoed up twice were growing again, and it was the same with the turnips that had been hoed up. In leaving Reigate this morning, it was with great pleasure that I saw a field of Swedish turnips drilled upon ridges at about four feet distance, the whole field as clean as the cleanest of garden ground; the turnips standing at equal distances in the row, and having the appearance of being, in every respect, in a prosperous state. I should not be afraid to bet that these turnips, thus standing in rows at nearly four feet distance, will be a crop twice as large as any in the parish of Thursley, though there is, I imagine, some of the finest turnip-land in the kingdom. It seems strange

that men are not to be convinced of the advantage of the row-culture for turnips. They will insist upon believing that there is some ground lost. They will also insist upon believing that the row-culture is the most expensive. How can there be ground lost if the crop be larger? And, as to the expense, take one year with another, the broadcast method must be twice as expensive as the other. Wet as it has been to-day, I took time to look well about me as I came along. The wheat, even in this ragamuffin part of the country, is good, with the exception of one piece, which lies on your left hand as you come down from Banstead Down. It is very good at Banstead itself, though that is a country sufficiently poor. Just on the other side of Sutton there is a little good land, and, in a place or two, I thought I saw the wheat a little blighted. A labouring man told me that it was where the heaps of dung had been laid. The barley here is most beautiful, as, indeed, it is all over the country.

Between Sutton and the Wen there is, in fact, little besides houses, gardens, grass-plats, and other matters to accommodate the Jews and jobbers, and the mistresses and bastards that are put out a-keeping. But, in a dell which the turnpike-road crosses about a mile on this side of Sutton, there are two fields of as stiff land, I think, as I ever saw in my life. In summer-time this land bakes so hard that they cannot plough it unless it be wet. When you have ploughed it, and the sun comes again, it bakes again. One of these fields had been thus ploughed and cross-ploughed in the month of June, and I saw the

ground when it was lying in lumps of the size of portmanteaus, and not very small ones either. It would have been impossible to reduce this ground to small particles, except by the means of sledge-hammers. The two fields to which I alluded just now are alongside of this ploughed field, and they are now in wheat. The heavy rain of to-day, aided by the south-west wind, made the wheat bend pretty nearly to lying down ; but you shall rarely see two finer fields of wheat. It is red wheat, a coarseish kind, and the straw stout and strong ; but the ears are long, broad, and full ; and I did not perceive anything approaching towards a speck in the straw. Such land as this, such very stiff land, seldom carries a very large crop ; but I should think that these fields would exceed four quarters to an acre ; and the wheat is by no means so backward as it is in some places. There is no corn, that I recollect, from the spot just spoken of, to almost the street of Kensington. I came up by Earl's Court, where there is, amongst the market-gardens, a field of wheat. One would suppose that this must be the finest wheat in the world. By no means. It rained hard, to be sure, and I had not much time for being particular in my survey ; but this field appears to me to have some blight in it ; and, as to crop, whether of corn or of straw, it is nothing to compare to the general run of the wheat in the wealds of Sussex or of Surrey ; what, then, is it, if compared with the wheat on the South Downs, under Portsdown Hill, on the sea-flats at Havant, and at Titchfield, and along on the banks of the Itchen ?

Thus I have concluded this 'Rural Ride' from the Wen, and back again to the Wen, being, taking in all the turnings and windings, as near as can be, two hundred miles in length. My objects were to ascertain the state of the crops, both of hops and of corn. The hop affair is soon settled, for there will be no hops. As to the corn, my remark is this: that on all the clays, on all the stiff lands upon the chalk, on all the rich lands, indeed, but more especially on all the stiff lands, the wheat is as good as I recollect ever to have seen it, and has as much straw. On all the light lands and poor lands the wheat is thin, and, though not short, by no means good. The oats are pretty good almost everywhere; and I have not seen a bad field of barley during the whole of my ride, though there is no species of soil in England, except that of the fens, over which I have not passed. The state of the farmers is much worse than it was last year, notwithstanding the ridiculous falsehoods of the London newspapers, and the more ridiculous delusion of the jolter-heads. In numerous instances the farmers who continue in their farms have ceased to farm for themselves, and merely hold the land for the landlords. The delusion caused by the rise of the price of corn has pretty nearly vanished already; and, if St. Swithin would but get out of the way with his drippings for about a month, this delusion would disappear, never to return.

END OF VOL. I

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